★Mar. 3, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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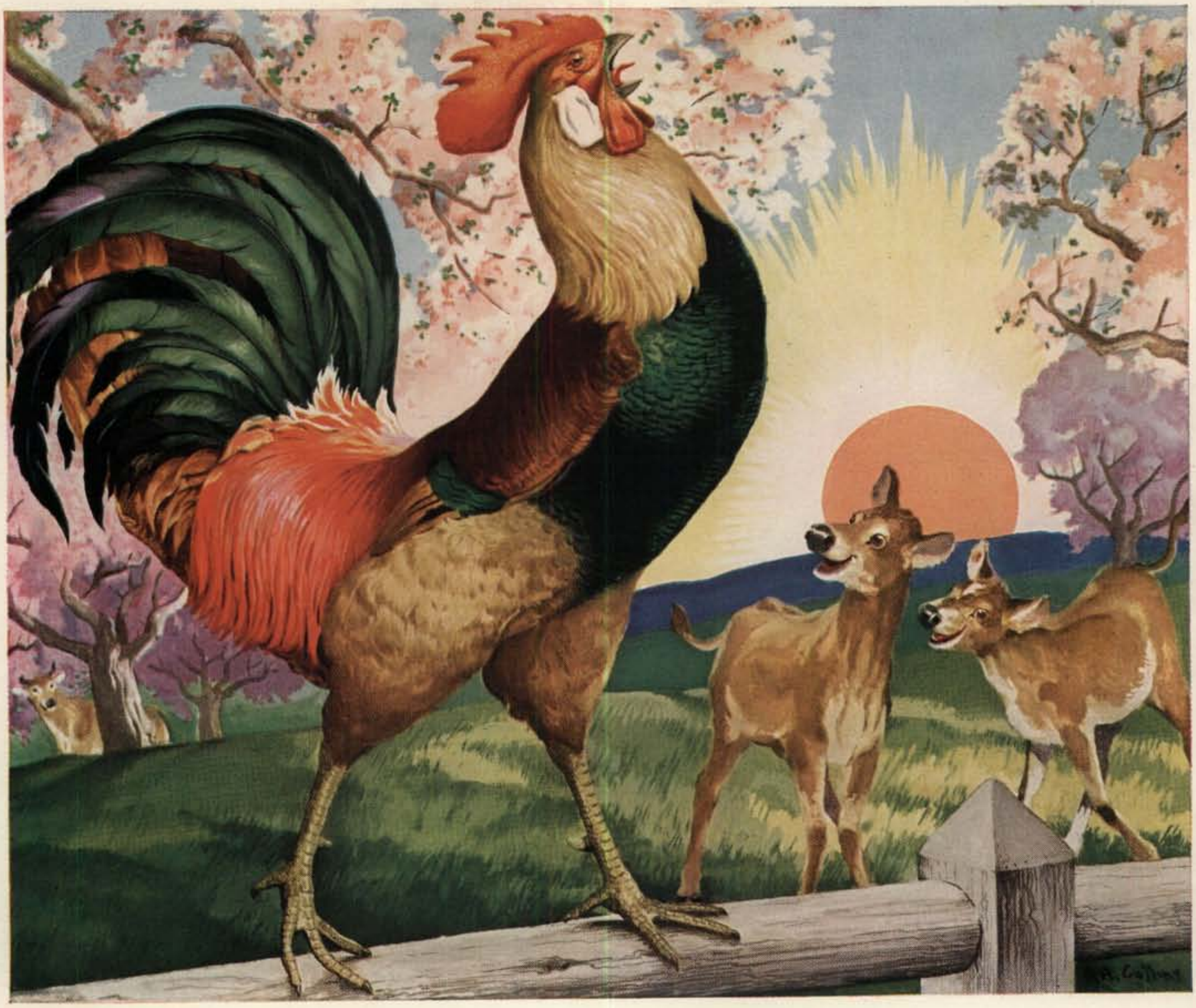

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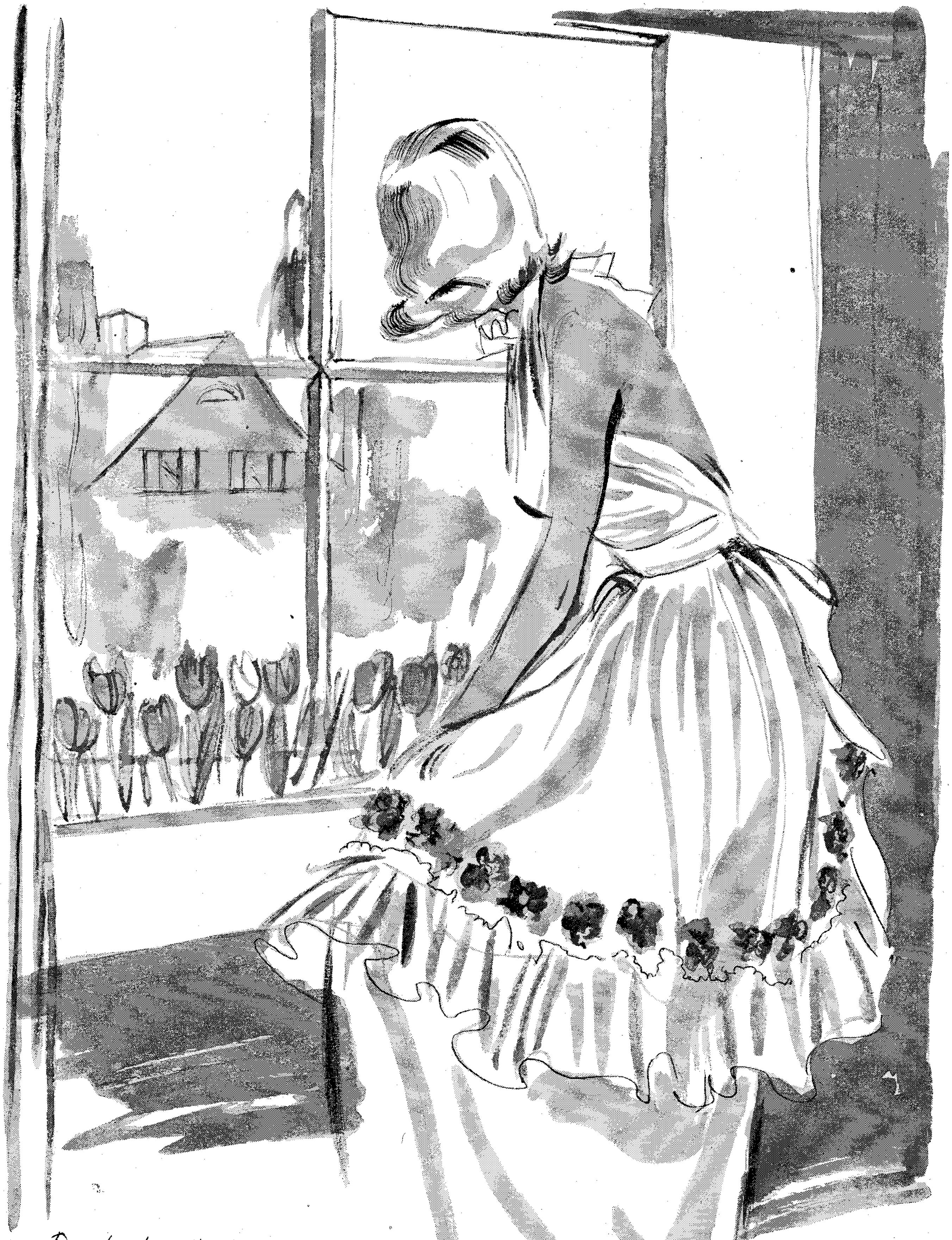

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., March 4, at 8:40, for the Negro Actors' Guild.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's fine, restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., March 4, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give brilliant performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading rôles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt in something about a popular columnist who wants to be a thinker. Several funny scenes but not very convincing in its more serious moments. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superior play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of the vapors. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, excep Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat at 2:30. Closes Sat., March 10.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

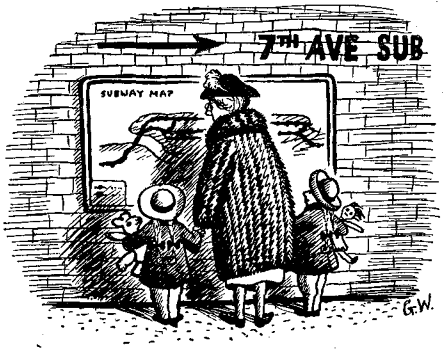
The Late George Apley—A very intelligent and moving treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

One-Man Show—An attempt to deal with an abnormal relationship between a man and his daughter that starts off nicely enough, but seems to get lost along the way. Frank Conroy and Constance Cummings head the cast and Jed Harris is the producer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A rather broad and uneven comedy about a sixteen-year-old soldier back from the Pacific. Billy Redfield, however, is fine in the principal rôle. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 10.

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's play about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Tempest—Margaret Webster has cut and rearranged this poetic fantasy, but it still remains one of Shakespeare's more exhausting plays. With Vera Zorina as Ariel, Canada Lee as Caliban, and Arnold Moss as Prospero. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent (who will be replaced on Thurs., March 8, by Harvey Stephens), and Audrey Christie are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Betty Garrett and Frank Libuse do their best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon, and Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services, Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

On the Town—A fine, carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Alicia Markova, and a couple of hundred others in a spectacle that is ambitious even for Billy Rose. Cole Porter wrote the music and there are sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Sing Out, Sweet Land!—The Theatre Guild's musical history of America, containing such old favorites as "Frankie and Johnny" and "Casey Jones" as well as a lot you've probably never heard, is a very happy inspiration indeed. Alfred Drake heads a fine cast, including Burl Ives, Bibi Osterwald, and Alma Kaye. (International, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., March 4, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Variety Program—Richard Dyer-Bennet, folksinger; Ray Lev, piano; Jane Dudley, William Bales, and Freda Flier, dance trio; and others, in the second of a series of programs: Sat., March 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call GR 3-3323.)

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—Presenting "Little Black Sambo": Sat., March 3 and 10, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative programs—"Chopin Concerto," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Rodeo," Thurs. Eve., March 1. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Frankie and Johnny," "Blue Bird," and "The Cuckolds' Fair," Fri. Eve., March 2. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Le Beau Danube," Sat. Aft., March 3. . . . "Swan Lake," "Frankie and Johnny," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Eve., March 3. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Danses Concertantes," and "Le Beau Danube," Sun. Aft., March 4. . . . "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Ballet Imperial," and "Frankie and Johnny," Sun. Eve., March 4. . . . "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Ballet Imperial," and "Frankie and Johnny," Tues. Eve., March 6. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Mozartiana," and "Gaîté Parisienne,"

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	68
THE CURRENT CINEMA	50
LETTER FROM PARIS	40
MUSICAL EVENTS	64
OF ALL THINGS	38
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	47
A REPORTER AT LARGE	56
THE THEATRE	39

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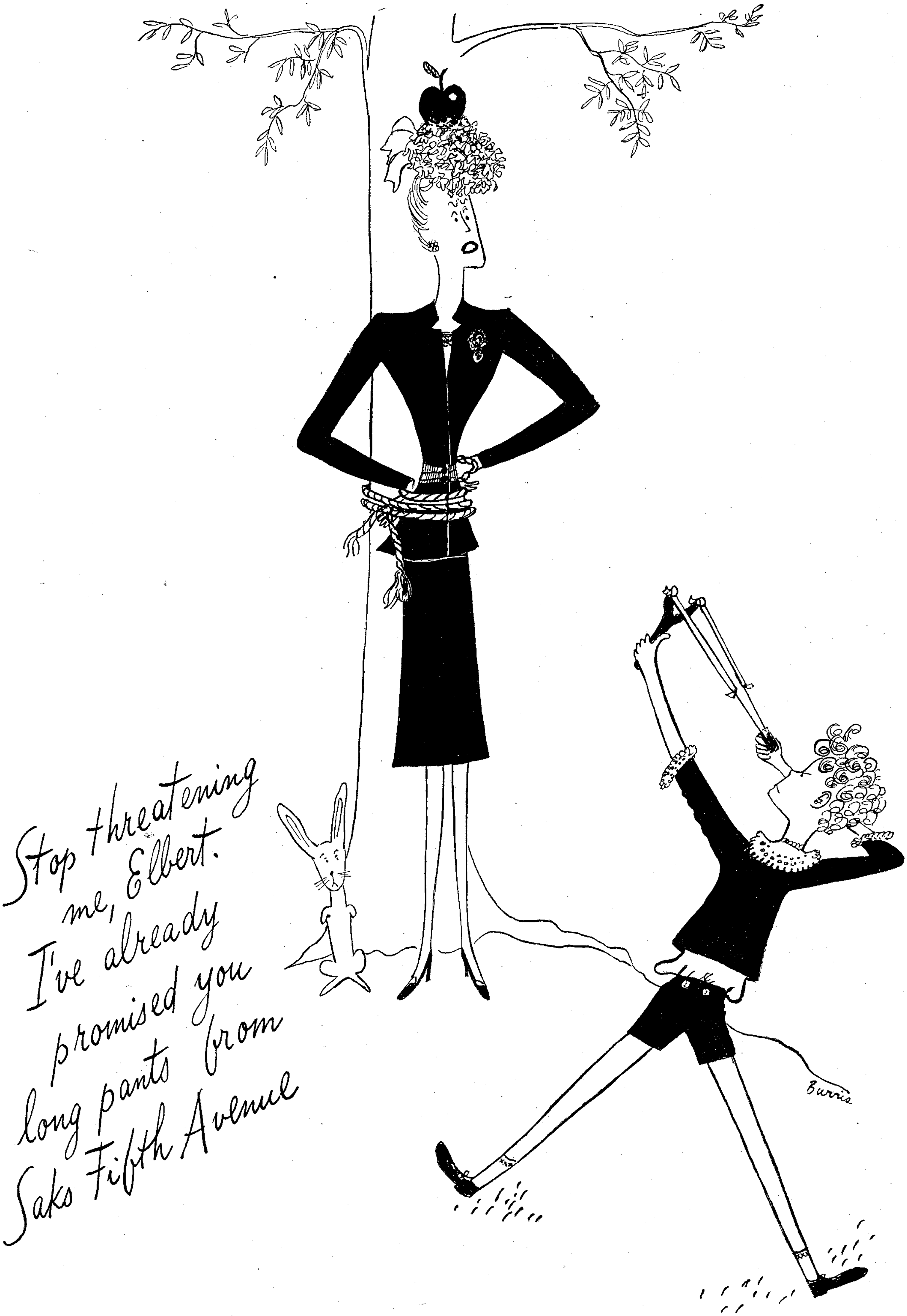
Stop threatening me, Elbert. I've already promised you long pants from Saks Fifth Avenue
Burris

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 1,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 10.

Wed. Eve., March 7. . . . "Coppelia," "The Snow Maiden," and "Prince Igor," Thurs. Eve., March 8. . . . "Mozartiana," "Frankie and Johnny," "Blue Bird," and "Le Beau Danube," Fri. Eve., March 9. . . . "Coppelia," "Blue Bird," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Aft., March 10. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Mozartiana," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Eve., March 10. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

JANE DUDLEY AND WILLIAM BALES—With Freda Flier; also Mary Lou Williams, piano; a benefit for the Citizens Committee of the Upper West Side, Fri., March 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call EN 2-4197.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, other entertainment, or maybe just deathly silence. Because of the new curfew, most of the establishments listed are experimenting—reconstructing or trimming down their shows, running off weekend matinées, and whatnot—and some of them may change their minds rather abruptly and several times. It is, in a word, too early in the new era to be certain about anything except that opening hours will be advanced to between 5 and 7 P.M., that there will be dancing once more nearly everywhere at the dinner hour, and that night life, though it may be shorter, will be just about as merry.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras play soothing dance music in the serene and spacious Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Joan Hyldoft, pink and beautiful, surrounded by a lot of competent ice show. Eddy Rogers' orchestra.

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—Merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard, merry monologues by Eddie Mayehoff, and merry music by Evelyn Knight, Pearl Bailey, and the Herman Chittison Trio; no dancing.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Another big show, bursting at the seams with Imogene Coca, Hazel Scott, Avon Long, and Ed Hall's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson and solid folk songs by Josh White. Phil Moore's orchestra is also around.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band provide the incidental music.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Russell Swann, the ingenious magician, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Morton Downey, the boy soprano, as well as Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Interesting mainly for the singing of Thelma Carpenter and Day, Dawn, and Dusk, the music of Cedric Wallace's trio, and Garland Wilson's piano; no dancing.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room has Fred Miller's orchestra and a small show. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is Dorothy Shay to sing for you, and some quiet dance music. Subdued, in fact, is the word for both places.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by lush dance music, now being dispensed by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A conveniently located day-and-night nursery. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, happily, is back in the Wedgwood Room. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays sombre dance music. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): casual and unglittery; Jacques Thaler's orchestra for dancing. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson, chock-full of glamour, and a collection of tasty showgirls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco, Bill Robinson, and Louis Armstrong's band. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): quite Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **400 CLUB**, 521 5 Ave., at 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra bouncing around in rather odd surroundings. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the Copa Bar, all that remains of this once mighty bus terminal, carrying on with Choo Choo Johnson, the Milt Herth trio, and a dance band. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and their helpmeets scorching the evening air. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it now has Irwin Corey and his disintegrating monologues; Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; and Don Frye as solo piano; dancing. . . . **PIED PIPER**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): nice music by James P. Johnson's band and Willie the Lion Smith's trio; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum's piano and Benny Morton's orchestra, a combination good enough for most anyone; dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp to keep your feet warm. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): a new band headed up by Ben Webster and his saxophone. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): now inhabited by Slam Stewart and his lively quartet as well as a new band headed by Don Byas. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his new band; dancing.

ART

MAURICE BECKER—The summer pleasures of the middle class, in paintings and water colors: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

HENRY BOTKIN—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

CHILDREN—Paintings by about seventy-five artists, from the seventeenth century to the present; a benefit for the Public Education Association: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28.

JULIO DE DIEGO—Oils and temperas: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., March 5.

SEA FOOD
FISH
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DUTCH MASTERS—Seventeenth-century paintings, many of them new to this country and all of them very handsome: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

FRENCH—At the **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: Utrillo, Vlaminck, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 15. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings of the Paris school, several never before shown here. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI AND LAURENCE VAIL—Sculpture and bottles: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

GROUPS—At the **67 GALLERY**, 67 E. 57: space and perspective, as approached by various artists. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 10. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: the annual mid-season retrospective. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through March 12. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: the annual group show. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3. . . . **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57: women, as painted by Tamayo, Derain, Pascin, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

DAN HARRIS—Abstract paintings: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

ROSELLA HARTMAN—Paintings, water colors, and drawings, featuring some of Rousseau's favorite animals: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

BENJAMIN KOPMAN—Expressionist paintings of the Ghetto and other city life: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

CHARLES LE CLAIR—Paintings by a Midwestern Romantic; also, projects for some murals by Robert La Palme: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

DWIGHT MARFIELD—More of Mr. Marfield's haunted, literary water colors; also, paintings by Dante: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

EUGÉNIE MARRON—Abstract paintings and some sculpture: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

F. MATOUŠEK—Paintings, gouaches, and drawings by the Czechoslovakian painter: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 9.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Paintings by William Sidney Mount and other nineteenth-century genre painters (through April 1); also, ten Gobelin tapestries which have been presented to the Museum by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and the Museum's collection of medieval sculpture and tapestries, which has been in storage since the beginning of the war. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

DONNA MILLER AND LA VERA POHL—Paintings in several surprising mediums: Argent, 42 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK—Neo-primitive wood carvings: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—An American Abstractionist shows frescoes and sculpture: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and prints, by Europeans and Americans, recently acquired by the Museum; also, thirty-five prints by Paul Klee. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 18.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttram, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

NOVA—Still lifes and Provincetown water colors: Artist Associates, 138 W. 15. Mon. and Thurs., 2 to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

ELIOT O'HARA—Water colors: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

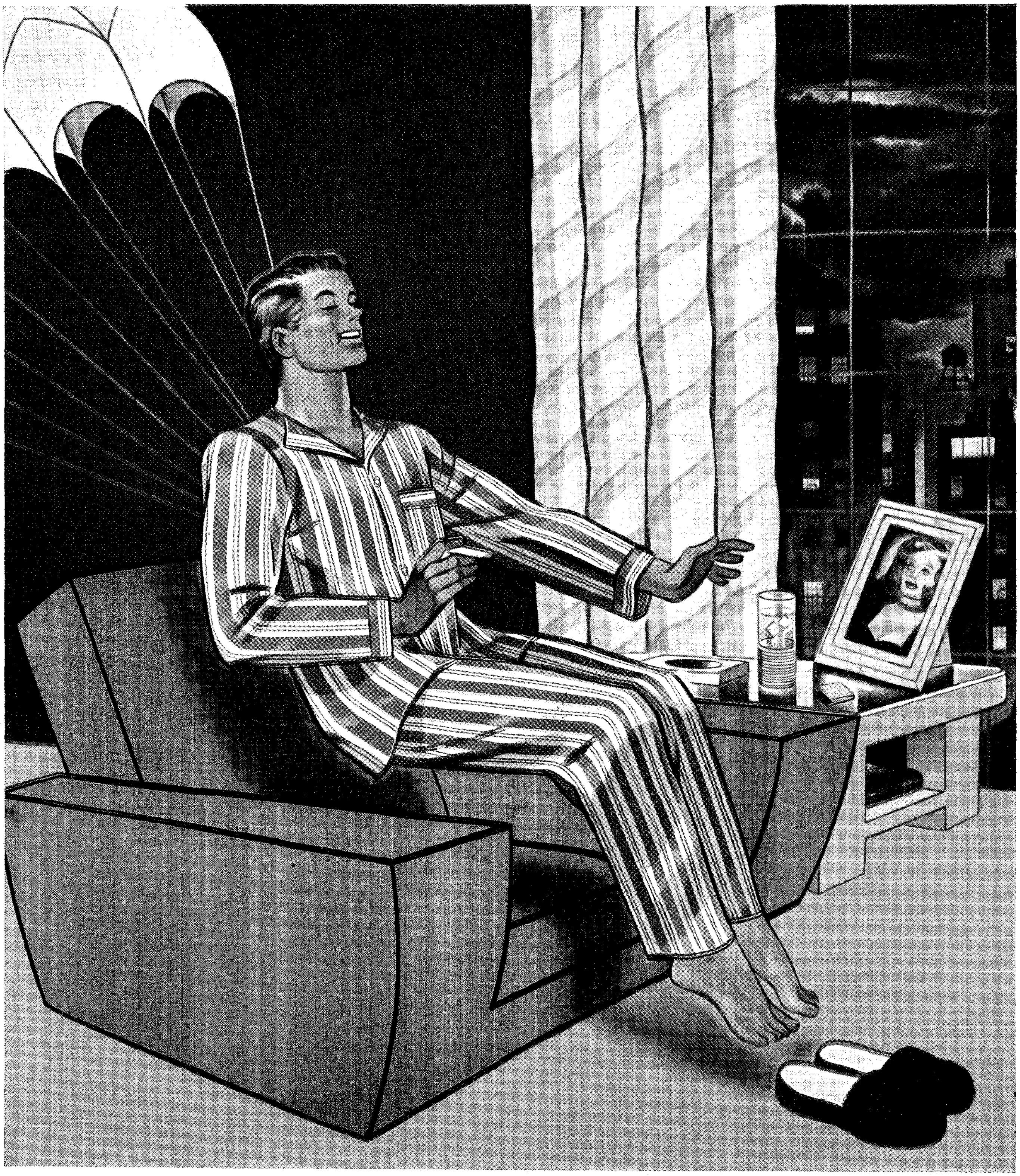
GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 22.

AMEDÉE OZENFANT—Recent paintings, done in America: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 17.

PABLO PICASSO—From a private collection: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 17.

ANDRÉE RUELLAN—Recent paintings: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

EVERETT SHINN—Paintings and drawings, most of them early, by one of the two living members of The Eight: American British Art Center, 44 W.



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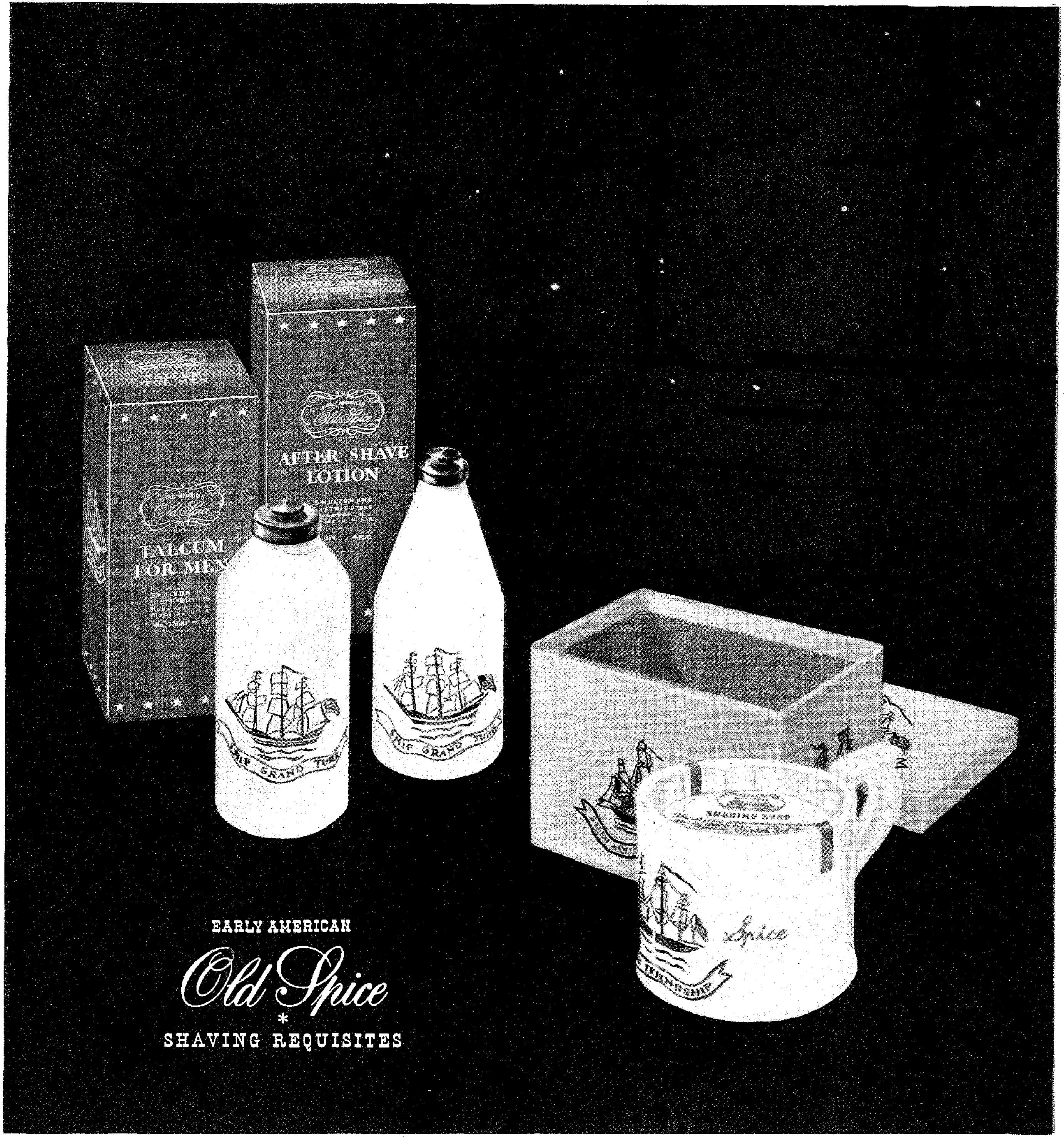
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

Harry Sternberg—Serigraph portraits of Philip Evergood, the Soyers, Dali, and ten other artists: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

Edward John Stevens—Paintings in several styles by a very young artist: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., March 8.

Max Weber—New paintings: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

Sol Wilson—Rather familiar docks and quarries: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., March 1, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 2, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., March 3, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., March 4, at 3 P.M. George Szell conducting: Thurs., March 8, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., March 9, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Ricardo Odnoposoff, violin, March 3-4; and Claudio Arrau, piano, March 8-9.) . . . Bruno Walter conducting a benefit program for the Orchestra's Pension Fund, Wed., March 7, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloist: Nathan Milstein, violin.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., March 10, at 11 A.M.

National Orchestral Association—Leon Barzin conducting; and the Dessoff Choirs, Paul Boepple conducting. Sat., March 3, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . The program will be repeated on Sun., March 4, at 9 P.M., at Temple Emanu-El, 5 Ave. at 65. For information about tickets, call CI 7-1228.

Museum Concerts—The annual symphonic series, David Mannes conducting. Sat., March 3 and 10, at 3:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum. No tickets necessary.)

Straus Concert—Oscar Straus conducting an orchestra in a program of music by Johann and Josef Strauss as well as his own; soloists, Licia Albanese, soprano; and Francesco Valentino, baritone. Sun., March 4, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call CI 7-5534.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Le Coq d'Or," Thurs., March 1, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Le Nozze di Figaro," Fri., March 2, at 8 P.M. . . . "La Gioconda," Sat., March 3, at 2 P.M. . . . "Mignon," Sat., March 3, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Mon., March 5, at 8 P.M. . . . "Carmen," Wed., March 7, at 8 P.M. . . . "Norma," Thurs., March 8, at 8 P.M. . . . "La Traviata," Fri., March 9, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Le Coq d'Or," Sat., March 10, at 2 P.M. . . . "Das Rheingold," Sat., March 10, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Among the singers on the Sunday-night concert, March 4, at 8:30, will be Nadine Conner, Christina Carroll, and Nicola Moscona. (PE 6-1210.)

Nine O'clock Opera Company—Presenting an English version, in modern dress, of "The Marriage of Figaro." Sat., March 10, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. Fri., March 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Miklos Schwalb—Piano. Sat., March 3, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Egon Petri—Piano. Sat., March 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

Ezio Pinza—Bass. Sat., March 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

Yves Tinayre—Baritone. Sat., March 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Olga Coelho—Soprano and guitar. Sun., March 4, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New Friends of Music—Gordon Quartet; also Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; and Milton Katims, viola. Sun., March 4, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick—Violin and harpsichord. Sun., March 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Czechoslovakian Chamber Music—Guilet String Quartet and others. Sun., March 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Coolidge String Quartet—Chamber music. Mon., March 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Mannes Music School, 157 E. 74. BU 8-0656.)

Joan Field—Violin. Tues., March 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. Tues., March 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

William Gephart—Baritone. Wed., March 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Julius Goldstein-Herford—Piano; the first New York performance of Hindemith's "Ludus Tonalis." Wed., March 7, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 1,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 10.

Vera Franceschi—Piano. Sat., March 10, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: a forceful exhibition of Navy photographs, assembled by Steichen, of sea and air battles in the Pacific. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 18. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Planetarium—"Our Neighbors, the Planets" is the title of the March lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Theatre—Prompt books, manuscripts, costumes, and other memorabilia relating to the careers of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, presented to the Museum by Miss Marlowe: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 8.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 14.

Dress—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: a fancy analysis of clothing, past and present, and its relation to the human form. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., March 4. . . . **COSTUME INSTITUTE**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—European and American paintings, including work by Corot, Millet, Lawrence, and Inness, from the collections of the late Henry D. Knox, Lt. Comdr. Oliver B. James, and others: Thurs., March 1, at 8:15 P.M. . . . American eighteenth-century furniture and decorations owned by Mrs. Lewis F. Frissell: Sat., March 3, at 2 P.M. . . . English and American incunabula, letters, and manuscripts, from private libraries: Mon., March 5, at 8:15 P.M., and Tues., March 6, at 2 and 8:15 P.M.

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—City College vs. N.Y.U., and St. John's vs. St. Francis, Wed., March 7, at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, twelve rounds, Fri., March 2; Billy Arnold vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, number of rounds to be announced, Fri., March 9. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Fencing—Greco Open Competition, women's foil, individual, Sun., March 4, at 2:30 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., March 1; Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., March 4; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur Series games: Sun., March 4, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

Skating—Madison Square Garden—National and North American figure skating finals, Mon., March 5, at 8 P.M.

Track—Madison Square Garden—I.C.A.A.A.A. Meet, Sat., March 3; New York K. of C. Meet, Sat., March 10; at 8 P.M.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Joseph Grew and Archibald MacLeish in the second of a series of discussions of our international policy, Sat., March 3, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., March 4, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra: Saul Caston conducting, Sat., March 3; Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 10; at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 3 and 10, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Malcolm Sargent conducting, Sun., March 4, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., March 4, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Baltimore Symphony, Reginald Stewart conducting, Sat., March 3 and 10, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., March 3 and 10, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "La Gioconda," Sat., March 3; "Le Coq d'Or," Sat., March 10; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Bronislaw Huberman, violin, Sun., March 4, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., March 4, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.

Sports—Boxing: Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., March 2; Billy Arnold vs. Rocky Graziano, Fri., March 9, at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks, Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow, Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., and Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . Vincent Sheean (from Europe), Mon. and Wed. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Double Indemnity—James Cain's melodrama of murder for insurance, not too much softened in the filming. With Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., March 2.)

The Fighting Lady—Actual shots in Technicolor taken from an aircraft carrier and its planes in the Pacific. As good a documentary as this war is likely to produce. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

Irish Eyes Are Smiling—Standard Fox musical, attractive chiefly to people who enjoyed the soulful ballads of the late Ernest R. Ball. With June Haver, Dick Haymes, and Monty Woolley. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., March 6-8.)

Kismet—Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich looking handsome and lighthearted in a riot of Technicolor in old Bagdad. No significance attempted and none gained. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., March 3-5.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Judy Garland singing and making love in a very intelligent and fetching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Leon Ames, and Mary Astor. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., March 7.)

Mrs. Parkington—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a long toast to the days when anything went financially. From a novel by Louis Bromfield. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., March 4.)

National Velvet—Elizabeth Taylor, assisted by Mickey Rooney, wins the Grand National on a horse she won in a lottery. Foolish and wonderful. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., March 7. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., March 3-7. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., March 6-10.)

The Seventh Cross—Interesting account of fugitives from a German concentration camp in 1936. Spen-

"White Shoulders"...
dinner for two—at The Pierre Cotillion Room
FOR AN EVENING OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
BY
Hartnell

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cer Tracy heads a skillful cast. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., March 1.)

Since You Went Away—Claudette Colbert, Monty Woolley, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and other stars take turns protecting the wartime home with tears by Selznick in their eyes. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., March 1.)

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo—Some fine technical work has gone into this account of the famous lone raid of 1942, but also a bit too much Hollywood stuffing. Spencer Tracy as Doolittle, with Van Johnson and Robert Walker. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., March 1.... Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., March 3.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., March 2-5.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., March 6-8.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

To Have and Have Not—Humphrey Bogart, well supported, in an adventure story of Vichy rule in the West Indies. Remotely derived from the book by Hemingway. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 2.... 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., March 7.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., March 3-7.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Sat., March 3-10.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., March 4-5.)

The Woman in the Window—Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett in a murder play that would have been much better if somebody hadn't decided to get cute at the end. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., March 7.)

REVIVALS

Adventures of Tartu (1943)—Sabotage in a German munitions factory. Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., March 1.)

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., March 4-5.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 1.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., March 6-7.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., March 2-5.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., March 7.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 6-8.)

48 Hours (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., March 6-7.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., March 2-4.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., March 2-5.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., March 3.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German film, now with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 6-8.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 1.)

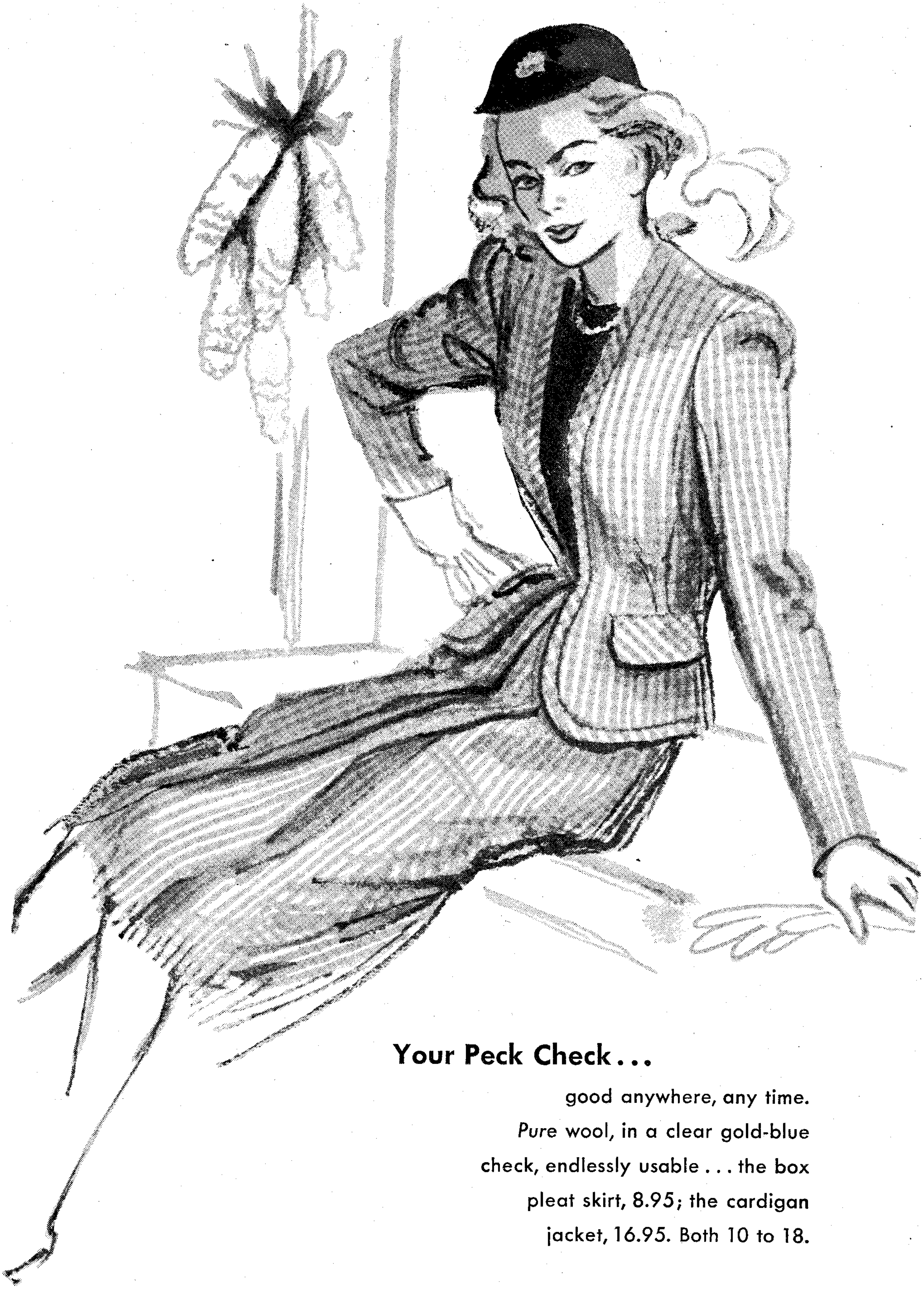
Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., March 6-8.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. and Wed., March 6-7.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Mon., March 2-5.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Un-



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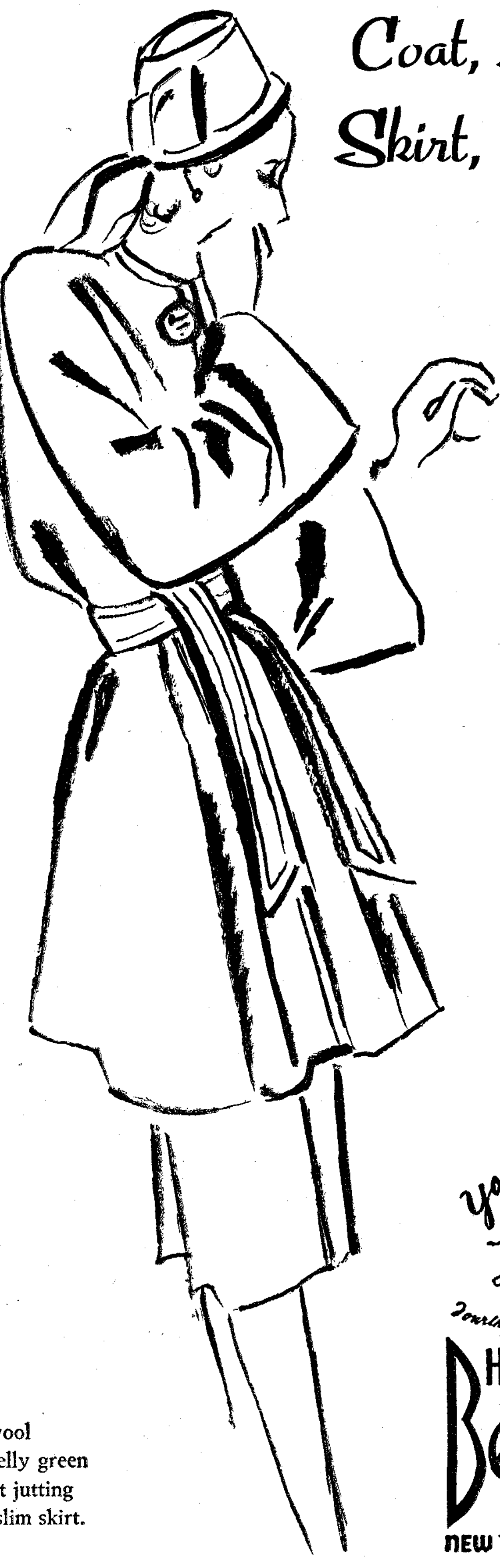

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less otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., MARCH 1 (at 4 P.M. only): "Way Down East" (1920), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., MARCH 2-4: "The Toll Gate" (1920), with William S. Hart. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., MARCH 5-8 (at 4 P.M. only): "The Three Musketeers" (1921), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . FROM FRI., MARCH 9: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks.

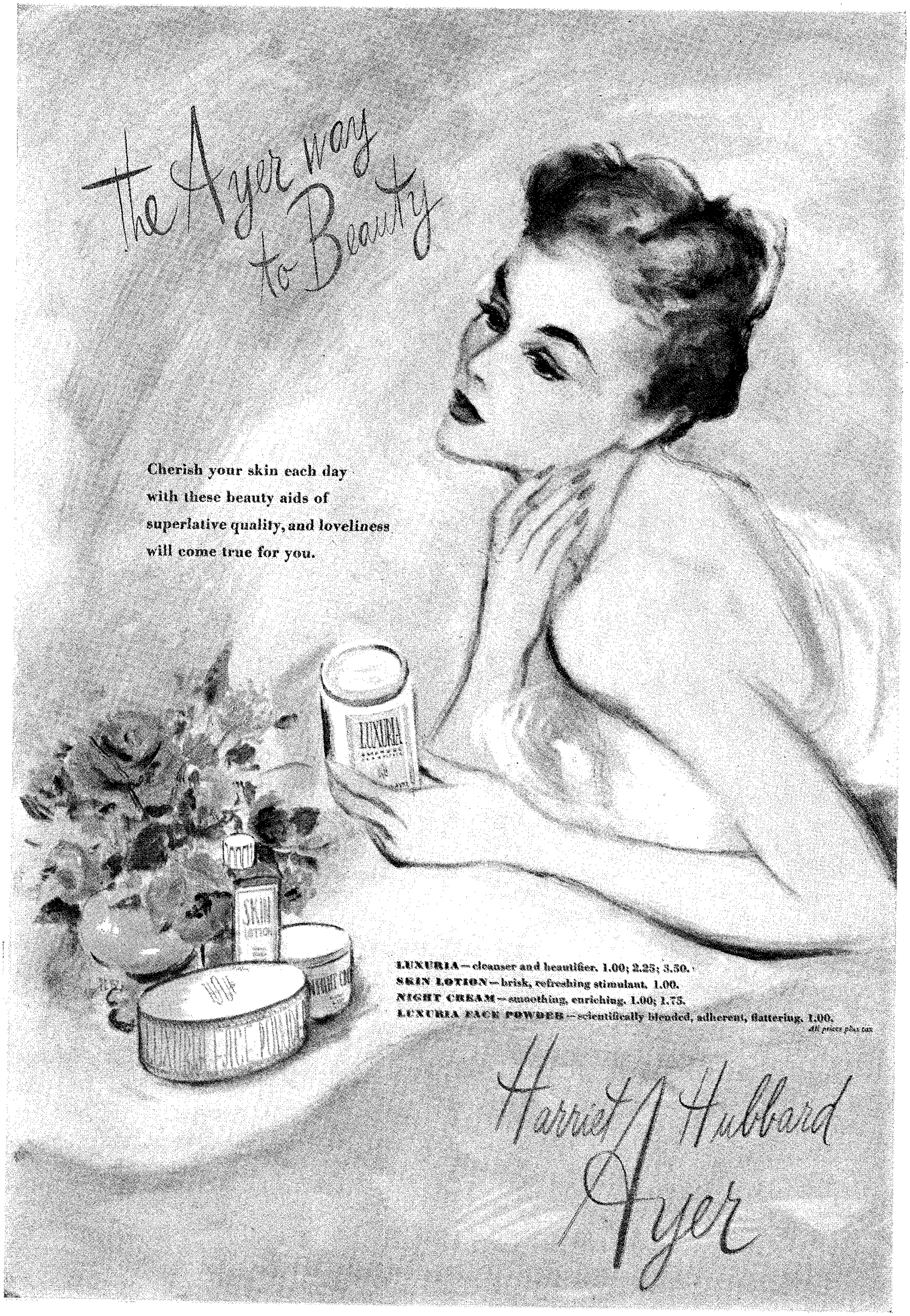
CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to take a short training course and then work as much time as they can spare as group-leaders in recreation centers; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work as much time as they can spare during the day sorting and packing clothing for the Queen Wilhelmina Fund; women, preferably trained in child care, to work two mornings or afternoons a week as assistant nursery leaders in settlement houses. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens; men to work in hospitals one or two days or evenings a week at various necessary jobs. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work daytimes at the Reserve Corps preparing surgical dressings, and as general aides in hospitals.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small games, playing cards, radios, records, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to Greece. Contributions should be sent to the organization's warehouse, at 420 E. 54. . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the C.D.V.O. branch at 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370).



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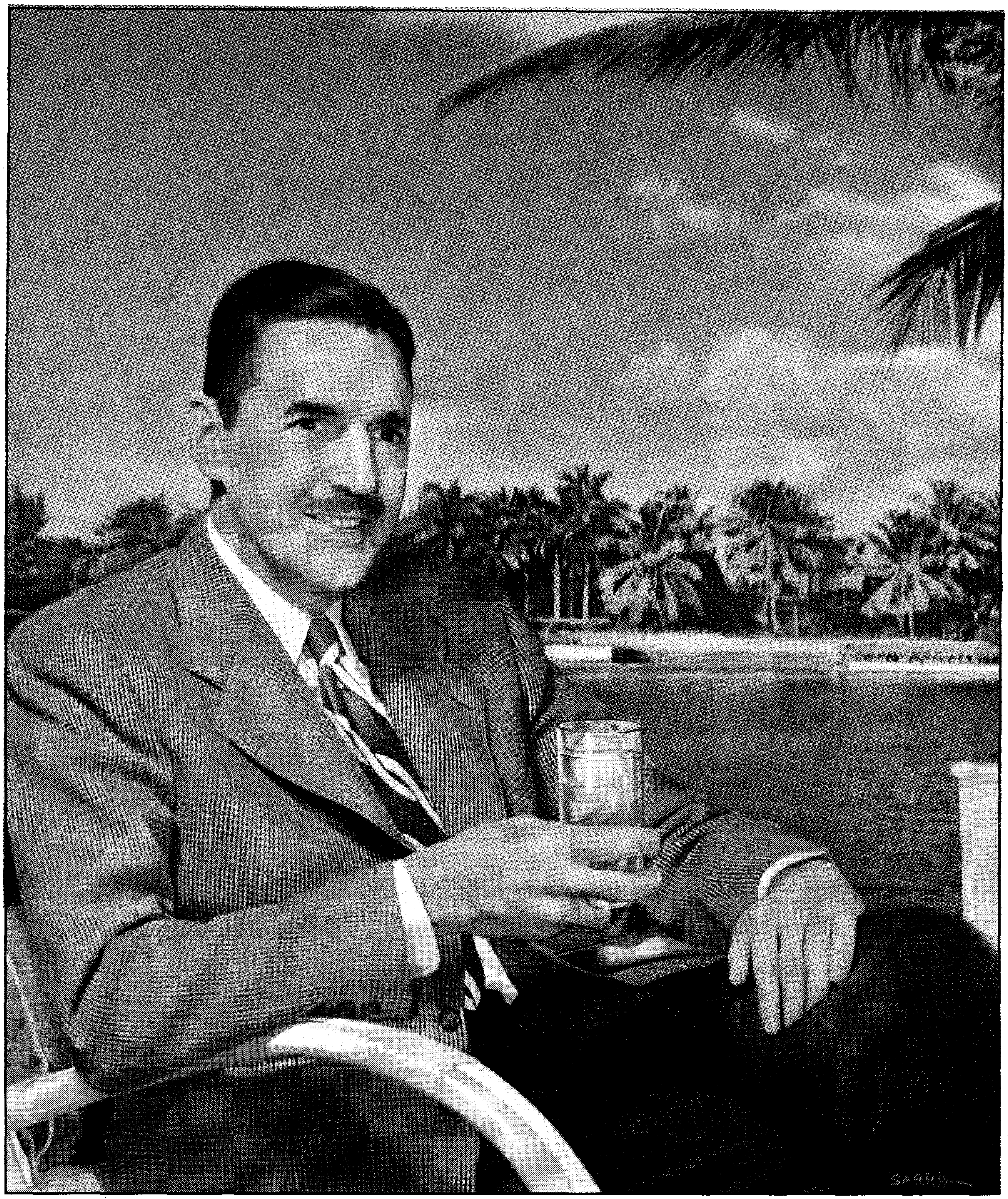

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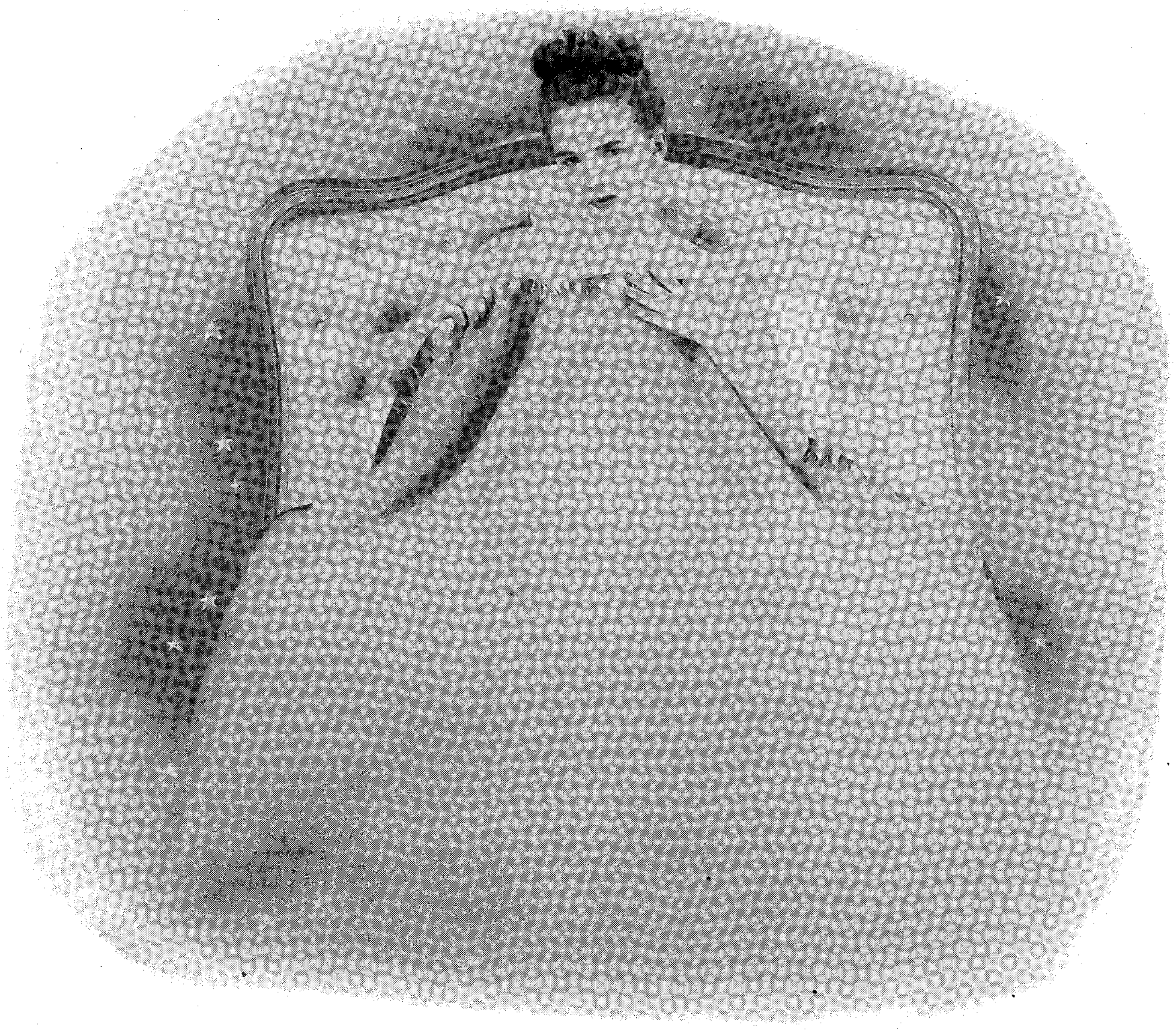

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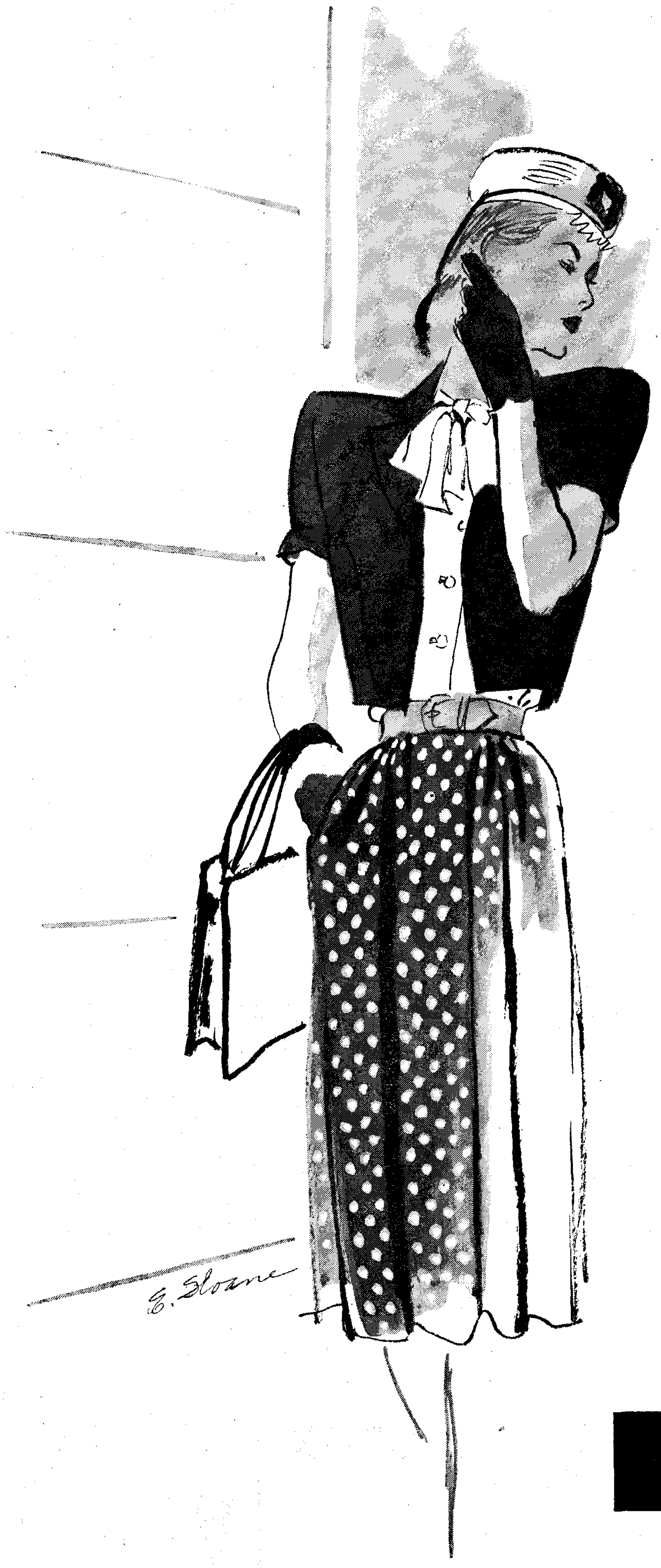

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looks like spring, will make you feel like spring and soon it will be spring and this is the very pert young fashion you'll want. Navy or brown rayon crepe, white polka dots, white rayon crepe top, 45.00. Navy or brown rayon-and-cotton bolero, 7.95. Sizes 10 to 16.

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FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

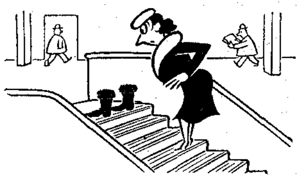
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

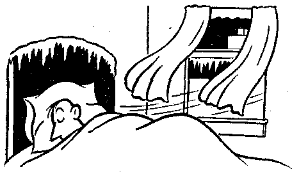
NOTE FURNISHING A HOUSING TIP, IN OUR TRADITIONAL SPIRIT OF READER SERVICE: There is a vacant house on Mickle Street, in Camden, New Jersey, or at least there was when we went to press. Anyone who will live there, take care of the place, and entertain visitors can have it rent-free and will be given a yearly stipend starting at $1,200, with Civil Service status. The house is furnished, rather attractively, with well-preserved antiques, and used to belong to a bachelor named Whitman.

THROUGH all the talk about Yalta, we had the feeling that the place had meant something to us in the past, and we jiggled our mind trying to recall the association. The other day it came to us. Back in 1918, when Stalin was what Churchill would call a revolutionary bandit and brigand and the Japanese were our allies, two authors named William George Jordan and Richardson Wright published a book called "Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch: An Appreciation of His Life and Works." It celebrated the centenary of Larrovitch's birth and it contained appreciatory essays, a bibliography, and a picture of a pressed flower from the grave of Larrovitch, in Yalta. As you may recall, Larrovitch turned out to be an imaginary Russian and the whole thing an elaborate hoax. After more than a quarter of a century, Yalta is back in the news, but now we seem to be dealing with tangible Russians, no hoax. Pressed flowers can be omitted this time.

EVER since we scooped the press of the nation by reporting that one of the escalators at Macy's sometimes runs backward, people have phoned us to report strange happenings on escalators, the way they phone the Bronx Zoo to report that a curious bird is sitting on a tree in their back yard. The other day a woman called to tell us of a blood-chilling sight she had encountered on the Thirty-fourth Street escalator of the Independent subway. While she was riding up it, she reported, it slowed down and came to a stop with a crunching sound. She walked up the rest of the way, and when she got to the top she discovered a pair of woman's brown galoshes, fur-trimmed, standing upright, with their toes caught between the under side of the landing and the flattened-out steps. Presumably the quick-thinking owner of the galoshes had torn them off and sacrificed them to the maw of the beast, just as the traditional Russian fugitive in Siberia throws his children to the wolves or a trapped muskrat gnaws off its leg and leaves it in the trap.

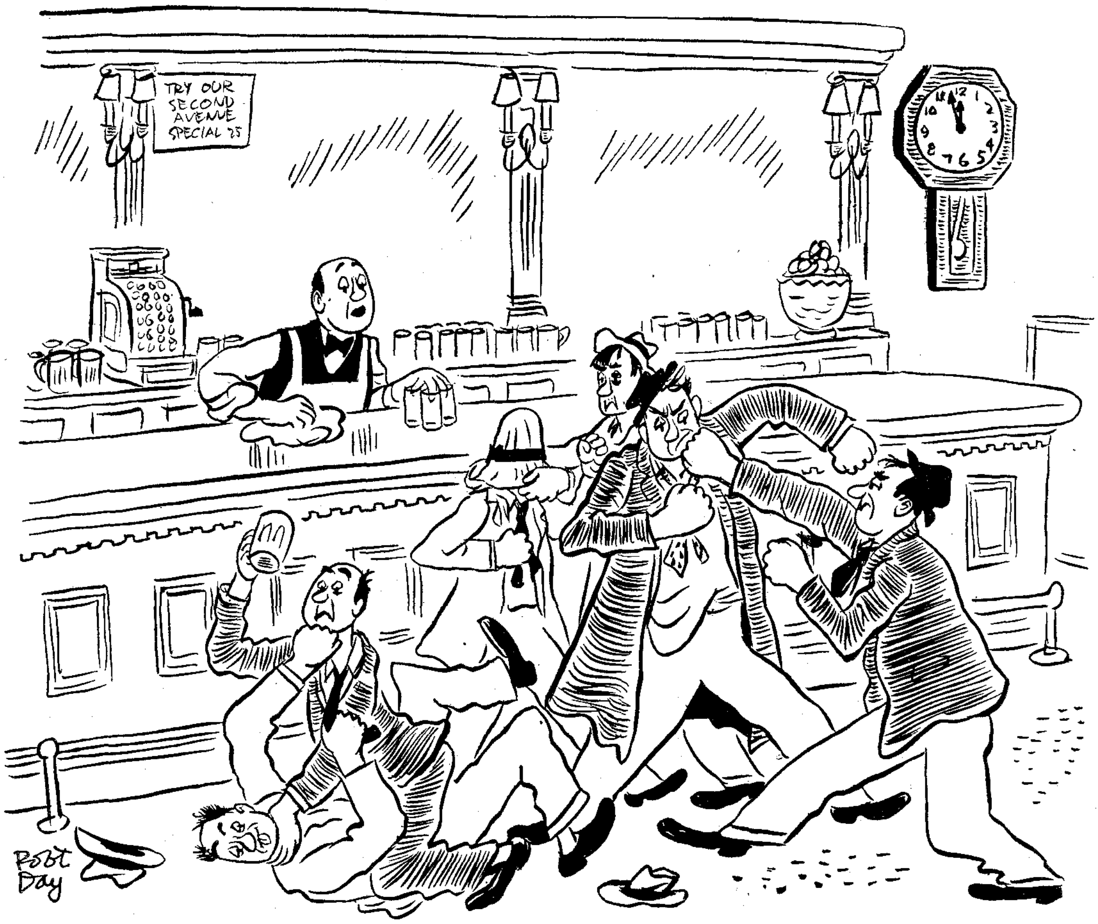


THE absurd American habit of going to bed with the window open is not only uncomfortable but, it would now seem, positively dangerous. A doctor at the Medical Center says that our sub-zero bedrooms are the haunts of grippe, pneumonia, and other respiratory troubles. The news, cheerful as it is, comes late. Since the fuel shortage, we've been going to bed under a worn-out and treacherous old electric blanket, resurrected from a closet, and if we didn't keep the window open all night, the fumes of scorched insulation would asphyxiate us while we slept.



SOME time ago, Mr. James Agee wrote a piece for the *Partisan Review* deflating a number of plays, among them "Oklahoma!," which he said were so bad he had not bothered to see them. We commented briefly at the time on Mr. Agee's critical method, which would seem to spare the critic the irksome experience of becoming acquainted with the material he is criticizing. We thought the matter would end there, but the *Partisan Review* apparently broods a good deal about these questions, and the current issue contains an article passionately defending the no-look-at method of play criticism. It points out that Mr. Agee's estimate of "Oklahoma!," which he arrived at by hearing his friends discuss it, is "scientific in the extreme." He had "seen his object from two separate and known points of view and had placed it accordingly," just as a surveyor, by triangulation, would map "an inaccessible point across a river." We admit that "Oklahoma!" is inaccessible, but we think that any mathematician who tried to determine an unknown triangle by asking his friends how big they thought the known sides and angles were wouldn't even be called partisan; he'd be called dotty.

ACTUALLY, we think we understand why a critic shuns "Oklahoma!" if he learns from sources he considers reliable that it is a debasement of art. Having placed it in the category of pseudo-folk art, he stays away because of a deep dread that if he were to attend a performance, at some point in the show he might find himself having fun. No conscientious critic wants to risk the debilitating experience of enjoying something which is clearly on an inferior artistic level. It upsets everything. When the intelli-


TRY OUR SECOND AVENUE SPECIAL 25
Robt Day

"Time, gentlemen!"

• •

gence says Nuts and the blood says Goody, a critic would rather be home writing his review sight unseen, from information supplied by friends.

Substitute

AN earnest clublady of Marion, Indiana, sent an inquiry to the United States Government Printing Office about any material that might be available on Dumbarton Oaks. A franked envelope came toiling back with the bad news that nothing about Dumbarton Oaks was in print. "We suggest you might be interested in another pamphlet which we have available," the Printing Office's letter added, and went on to describe a pamphlet on furniture.

Our Own Baedeker

DENMARK, the oldest kingdom in the world, was a remarkably pleasant little country before the invasion—about twice the size of New Jersey and inhabited by four million Danes and three million cows. The cows were always respectfully addressed by their names, which were painted over their stalls, and during the winter were dressed in overcoats and taken out for a stroll once in a while. The output of dairy products was, as you may imagine, enormous. The Danes were also careful to address one another respectfully by their last names, but since these were almost invariably Hansen, Petersen, Jensen, and so on, and their given names were invariably Hans, Peter, Jens, further identification was achieved by mentioning a man's profession or trade: Mr. Butcher Hans Hansen, Mrs. Barrister Hans Hansen, and so on. One desperate widow went so far, a number of years ago, as to identify her late husband, on his tombstone, as the Hansen who had had a telephone. The name situation has been slowly improving in recent years, because the government has allowed a man to change his surname by paying four kroner (the krone was last quoted at twenty-one cents). For a bit over thirty-three kroner, he could copyright a name and from then on be the sole user of it, at least in Denmark.

The highest point of land in Denmark is five hundred and sixty-four feet. Until the Nazi occupation, beer ran from faucets in the automats there, the postmen wore cheerful red coats, people had mirrors rigged outside their windows so that they could peek up and down the street without being seen, children shook hands with their parents after dinner, everybody rode a bicycle, ladies smoked cigars in public, the most popular potted plant was the cactus (because it went so well with the modern Scandinavian style of interior decoration), men as well as women were vigorous and skillful knitters, and the coffee was strong. (The beer was weak.) Practically every Dane would, at one time or another, meet the King riding around on a horse, and the King would politely say, "Hello." All these Disney touches notwithstanding, the Danes are an enlightened and progressive people. Consumers' coöperatives started there in the nineteenth century. The Danes used to buy fifteen times as many books per capita as the Americans. In Copenhagen there was a humane version of the institution usually called here the Home for the Aged. The Danes called it Old People's Town. It had modern flats, parks and gardens, a church, a hospital, and a movie theatre. The old people were even provided with pocket money and there were three hundred attendants for fifteen hundred inmates.

There are a lot of fairly outlandish Danes in history and legend—Hamlet, for example, and Canute, the king who bade the tide turn back. There was also a king named Harald Bluetooth, about whom your guess is as good as another's. Sigrid Undset was born in Denmark, but the greatest Danish writer was Hans Christian Andersen, and no doubt about it. The Danes are practically all zealous Lutherans, but they are also creatures of habit. In one village, for instance, it was the custom, nobody knew why, to bow when passing a certain whitewashed wall of the church. Some antiquarian scraped the wall and found a picture of the Madonna, which had been covered up four hundred years before. Danes eat hot oatmeal with chasers of cold milk and the country women wear cloth masks to protect their skin from windburn. In Denmark, the bricks float. It's because they are made of a light volcanic clay. The Jonas Bronck for whom the Bronx is named was a Dane.

Symptom

A FELLOW who recently took his medical examination at an induction center has told us about an unfortunate encounter with the psychiatrist. The doctor told him to take a chair and then asked him a series of questions about his background, jotting down the answers on the back of a card. What did he do for a living? Was he married? Had he ever been in an institution for the mentally deficient? While our friend was answering, he became aware of the fact that the psychiatrist's pen was not making any marks on the card. Finally our friend said, "There's no ink in that pen, you know." The psychiatrist looked at him coldly and filled the pen before proceeding. Later our man found that he had been rejected as a bad psychoneurotic risk.

Angels

THERE are three or four hundred well-heeled citizens hereabouts with the incurable vice of investing money in the theatre. These folk, variously known to Broadway as backers, suckers, or angels, have lately been catalogued in a volume entitled "Angels," which sells for twenty-five dollars and is, to a certain limited group, undoubtedly well worth it. "Angels" lists the names and addresses of three hundred incorrigible backers, and buyers of the book are promised a free supplement with the names of another hundred stragglers and latecomers. There is also detailed information on the plays these juicy and convenient morsels have already been interested in and the amounts they have invested. Thus, a man who is in the throes of producing a musical comedy can look up backers who lean toward musical comedies without wasting time on ones who prefer, say, comedies about crazy families.

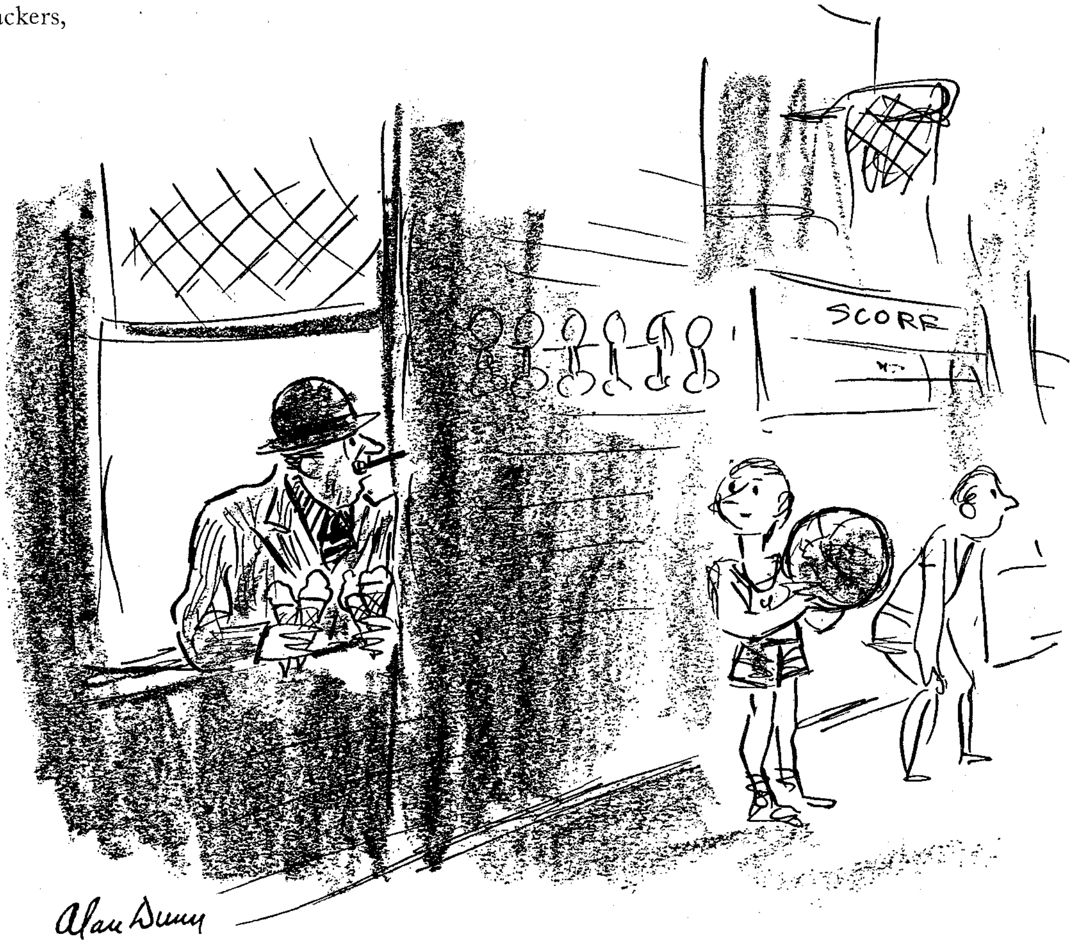
"Angels" was compiled and published by Leo Shull, a young man with a partiality for plaid clothing. He is the publisher of "Actors' Cues," a daily mimeographed tip sheet listing theatrical opportunities, and the president of Genius, Inc., an organization of young actors which fights for whatever it is young actors want. "Angels" is the outgrowth of an article he wrote several years ago for *Variety*. "I happened to find out that all backers were listed in a report filed in Albany," he told us, without explaining why the state feels the need of having this information at its fingertips. Anyway, the article excited all the low-budget producers, and one fellow quickly financed a play by calling up some of the angels Shull had mentioned.

The present list grew out of the original research in Albany, supplemented by what Shull picked up by keeping an ear to the ground. "When I got about two hundred names, I began swapping," he told us. "I'd go to a guy and say, 'You give me ten of your names and I'll give you ten of mine.' " Another source of information was the backers themselves. Quite a few heard about the forthcoming book, called up Shull, and begged not to be included. "Half the time, I'd never have heard of them," Shull remarked. "Certainly obliging of them." He planned to charge two or three dollars a copy for "Angels," but his friends told him he'd be a sucker to sell it for less than a hundred. Finally he settled on twenty-five as a "good, respectable price." (If you can understand the economics of this venture, you can understand the New York theatre.)

Among the backers who have achieved almost a professional standing are Meyer Davis, the orchestra leader; James Stroock, of the Brooks Costume Company; and Howard Cullman, the tobacco man. Cullman is top dog at the moment, with a financial interest in "A Bell for Adano," "I Remember Mama," "The Voice of the Turtle," and a good many other equally profitable plays. Shull says Cullman got taken once by an unscrupulous producer and since then has worked out a stern set of rules for backing plays. It's got to the point now that if Cullman puts up some dough, the production is considered to be in the bag and a flock of other angels break their necks to get aboard.

Rational

WHEN the Japs first began to retreat from the Aleutians, certain of our convoys then en route with ammunition and food were directed by radio to change their course and head



"Psst!"

for the southwest Pacific, where the need was more urgent. The food and ammunition were in the ships' holds, so the deck cargo also had to be unloaded. The operation has no taint of bureaucratic bungling, but still, they say, it does look queer to see those high-powered snowplows lined up on the beach, with palm trees waving over them.

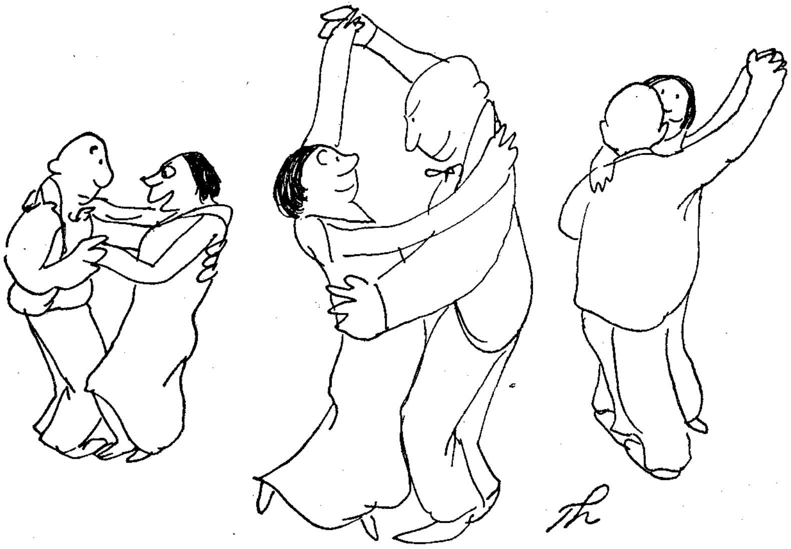
Germ-Hater

M. Emile Mathis, formerly of Strasbourg and Paris, now of Long Island City and New York, is a downright remarkable man, and the wonder is that we didn't get around to interviewing him until last week. This we did in his apartment at the Ritz. Before the war, M. Mathis was one of the five or six top industrialists in France, manufacturing automobiles, airplane engines, and Army ordnance. Unlike some of his competitors, he was also, being a French Alsatian, a German-hater of some fifty years' standing, and in 1940 Mme. Mathis and he managed to beat the panzers across France by a matter of days. “I was right at the head of their little list,” M. Mathis told us. “I had always preached against the Germs.” (M. Mathis pronounces “German” as if it were spelled “Germ.”) “I had called them fools, but dangerous fools. I had told Maginot again and again that his Line could not stop them. In 1939, I dismantled my plant in Strasbourg—over a million and a half square feet of factory space—and shipped my equipment on twenty-five hundred freight cars to Paris. When the Germs moved on toward Paris, I shipped my plant to several different places in Normandy. There the Germs started to what you call catch up on us in earnest. We had to forget about the plant, about our precious machinery. We wrecked what we could and ran. When the Germs reach Bordeaux, my wife and I are in Biarritz. When the Germs reach Biarritz, we are in Lisbon. *Enfin*, we hop the Clipper to New York.”

On reaching New York, M. Mathis found that all that remained of his fortune, which had been considerable even by good, old-fashioned American standards, was a deposit of company funds in a local bank and some machines he had ordered and paid for but which, because of the course of the war, had remained on the docks here. Having already lost one fortune to the Germans in 1914, M. Mathis saw no reason to be unduly discouraged by the turn of events. He withdrew funds from the bank, rented an empty factory in Brooklyn, installed his machines, and set about getting munitions contracts. This being early in 1941, only the British were interested; later, however, he got a whopping order from our Navy, and by the time the Japs hit Pearl Harbor, the Matam (an amalgam of Mathis and American) Corporation was ahead of many of its American rivals. Working his machines a hundred and sixty hours a week, just as hard as he knew the Germans and Japs were working theirs, M. Mathis fulfilled his first Navy contract months in advance of schedule. His company was awarded one of the earliest Navy “E”s, an honor that has been renewed several times since. The plant now occupies two large buildings in Long Island City and employs more than seventeen hundred people.

M. Mathis is a plump, energetic, good-looking man in his early sixties. He struck us as being a French Sam Dodsworth, somewhat out of place in an apartment at the Ritz filled with bowls of flowers and chintz-covered sofas. However, he takes a well-brushed Sealyham to work with him, something we can't imagine old Sam doing. M. Mathis told us that he manufactured his first car, a four-cylinder affair, in 1901, and learned to fly a plane in 1908. He circled the spire of the Strasbourg cathedral in his own plane in 1910, to the consternation of the inhabitants of the town. “I was convinced in those days,” he said, “that flying was safe. That was because almost nobody had yet been killed in a plane.”

The Germans took over and wrecked his plants in 1914, but, after that war, M. Mathis built up his company to the point where it was turning out twelve thousand cars a year, a highly respectable total in Europe. Just before the outbreak of this war, he put out a few experimental models of a plastic five-passenger car so light that it weighed less than its load of passengers. “I hope to bring out such a car in America after the war,” he told us. “I do not anticipate to be a second Henry Ford, with whom I was once associated in France in making the Matford car, but a small manufacturer of a good product. I think there will be room enough for me here, will there not? But first we must destroy the Germs. We must bomb their last city and village. We in Strasbourg—we Alsatians—we know what the Germs are like. They, the beasts, make rotten everything they touch. I hear they have installed in my country house in the Vosges Mountains big guns to train on American troops. I hope the Americans can blow my house to bits.”

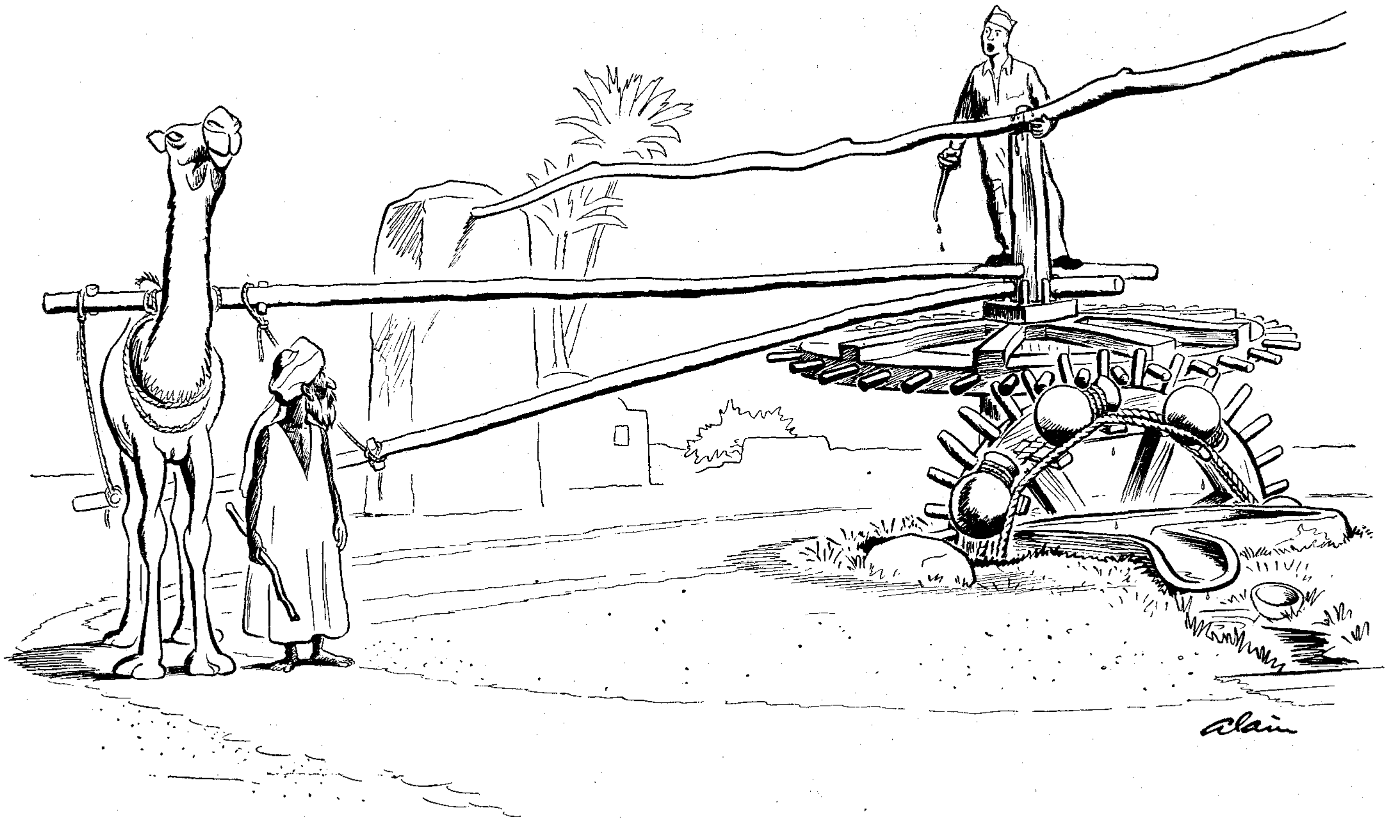


Zero Hour

A PROMINENT citizen died last week—rather inconsiderately, since at least one of the morning papers had no obituary prepared. A junior reporter was assigned to round up some facts for the story, and in the course of his routine calls he got in touch with the undertaker he was told had the remains. “I fear we can give you no information at the moment,” the spokesman there said. “But call us back, won't you? So far, we haven't been called in. We've only been alerted.”

Queue

We were the hundred-and-twentieth person in line, more or less, waiting for Benson & Hedges to open for business last Wednesday morning. You get a carton of Virginia Rounds, Parliaments, or Debs, or you don't, depending mostly on when Benson & Hedges run out. Connoisseurs think this



"See if it squeaks now."

is the best cigarette queue in town. A cop named Pete was in charge of us. "Let's make ourselves inconspicuous, folks," he said, waving some latecomers to the rear of the line, already far down Thirty-ninth Street, around the corner from Benson & Hedges' store, on Fifth Avenue. "You should be ashamed for being such slaves to the habit." "He's right, you know," remarked a small, carefully powdered lady in front of us. "*I* began smoking when I was in the 'Follies,' and I wish I hadn't." A commotion started up near the head of the line, where one lady was accusing another of trying to muscle her way in. "She sneaked in like a snake in the grass, Officer," the first lady told Pete. Pete said there was no law or ordinance he could invoke in such a case. "It's just a matter of courtesy and manners," he remarked. "He's a very *polite* policeman," the ex-"Follies" lady said to us. "But then, he's very young."

A man a little way up the line begged a match from us to light a butt he had been treasuring. "Nice thing about getting cigarettes here is you don't have to buy anything else," he said. "At our drugstore you always got to buy a toothbrush or something, and the stuff's beginning to pile up in our bathroom cabinet." It was then getting on toward nine-thirty, Benson & Hedges' opening hour, and the queue had assumed really impressive proportions—four or five hundred addicts, in Pete's estimate. Passersby occasionally stopped to ask what was up. "Meat, lady—no points," an uncouth fellow told one curious woman. "Goodness!" she said, hurrying off to start a rumor. On the stroke of nine-thirty, the first twelve people in line were admitted to Benson & Hedges by a Pinkerton operative who was guarding the portals. A minute or two later they began to trickle out, carrying cartons of cigarettes and unaccountably looking sheepish, and the next twelve were admitted. "I hope they don't run out before I get mine," the ex-"Follies" lady said wistfully. "I've planned such a *lovely* day."

After we finally bought our carton (Debs), we hung around and talked with a member of the sales staff. "I'm utterly distraught," he said. This was because people had been trying so many dodges, saying they were buying cigarettes for lamed or bedridden friends, and so on. The day before one fellow had represented himself as a purchasing agent for Halloran Hospital, and another had declared that his wife had a rare disease that would result in her toes dropping off if she smoked anything stronger than Parliaments. (There is really a disease like that, but if you think you have it, it's better to lay off altogether, so the doctors say.) When the next group of twelve arrived, the salesman next to us spoke quietly to one of its women members. "You were in here twice yesterday," he said. She went out smoking, but not cigarettes.

Benson & Hedges aim to sell only one carton a week to a customer, but so far have had to rely merely on the clerks' memory for faces to eliminate repeaters. "For a moment we thought we had a system worked out," a clerk told us. "We were going to make a note of each customer's social-security number and check all sales against the list. But then we realized that it wasn't in the Benson & Hedges tradition to ask our customers to show their social-security cards."

First Things First

BY and large, the nursery-school set is better informed about what used to be called the facts of life than their grandparents ever were, and it was no surprise to hear a tiny little girl sitting on a brownstone stoop inquire of a slightly larger little girl, "Are *you* old enough to have a baby?" The friend's reply, however, was a little startling. "Goodness, no," she said. "I can't even tell time yet."

NOTHIN' COULD BE FINER THAN TO DINE FROM MANNY'S CHINA IN THE MORNIN'

(A POWER DIVE INTO THE NEW JOURNALISM)

Once in every newspaper's life comes a time when it feels it should interview Tommy Manville. PM's time came when it was announced that Thomas Franklin, Jr., was going to take Darlene Marlowe as his eighth wife. We called one of our girls over, told her we couldn't recall that any paper had ever tried to explain why Tommy was that way or what he seriously sought in life. Would she see what could be done along those lines?

Starting with a clipping that said Tommy sometimes stayed at the Savoy-Plaza, our girl called there.

"No, dear," said the Savoy-Plaza operator, "he's not here. He hasn't been here in over a year."

Our girl sent out some telegrams, made a lot of phone calls to hotels and night clubs. The net result was a lot of reports the Manville-Marlowe romance was off.

Then our girl's phone rang. She answered it and heard: "This is good old Tommy Manville," in a man's voice that ended in a little low giggle.—*From a recent Sunday PM.*

[*Every once in a while a little fifteen-cent magazine like ours hears that some out-of-town person or other has arrived in New York. Being a little fifteen-cent magazine, we naturally have sources of information, or "pipe lines," that other folks don't. So when we heard that Manuel Dexterides, who is supposed to know more about Tommy Manville than Tommy Manville knows about himself, was in town from the Coast, we thought you'd like to know what Dexterides was thinking these days. We called in one of our girls and asked her to see what she could find out. She said she would have loved doing it, but she was having her nails done that day at Elizabeth Arden's ("The New Yorker" carries no advertising it cannot get), and she hoped we would ask her again soon. Her roommate happened to walk in just then, so we asked her to take over, and this is what she learned. We'll let her tell it in her own words, because we believe they are pretty good words for a Sarah Lawrence alumna, and because they reflect what people are thinking and feeling down here at "The New Yorker" office.—Ed.*]

THE photographer and I started out one cold morning last week from the corner of Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth to find Mr. Dexterides. (The copy desk says Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth don't intersect, but ordinary people, the kind who bear their own children and rarely go to the Persian Room, don't look at things through the eyes of a copy desk.) We had some trouble figuring out how to get uptown, as that part of Manhattan is full of short streets running at different angles, so we decided not to look for Mr. Dexterides until the following day and went instead to Café Society Downtown to interview genial Barney Josephson, but he was out of town. The next morning I met the photographer at the Kiss Room of El Borracho, and we called the Sherry-Netherland to see if Mr. Dexterides was staying there. The operator sounded pretty suspicious, though she finally put us through. A woman's voice with a faint foreign accent answered. She got excited when we explained what we wanted.

"Towels, towels, towels!" she cried. "You think I'm made of towels?" I jiggled the hook and asked the operator whether she had given me the right connection. She rang off. I didn't need to be told twice what the policy of the Sherry-Netherland's management was toward *New Yorker* employees. We went round the corner to the Hamburger Hearth, had a cup of coffee you would have paid fifteen cents for at any de-luxe hotel, and talked it over. The photographer suggested we call up Celebrities Service, which tells you where prominent people are staying, but that seemed too uncomplicated. Eventually, after checking half a dozen columnists and Broadway tipsters, we picked up a rumor that Dexterides was registered under the name of Barney Zweifel at the Hotel Whitebait on Forty-fifth Street. A cold, tight voice told us to come over whenever we liked. We killed a little time to show we weren't too anxious, had a nickel cup of coffee in a drugstore that would have cost a dime in any hamburger joint, and headed for the Whitebait.

There were four men playing poker in Room 602, and the air was thick with some sort of tobacco smoke I couldn't identify. Then I noticed that all of them had curious brown cylinders clamped in their teeth. I asked if these were cigars.

"You said it, dearie," one man told me. (I discovered later that terms of endearment like "darling" and "honey" are frequent in the colorful horse-racing patois of Times Square.) I said I'd been sent by *The New Yorker* to sound out Dexterides. A heavy-set man, kind of benevolent yet sneaky in the way you remember your uncle, looked up quickly. His cigar fell out of his mouth. I could tell he was startled.

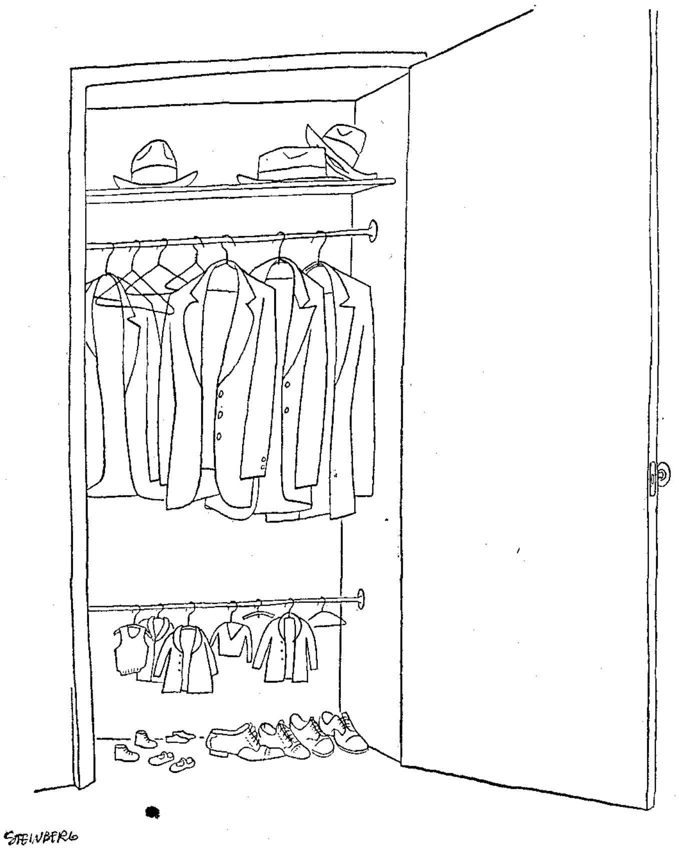
"You're Zweifel, aren't you?" He nodded. "The grapevine says Zweifel is Dexterides. That means you're Dexterides."

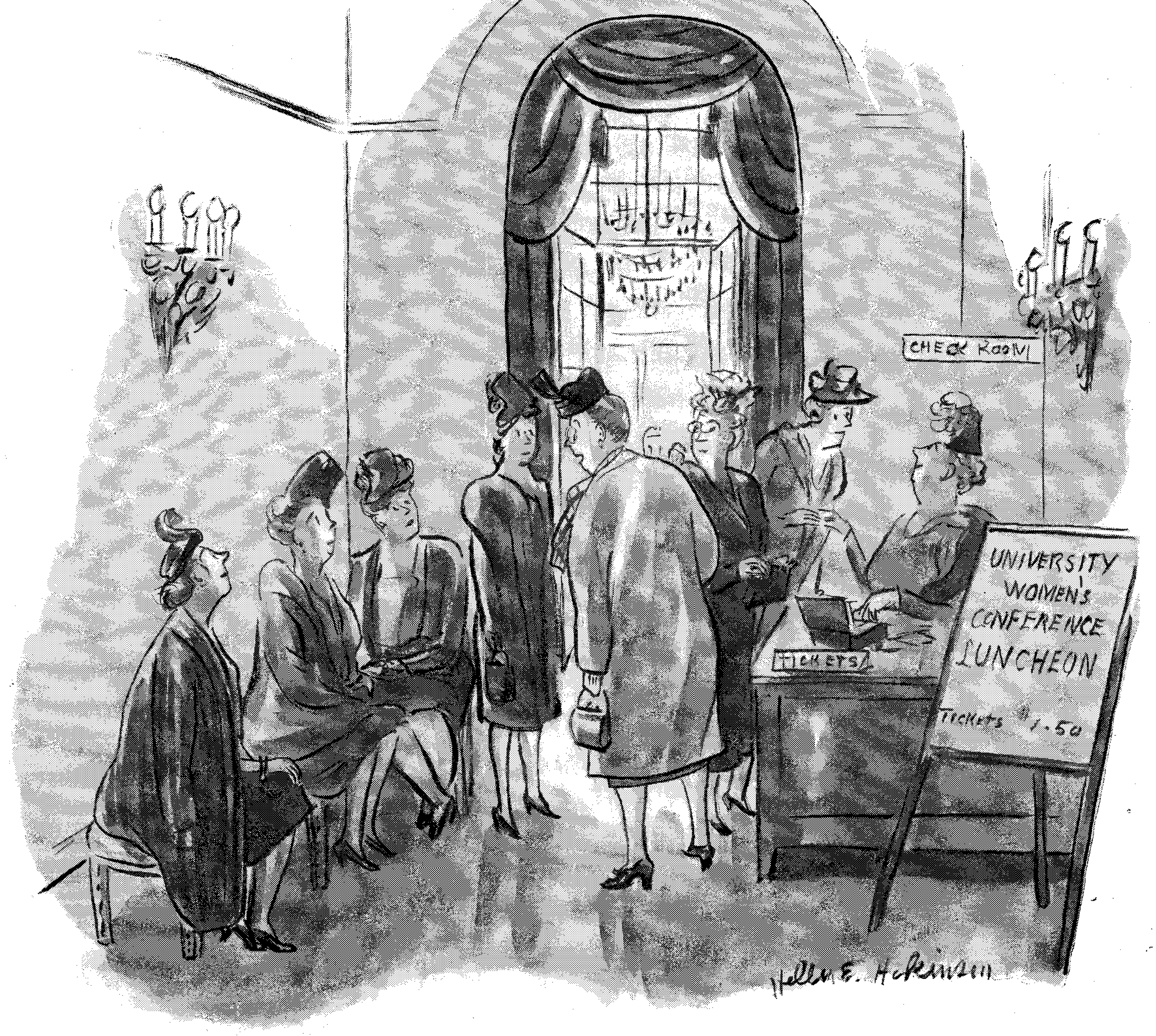
"It does, hey?" he asked cautiously, hugging his hand closer to him.

"You play your cards pretty close to your chest, don't you, Mr. Dexterides?" I said.

"It's the only way I can see them," he apologized. "I'm a very nearsighted man."

"Look," I said, taking the





"Is anybody Alice Pomeroy, Swarthmore, 1913?"

bull by the horns, "our readers want to get behind your façade. To them Dexterides is an enigma. What are you really like, underneath?"

"Scram, boys," said Dexterides briefly. Two of his friends rose and went out. The other went out without rising. Dexterides gave me a shy, pleasant smile that reminded me of a little boy, and indicated the photographer. "Do we need *him* too? It could be real clubby in here." I saw that the presence of a third person embarrassed him, and asked the photographer to wait in the corridor. Dexterides explained that the hotel had a rule prohibiting visitors from waiting in the corridor, and suggested that he wait in the lobby, or, better still, the *New Yorker* office. As soon as we were alone, Dexterides' air of reserve vanished. He mixed two ginger-ale highballs, adjusted the Venetian blind so the sun wouldn't shine in my eyes while I was writing, and seated himself on the davenport by me. I told him our readers wanted to know what he was thinking about Tommy Manville these days. He frowned.

"Hats off to that question," he said seriously. "It's a good one. I'd say Tommy is a man that is in the prime of life at the present time." His eyes twinkled. "Funny thing about age. Now, I place you about eighteen or a little younger."

"I'll be twenty-three in March."

"Then I'm in the clear," he said, with a deep, full-throated chuckle that was thoroughly infectious. You knew instinctively that this warm, friendly man enjoyed simple things and people, and still there was a wholesome faith, almost akin to idealism, about him. Somehow I saw him standing at the right hand of King John on the Field of the Cloth of Gold as the Magna Carta was being signed. I asked him to outline his personal philosophy.

"I believe the day is coming when it will be possible to tell a person's age from their hands," he said. "I've made a study of the subject over the last few years. Take yours, for instance." To illustrate his theory, he gently manipulated my fingers, showing how excessive writing causes fatigue and how the soft cup of the palm acts as a cushion.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "a girl with your type hands shouldn't be engaged in your particular type work. You ought to have a little spot of your own, which you could stick around all afternoon there in merely a kimona and play with a little poodle or so."

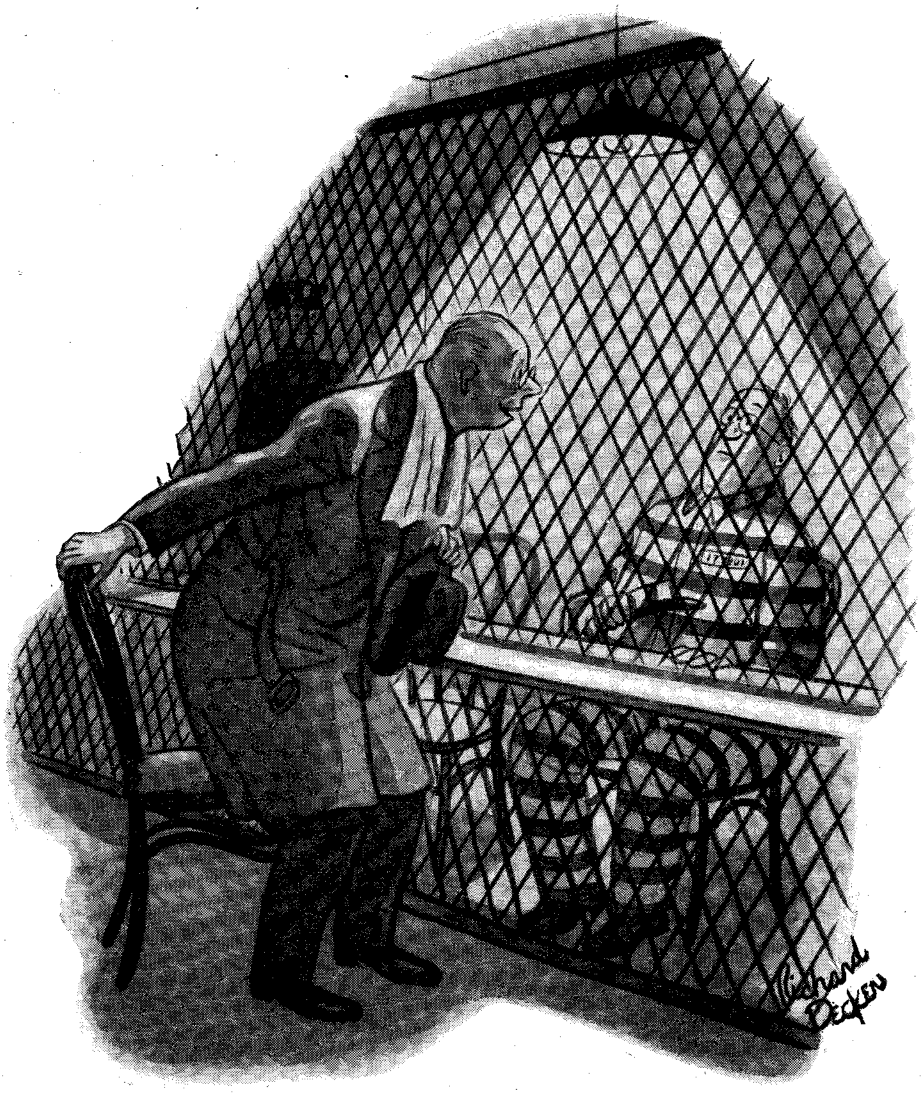
"But Manny," I said (he had insisted we conduct the interview as informally as possible), "don't you think the American woman of today must take her place shoulder to shoulder with men on the production line?"

"Hats off to that spirit," endorsed Dexterides emphatically. "Shoulder to shoulder is my motto one hundred per cent. Here, babe, leave me throw that pillow out of the way so it don't distress your back." It was impossible, I said to myself, that I had met this kindly, considerate man only today; I felt we had known each other for years. His voice had a husky quality that was oddly appealing. "At the same time," he continued, "it behooves each and every one of you to make the most of theirself, so as not to let down the boys in the forward combat areas. Take your hair, now," he said thoughtfully. "Why do you wear it in a flat bun like that? Allow me." He took it down and draped it loosely over my shoulders. "And those moccasins," he went on, "they're stifling your feet. You never saw a wild animal wearing moccasins, did you? It's flying in the face of Nature." I removed them and was amazed at the sense of liberation it gave me.

"If I may turn personal for a moment," I asked, "what reactions do you, as a public figure, have regarding women's clothes?"

"There you will think me a bit unconventional," laughed Dexterides. "I think they wear too many—that is, too many of the wrong kind," he added hastily. "You got to let your body breathe. It is my belief that young women today are deliberately strangling their form under layers of rayon and acetate, thus doing untold harm to future generations. Of course, I do not include garments with a bit of spice to them, such as those lacy black doodads, which I am personally very partial to them. I forget exactly what you call them." He poured a fourth highball and we tried to think of the word he meant. "I'll show you later," he offered. "I know a little specialty shop nearby that stays open till nine." The mention of time recalled me to a sense of my responsibilities. I looked quickly at my wrist watch, but it was gone. So was my pad and pencil, and to make matters worse, I had completely forgotten to bring along my press pass. For all Mr. Dexterides knew, I might have been any little tramp from across the hall, but it never made a particle of difference in his attitude.

Sitting here in the office and looking back over the rest of our interview, I don't recall much of general interest that happened after this point. Broadly speaking, I got the impression of a vital, compelling personality governed by the maxim "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." Hats, shoes, and clothes off to Manuel Dexterides, a rugged, unaffected American and a generous host, a man whose single-mindedness of purpose takes your breath away and points toward the dawn of a new tomorrow. —S. J. Perelman



"I'll run along now, Joe. I don't want to take up too much of your time."

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WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Clark of Missouri. Mr. President, before the Senator takes his seat, I should like to call his attention to the fact that I did not yield to him for a speech, but for a question, and I presume he has been leading up to the question. I hope before he takes his seat he will conform to the Senate's practice by asking me the question.

Mr. Overton. Indeed I will ask the Senator a question. I should like to know whether he is enjoying the best of health. I hope he is.

Mr. Clark of Missouri. I certainly am.

AN EVENING OF RUSSIAN POETRY

["... seems to be the best train. Miss Ethel Winter of the Department of English will meet you at the station and ..."—*From a letter addressed to the visiting speaker*]

The subject chosen for tonight's discussion
is everywhere, though often incomplete:
when their basaltic banks become too steep,
most rivers use a kind of rapid Russian,
and so do children talking in their sleep.
My little helper at the magic lantern,
insert that slide and let the colored beam
project my name or any such like phantom
in Slavic characters upon the screen.
The other way, the other way. I thank you.

On mellow hills the Greek, as you remember,
fashioned his alphabet from cranes in flight;
his arrows crossed the sunset, then the night.
Our simple skyline and a taste for timber,
the influence of hives and conifers,
reshaped the arrows and the borrowed birds.
Yes, Sylvia?

"Why do you speak of words
when all we want is knowledge crisply browned?"

Because all hangs together—shape and sound,
heather and honey, vessel and content.
Not only rainbows—every line is bent,
and skulls and seeds and all good worlds are round,
like Russian verse, like our colossal vowels:
those painted eggs, those glossy pitcher flowers
that swallow whole a golden bumblebee,
those shells that hold a thimble and the sea.
Next question.

"Is your prosody like ours?"

Well, Emmy, our pentameter may seem
to foreign ears as if it could not rouse
the limp iambus from its pyrrhic dream.
But close your eyes and listen to the line.
The melody unwinds; the middle word
is marvellously long and serpentine:
you hear one beat, but you have also heard
the shadow of another, then the third
touches the gong, and then the fourth one sighs.

It makes a very fascinating noise;
it opens slowly, like a grayish rose
in pedagogic films of long ago.

The rhyme is the line's birthday, as you know,
and there are certain customary twins
in Russian as in other tongues. For instance,
love automatically rhymes with blood,
nature with liberty, sadness with distance,
humane with everlasting, prince with mud,
moon with a multitude of words, but sun
and song and wind and life and death with none.

Beyond the seas where I have lost a sceptre,
I hear the neighing of my dappled nouns,
soft participles coming down the steps,
treading on leaves, trailing their rustling gowns.
And liquid verbs in *ahla* and in *ili*,
Aonian grottoes, nights in the Altai,
black pools of sound with "l"s for water lilies.
The empty glass I touched is tinkling still,
but now 'tis covered by a hand and dies.

"Trees? Animals? Your favorite precious stone?"

The birch tree, Cynthia, the fir tree, Joan.
Like a small caterpillar on its thread,
my heart keeps dangling from a leaf long dead
but hanging still, and still I see the slender
white birch that stands on tiptoe in the wind,
and firs beginning where the garden ends,
the evening ember glowing through their cinders.

Among the animals that haunt our verse,
a species of *Luscinia* comes first:
scores of locutions mimicking its throat
render its every whistling, bubbling, bursting,
flutelike or cuckoolike or ghostlike note.
But lapidary epithets are few;
we do not deal in universal rubies.
The angle and the glitter are subdued;
our riches lie concealed. We never liked
the jeweller's window in the rainy night.

My back is Argus-eyed. I live in danger.
False shadows turn to track me as I pass
and, wearing beards, disguised as secret agents,
creep in to blot the freshly written page
and read the blotter in the looking glass.
And in the dark, under my bedroom window,
until, with a chill whirr and shiver, day
presses its starter, warily they linger
or silently approach the door and ring
the bell of memory and run away.

Let me allude, before the spell is broken,
to Pushkin, rocking in his coach on long
and lonely roads: he dozed, then he awoke,
undid the collar of his travelling cloak,
and yawned, and listened to the driver's song.
Amorphous sallow bushes called *rakeety*,
enormous clouds above an endless plain,
songline and skyline endlessly repeated,
the smell of grass and leather in the rain.
And then the sob, the syncope (Nekrassov!),
the panting syllables that climb and climb,
obsessively repetitive and rasping,
dearer to some than any other rhyme.
And lovers meeting in a tangled garden,
dreaming of mankind, of untrammelled life,
mingling their longings in the moonlit garden,
where trees and hearts are larger than in life.
This passion for expansion you may follow
throughout our poetry. We want the mole
to be a lynx or turn into a swallow
by some sublime mutation of the soul.
But to unneeded symbols consecrated,
escorted by a vaguely infantile

path for bare feet, our roads were always fated
to lead into the silence of exile.

Had I more time tonight I would unfold
the whole amazing story—*neighukluzhe,*
nevynossimo—but I have to go.

What did I say under my breath? I spoke
to a blind songbird hidden in a hat,
safe from my thumbs and from the eggs I broke
into the gibus brimming with their yolk.

And now I must remind you, in conclusion,
that I am followed everywhere and that
space is collapsible, although the bounty
of memory is often incomplete:
once in a dusty place in Mora county
(half town, half desert, dump mound and mesquite)
and once in West Virginia (a muddy
red road between an orchard and a veil
of tepid rain) it came, that sudden shudder,
a Russian something that I could inhale
but could not see. Some rapid words were uttered—
and then the child slept on, the door was shut.

The conjuror collects his poor belongings—
the colored handkerchief, the magic rope,
the double-bottomed rhymes, the cage, the song.
You tell him of the passes you detected.
The mystery remains intact. The check
comes forward in its smiling envelope.

"How would you say 'delightful talk' in Russian?"
"How would you say 'good night'?"

Oh, that would be:
Bezsonnitza, tvoy vzor oonyl i strashen;
lubov moya, otstoopnika prostee.

—Vladimir Nabokov

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THE PRETTY DAUGHTERS

THE Major climbed in the company car and gave the driver the address. He put the attaché case beside him, stretched out his legs at an angle, and lit a cigar. At the exit gate the plant guard picked up the Major's pass and gave him a snappy non-reg salute, and the Major was on his way.

The night before and that morning there had been a heavy fall of snow. It had stopped now, but there had not been time to clear the streets, and the car's progress toward the city's residential district was slow. The Major was enjoying his cigar, the fact that soon he would be out of the Army, and the ride. It took him back to Christmas holidays twenty years ago when he would visit his classmates in cities like Hartford and Buffalo and Harrisburg. Once you got out of the built-up districts and into the sections where the houses were larger and had more ground around them, each anonymous house would hold a promise of fun. White house. Red-brick house. French type. Georgian type. Dutch Colonial type. Old Manse type. You didn't know who lived in any of them, but maybe in one of them, as you went from the station to the home of the people you were visiting, there would be a girl, a pretty daughter. Maybe at the very moment you passed her house she was out skiing or tobogganing, or maybe she was right there, taking a nap so she would look her best for the dance that night, the dances that occurred every night of your visit to these towns—Columbus, Reading, Binghamton. You never got to know much about the towns. If you did happen to drive a borrowed car, you were told where to go and how to get there, and "there" meant someone's house or the country club or the city club or the big hotel. You never stayed long enough to find your way about the town, and anyhow most of the driving was done at night, in a Packard or a Jordan or a Marmon or a Ford, with the side curtains flopping and the tire chains banging.

In the daytime if you went anywhere it usually was to someone's house three or four doors away, and you walked. You wore your coonskin coat and no hat and galoshes. You would time your arrival so that you would get there after the athletic ones who had been sliding down some hill. Everybody would drink a lot of tea and eat a great many watercress sandwiches. The girls would kick off their ski boots, which they wore whether they had been skiing or sitting around the country-club fireplace. The mother of the hostess of the moment would look in and there would be introductions and then she would depart, and presently the father would come home and beam on everyone, kissing most of the girls and making a joke about taking the boys to see the moose head in his den. The daughter of the house would pretend to be irritated. "Lord and *Tay*lor, Daddy! You'll have everybody fried before the Baldwins'." The boys would go to Daddy's den and have straight whiskey or ginger-ale highballs, and Daddy would shake up Orange Blossoms and take the shaker back to the girls. He would return to the den and politely inquire about the out-of-town boys' school and family origins and then he would turn the job of barkeep over to his son, if any, or to a neighbor's son who had the run of the house, and excuse himself to get into his tux or full dress . . .

"Was that twenty-three thirty-eight, sir?" said the driver.

"I think so. Wait till I look." The Major opened his trench coat and unbuttoned the top left pocket of his blouse. He read from a slip of paper. "Twenty-three forty-eight," he said.

The driver slowed down until the car was barely moving. "I think this must be it. I don't see no number, but that last was twenty-three thirty-eight."

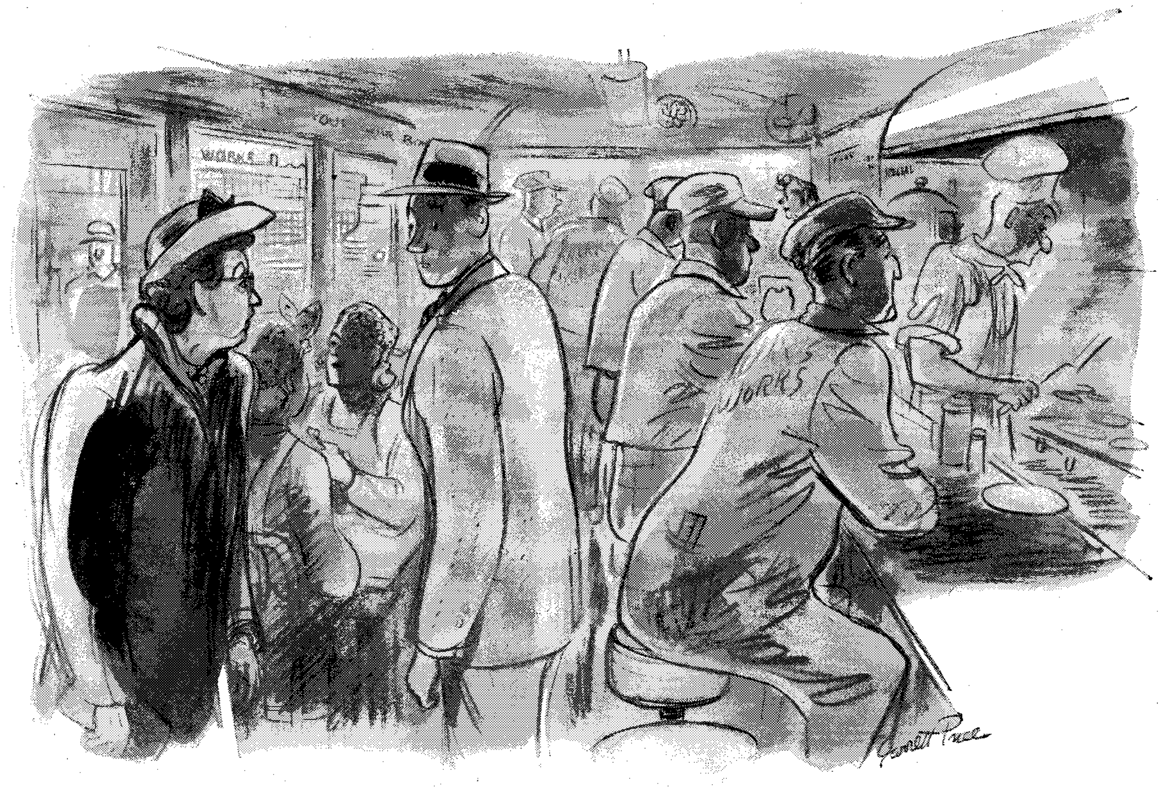
"I think you're probably right," said the Major. "I'll get out here."

"I'll go up and ask if it's the right house," said the driver.

"Will you? Fine. Thanks."

The driver went up to the porte-cochère, following car tracks that obviously had been made hours before and in which there were a few footprints. In a few minutes he was back. "Yes, sir, this is it. They're expecting you. Major Robb, the lady said."

THE BRONX
BAR
tom funk



"Young man, why aren't you in coveralls?"

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"That's me," said the Major. He got out and gave the driver two dollars. "I'll get a taxi from here. You needn't wait."

He followed the driver's path and was knocking the snow off his feet when the door opened, before he had rung.

"Come in, Major Robb. I'm Jean Reeves. Mother's around the corner at a meeting and she told me to entertain you till she got here."

"That's very nice of you," he said. He put his gear on a chair in the dark hall and followed the girl into a small, panelled room, in which there was a fire. The girl was quite tall and she wore a slipover and a cardigan, a tweed skirt, moccasins, a pearl necklace. He placed her age at twenty, but knew he must be wrong—she should be younger—and he was confused by her total lack of resemblance to Nancy, who beside this girl would be short and probably, by this time, sturdy. This girl had a superb, pared-down figure.

"I'd never know you were Nancy's daughter."

"I'm not. I'm her stepdaughter. She inherited me when she married Daddy."

"Oh, that explains it. I'm sorry your father's not here. I'd like to have met him."

"He had to go to Chicago this morning. I suppose Mother told you. We'll have tea when she gets here. Meanwhile, would you like something else? We have just about everything."

"I'd love a, uh, bourbon with a piece of ice in it," he said. "No fruit, no bitters, no sugar. Can you swing that?"

"That can be arranged and it's what I want, too." She opened a panelled door to a bar. He stood by the fire until she handed him his drink, and they sat down, facing each other, in front of the fireplace.

"Well, this is mighty pleasant. I was afraid your mother wouldn't remember me when I phoned."

"Well, frankly, she was quite surprised. But pleased, I can tell you that." She smiled. For the first time he noticed she was wearing a miniature Navy cap device.

"I see the Navy has moved in," he said.

"In a manner of speaking," she said.

"In a manner of speaking? Not married."

"Not married, but spoken for, in a manner of speaking."

"The Navy has good taste," said Robb.

"Thank you. And I'm glad to hear you say it; not only because of me, but don't you get tired of hearing the Army pan the Navy and vice versa? It's pretty silly."

"It is if you're fighting the kind of war I'm fighting. It doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference what color suit I wear. You can see by the absence of any ribbons that I haven't been using up much plasma."

"Well, you're a major, though."

"Even that's fairly recent, and I'm getting out pretty soon. I'm doing just about what I've always done, except I'm doing it for slightly less money. In civil life I'm a lawyer. I read contracts. In the Army I'm a lawyer, reading contracts. What about you, Jean? What did you do before the war? Paint, for instance?"

"Why did you happen to pick on that?"

"I used to know a girl in New York that looked a little like you. She was an artists' model and she painted."

"Oh, that's a relief. The kind of painting I've done wouldn't justify my looking artistic."

"Don't let it worry you. Even if I hadn't known the other girl painted, I would have guessed that you'd done some posing."

"I have a little, for Mother."

"Does she paint, too? I didn't know that. Of course, I haven't seen her in fifteen years or more, so in that time she could have turned into a—a rodeo rider."

"That sounds a little disrespectful, but I'll let it pass."

"It isn't a bit disrespectful. I once knew a damned attractive rodeo rider. Very pretty, very intelligent, went to the University of Wyoming."

The girl nodded. "Mother did say you—you got around a lot."

"What did she *actually* say?" He smiled.

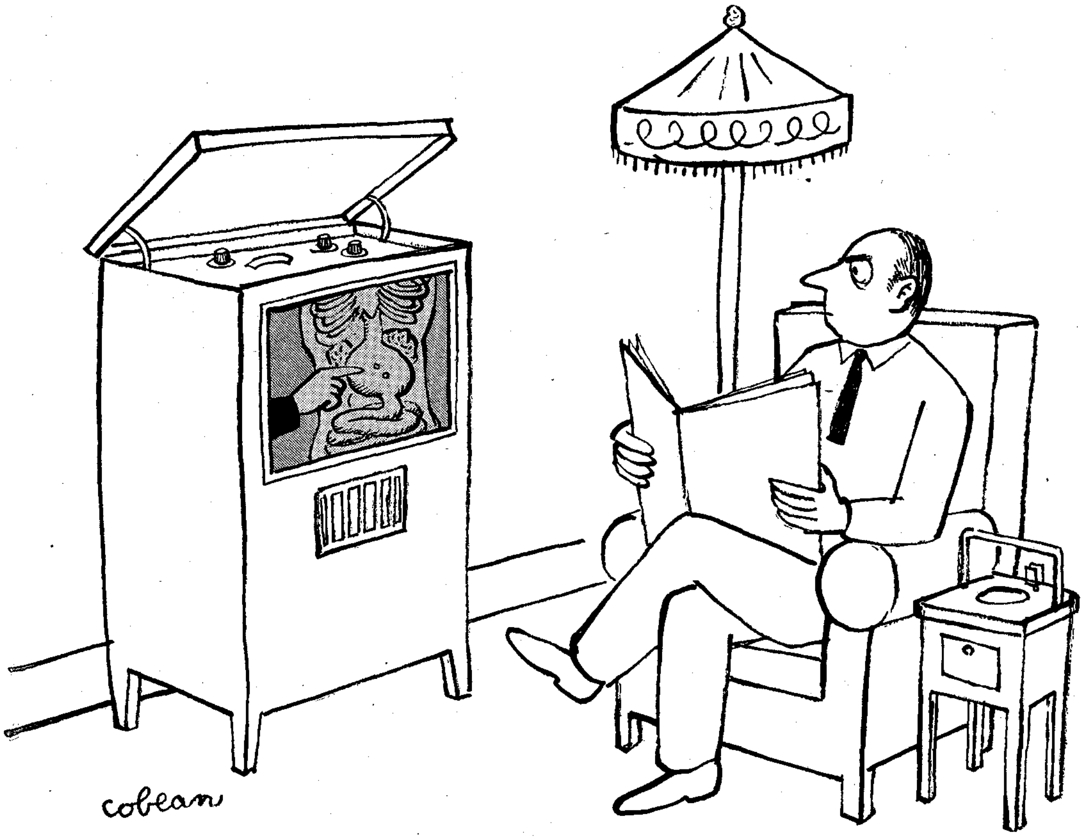
She hesitated. "Well, she said that if the term had been used in her day, you'd probably have been called a wolf."

"*Dear* Nancy. That's quite a build-up, isn't it?" He was annoyed.

"I think she's wrong about wolf."

"Why?"

She considered a moment. "Because wolf means predatory. I don't think Mother knows that. Wolf's a new word since her day. I think she thinks anybody that goes around with a lot of girls is a wolf. That isn't what wolf



"Are you one of those seven out of eight people who suffer from stomach distress? Then try Virgo pills. You simply swallow two of these pills with a glass of water. Now watch what happens . . ."

• •

means, necessarily. A wolf—a wolf is out to make a score, just for the sake of the score. I don't think you're that."

"Thank you," he said. "You're not entirely right about me, but thank you."

"Why? Were you a wolf? Or *are* you?"

He studied his glass. "I've—I've done some howling on occasion. Put it that way. The fact is, I suppose your mother is justified. Shall I wait outside till your mother gets here?"

She did not answer, but got up and took his glass and filled it again, and her own with it.

"How old are you, Jean?"

"Twenty-three. Why?"

"I don't know," he said. He was suddenly unaccountably depressed.

SHE waited for him to go on, and when he did not, she addressed him rather too heartily. "What's come over you? Don't sit there making a long face."

"And don't you give me orders. Remember I'm old enough to be your father."

"And don't you pull rank on me, or age either."

"I can certainly pull age on you."

"Oh, no," she said. She put her hand over the Navy pin. "Do you think this stands for some twenty-three-year-old j.g.? How old are *you?*"

"Thirty-nine."

She laughed condescendingly. "A boy. This character is forty and a lieutenant commander."

"Maybe he's a *young* forty. I'm an old thirty-nine."

"You're both the same."

He realized that the time had passed for making jokes. "What did you mean when you said you were spoken for? I assume the gentleman is married."

"Very much married. Very *happily* married, probably, although he'd never admit it to me. Spoken for? I don't know what I did mean. I don't know why I said that, any more than I know why I wear this pin." She looked down at it and then very deliberately took it off. "I hope that will do some good."

"Maybe it will," he said, "if you want it to enough."

"Good God! If I want it to! He won't answer my phone calls. He's in San Francisco, but I know he's been East twice without looking me up or letting me know so I could go and see him. He's one of you New Yorkers. You probably know him. Nobody *here* knows him. Oh, he is *really* a bastard."

Her fury was exciting, but Robb did not know what to do next, or say. "We all are," he said.

"Yes," she said. She looked at him intently. "Why did you look up Mother after all these years?"

"In the neighborhood. Thought it'd be nice to see her again."

"No," she said.

"No?"

"No. You thought to yourself, 'Nancy lives in this town. Might be a good idea to look her up. She might not be too bad and it might be a very nice thing. A very nice thing.' That's what you thought."

He laughed. "You're exactly right. That's exactly what I did think."

"Of course it was. Well, Major Robb, you'd be disappointed, if I know you. She's completely domesticated, doing good works and not taking care of her figure. Oh, I can see your face when you get your first look at Mother. In fact, you're beginning to look that way now."

"I'll try not to any more," he said. He showed his teeth in a burlesque smile. "Is that better?"

"You have nice teeth," she said.

"Thanks. Listen, kid, do you want me to go?" When she did not answer, he went on. "You do, don't you?"

"No," she said.

"I ought to wait and say hello to your mother."

"I don't want you to go." She stood up and then seemed not to know why she had stood up. She looked at him helplessly and he got up and put his arms around her. She shut her eyes and kissed him, but there was nothing to it.

"I'm sorry, Jean," he said.

"I wanted you to kiss me."

"That isn't what I'm sorry about," he said. She looked down and away from him.

"You're sorry for me?"

"Yes."

"I'll say goodbye now," she said.

"All right," he said. She went out of the room and he heard her go upstairs, heard her moving around on the floor above, and again came that feeling of depression, but now, with it, the feeling that he was beginning to serve a sentence. —John O'Hara

A REPORTER IN ENGLAND

THE DUGGANS OF WAPPING—I

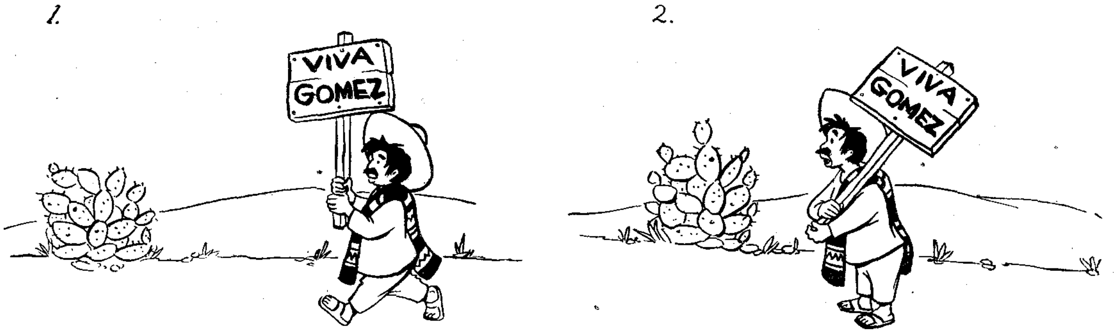
THE borough of Stepney, in London's East End, holds a record which it would probably just as soon do without, although the people who live there speak of it with a certain amount of pride. Stepney, eighteen hundred acres in all, takes in, among other districts, Wapping, Shadwell, and a bit of Limehouse, and of its thirty-five thousand houses, nearly twenty-five thousand have been hit in the bombing attacks on London. Of these, twelve thousand have been either totally destroyed or will have to be torn down. The damage is terribly evident. Sometimes only occasional houses are gone in a block, but here and there whole neighborhoods have disappeared and grass has already sprung up in the quiet clearings, so that old Stepney residents coming back after a long time away find it hard to get their bearings. The people living in the borough have got so conditioned to being bombed out that it is regarded as an unpleasant accident which might happen to anyone, not much more extraordinary than slipping on a wet pavement or falling downstairs. The Duggans, a Stepney family whom I met recently, do not think their bombing history is anything special, and it is certainly not anything special measured against the uncomfortable local average. When I asked Mr. John Duggan, who is a dustman employed by the Stepney Borough Council, to tell me how many times the several houses he has lived in since the war began had been blasted, he thought for a minute or two and then said that he didn't remember. "Little bits of blast was 'appenin' all the time," he said. "A window 'ere and a bit of plaster there—well, we didn't take no notice of it. Nobody in Wapping took no notice of it."

Mr. Duggan, his wife, and their thirteen children have lived all their lives in Wapping, which is a dockside section of Stepney. In what Londoners call "the old blitz," and in the more recent V-bomb raids, they have been bombed out three times and have had to leave two houses because of conditions caused by bombings. The most recent incident to cost them a home also seriously injured Mrs. Duggan, a woman of sixty, who is still in the hospital with head and eye injuries which may result in her losing the sight of one eye, if not both. This time, three of the Duggans' married sons, Timmy and Patsy and Joey, have divided up the homeless members of the family—several of the children were still living with their parents—between them. Patsy is away from home, though still in England, serving as a driver with the Royal Signals, and his wife and small son Denis live in a three-room flat, facing a big warehouse, in a grimy block of old buildings. It was there that I went to see some of the Duggans not long ago.

Wapping is a district with a flavor of its own. Not far away is Commercial Road, one of the East End's principal arteries, where little tailors sit bent over treadle sewing-machines behind unpronounceable shop names, where cheerful fat women preside over jellied-eel-and-whelk stalls, and where shopping housewives favor slacks, a fur coat, and elaborate, frizzy pompadours. But in Wapping the air blows salty off the river and the cranes peer over the housetops like giraffes looking out of a zoo enclosure. Here and there small eighteenth-century churches, some of them gutted by incendiary bombs, face eerie graveyards—they make you think of illustrations for "Bleak House"—crowded with sooty tombs that are toppling drunkenly, as though the last trumpet had already sounded. Each of the several warehouses in the district scents the air with its special commodity, so you walk from spices into linseed, from linseed into tea, and so on. Mr. Duggan told me that a great number of Wapping residents are, like himself, descended from Irish emigrants who came over looking for work on the wharves so long ago that nobody remembers the date. "I was born and bred 'ere sixty years ago," he said. "But my father's family was from Cork. When I was a kid, they was all Irish in our court—the O'Sullivans, the O'Reillys, the Hallahans, the Callahans, and a lot more beside. We're all Catholics, of course. You can go to our church, St. Patrick's, any mass you like, and you'll find it packed with men, women, and kids. Then pop over to the English church and you'll be lucky if you find a dozen. But they're all decent, Wapping people are; it doesn't signify where they goes to church." Mr. Duggan's pride in his neighborhood is so intense that when I spoke of some bomb damage I had noticed along the way, he said reproachfully that it was in Shadwell. "We don't 'ave nothing to do with Shadwell in Wapping," he explained. Mr. Duggan is also extremely proud of his family. "Everybody knows me in Wapping," he said. "Ask anyone you meet, and they'll say, 'What, Jack Duggan? 'Im with all the kids?' And then they'll send you up to my place. They know me partly because we've been 'ere so long and partly because I'm shelter marshal of the air-raid shelter under the Colonial Warehouse. All us Duggans sleep there nights, and so does all the neighbors. Four 'undred of them I 'ave to look after, and some of them been unluckier than we 'ave through the bombings. Father gone, or mother gone, or kids gone. Of course we've been unlucky, too, no denying it—lost our 'ouse, our furniture, and all our duds, and now my old woman in 'ospital—but we're all alive so far, thank God. I always used to say to the old woman, 'Well,' I says, 'the Jerries 'aven't been able to write off none of the Duggans yet, though they've tried. And that's all that matters,' I says."

ON my first visit to the Duggans, Mr. Duggan was out making his round with his dust van. After I had toiled up the stone staircase, along which cheerful Vs were chalked on the walls, I was asked into a small kitchen which seemed packed with people, although there were actually only four. They were presently sorted out for me into Mrs. Patsy Duggan, an amiable young woman of twenty-eight; her son, Denis, a child with a dirty face around which long corkscrew ringlets dangled; Eileen Duggan, who is twenty; and her sister Peggy, a year or two younger. There was also a friendly dog of collie tendencies called Sally. A peculiar squeaking noise came from under the kitchen table, and it turned out that it was coming from a squirming mass of nine puppies which Sally, a true Duggan, had added to the household in the already congested flat. "She don't like being left alone since the bombs," said Mrs. Patsy, whom the others called Maggie. "If she 'ears a siren, she whines dreadful. It's 'ard on dumb animals. They don't understand the same as we do."

Peggy had been doing some wash-



ing. She put away the tub and came and sat down with us. She had a beautiful Irish face, a mass of dark chestnut hair, and a nasty jagged scar running down one arm below the short sleeve of her pink-spotted blouse. “I got that from the flying bomb which got Mum,” she said. The girls told me that they had been down the day before to see their mother, who had been evacuated to a hospital in Essex. “She wasn’t so good this time,” Peggy said sadly. “ ’Er ’ead aches terrible all the time and she don’t eat. ‘Try to eat, Mum,’ I says. ‘It’ll do you good.’ Someone give us three eggs to take down to ’er, and I thought she might fancy them, but she lies there all the time worrying about us at ’ome. She’s been used to being active all ’er life, see—she used to do office cleaning besides looking after us all—and it comes difficult to lie there all bandaged round the eyes with nothing to do but worry. She always tells us girls to ’urry along ’ome in case of a siren. She don’t bother about ’erself—Mum was never one to think of ’erself.”

“She didn’t deserve to ’ave this ’appen to ’er, Mum didn’t,” said Eileen, shaking her head.

I looked around the room, which was decorated with photographs of Duggans in uniform. Eileen volunteered to list the members of the family for me. She is a handsome, sturdily built girl with a husky East End voice, and she seemed a lot more self-assured than her sister Peggy. She wore an extremely short gray pinafore dress over a flimsy white blouse, she had fixed her chestnut hair in an elaborate Hollywood style, and tiny gold earrings shaped like anchors dangled from her ears. With promptings from the two other girls, she finally got the numerous Duggans straightened out into some sort of order in my mind. “Ellen’s the eldest,” she said. “She’s thirty-nine and married to a chap who works at one of the wharves. Then comes my brother Johnnie—he’s thirty-eight and in the merchant navy. Maggie’s next—not this Maggie but my sister Maggie. She’s thirty-seven, married, and doing cooking for the A. R. P. people. Then there’s Timmy, thirty-four, and working where they makes invasion craft. After ’im comes our Joey, thirty-two, married and living in Wisbech, and working in a garage, and then Patsy, married to Maggie ’ere.”

“Patsy’s thirty,” said Maggie. “They ’aven’t sent ’im overseas yet, thank God. ’E’s coming ’ome Saturday on leave. Daddy’s coming ’ome, eh, Denis?” Denis, who was exploring the coal scuttle, gave an excited yip.

“After Patsy comes—let me see, now—Teddy, isn’t it?” Eileen continued. They all argued for a moment and then agreed on Teddy. “ ’E’s overseas in the Ambulance Corps because ’e got malaria in the Middle East and couldn’t go on in the regular Army,” Eileen said. “Then there’s Frankie, twenty-two and working on demolition. Then me, and then Peggy. I was ’elping my boy Leslie’s mother to run a teashop for all the chaps working on demolition round ’ere—plenty of that, as you may ’ave noticed. But the last bomb—the one that got us—got the teashop, too, so I’m out of work at present. My boy was killed after D Day. ’E was in the Army, see, and ’e stopped one at the battle of Falaise—one of ’is pals writes to me and tells me about it. ’E was a good boy, Leslie was.” She took a photograph of a young man in uniform off a dresser and almost truculently pushed it toward me. “That’s ’im,” she said. After a minute she put the photograph back and went on with her chronicle. “Peg works in a tools factory,” she said, “but since our last bomb she’s been ’elping Maggie at ’ome, because she’s not well enough to go back yet. Sheila’s seventeen, and she works packing tea—that’s a photo of *’er* boy there, ’im in the sailor’s uniform. Maureen’s fifteen, and she nails up packing cases in the pepper-and-spice warehouse. It’s a regular boy’s job, which suits ’er to a T. She’s so ’andy in a barge, the boatmen round ’ere call ’er Wapping’s Grace Darling. After we was bombed out last, we went round to the W. V. S. to get some clothes, because we ’ad nothing but what we stood up in. ‘Now a dress for Maureen,’ says the lady there. ‘Dress!’ ’ollers Maureen. ‘I don’t want no dress! Gimme some trousers, can’t you?’ ‘I’m afraid we ’ave no ladies’ trousers,’ says the lady, so Maureen says, ‘Give us a pair of men’s, then.’ So they give ’er a pair and Maureen was pleased as Punch.”

Peggy chipped in to say that Terry, aged eight, completed the rota of the Duggan family. Terry is also something of a local character; he established an impressive record as an infant weight-lifter by picking up three-quarters of a hundredweight at the age of five before an admiring audience at Mr. Duggan’s social club. After the bomb demolished the Duggans’ last house, Terry was evacuated to the home of his married brother Joey. “ ’E didn’t want to go,” Peggy said. “Terry’s all for Mum, see, and ’e wanted to stay with us and go down and see ’er in ’ospital when we did. But we’re too much of a crowd since we split up, so ’e ’ad to go. Me and Eileen and Sheila and Dad live ’ere with Maggie—leastways, we live ’ere all day and sleep nights in the shelter.” Maggie, who apparently didn’t feel that this arrangement was a strain on her hospitality, nodded and smiled. “Maureen and Frankie are staying with my brother Timmy,” Peggy went on. “ ’Is wife’s away being confined, so one of my married sisters does their cooking. They’re a big crowd there, with Timmy’s kids. They live just round the corner. Our family all stick around in Wapping.”

WHEN the war broke out, the Duggans were living in an eight-room house, No. 45 Hermitage Wall. They have lived at various numbers in that street for thirty-five years. “The only time we ever moved away is to Sampson Street, just round the corner,” said Eileen. “We’re a proper ’Ermitage Wall family. I don’t know why they called it that. Perhaps there was a wall there ever such a long time ago. Anyway, there we was when the war comes. Peggy and me were only kids at school then, and lots of the boys ’adn’t married yet, so we was a mon-

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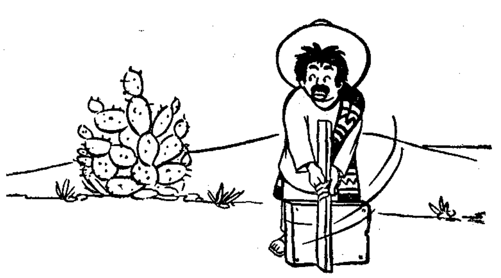

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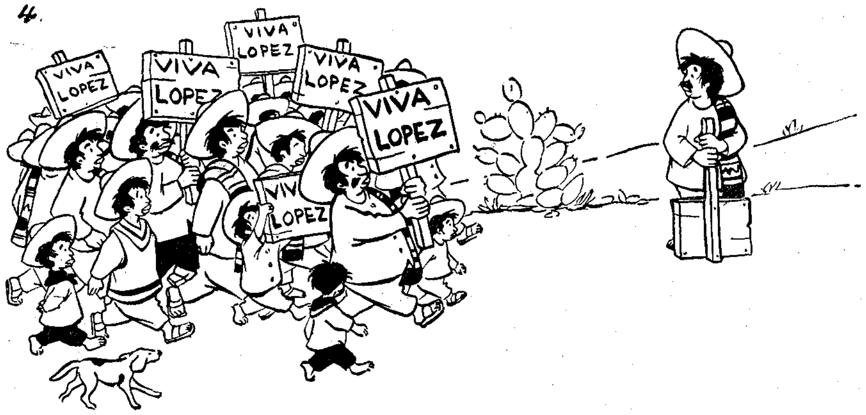

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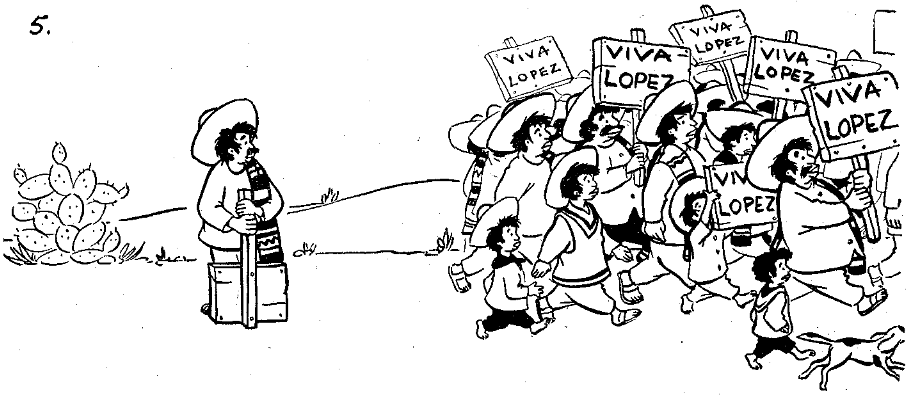

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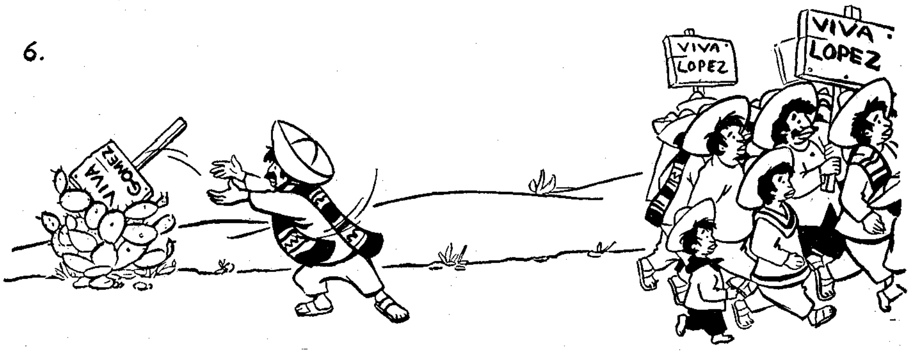

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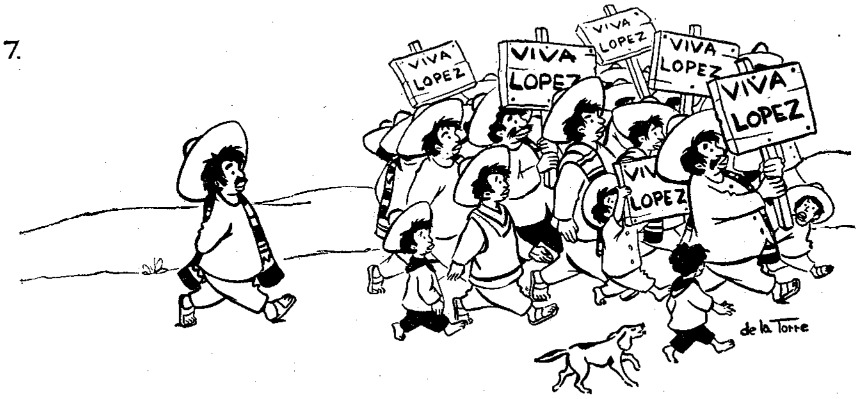


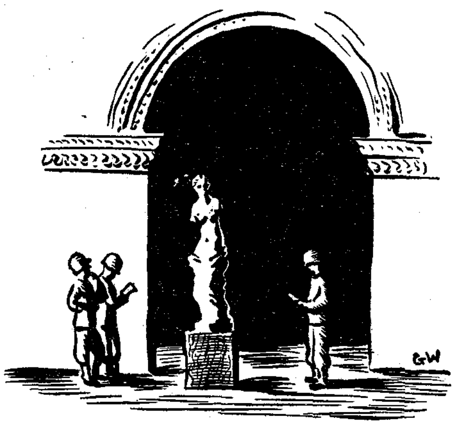
strous great bunch at 'ome. The cooking and the washing and the mending Mum 'ad to do! Honest, it was like a regiment, and as though it wasn't enough, she goes and adopts a friend of one of my brothers, called Billy, because 'e didn't 'ave no family of 'is own. 'One more or less won't make no difference,' she says, so Billy moves in with us. 'E's in the Army now, and 'e thinks the world of Mum. 'E wasn't 'alf upset when 'e heard what 'ad 'appened to her. All the neighborhood boys used to pop in and tell Mother Duggan about it if they was in trouble. When the blitz started, and we used to go to the shelter under Watson's Warehouse every night, they used to call the shelter Mother Duggan's Cabin."

Maggie handed round cups of very strong sweet tea and Eileen produced a package of cigarettes. "Before we come up out of Watson's in the mornings, one of the boys would always make us a cup of tea," Eileen said. "They'd kid us, after we'd drunk it, that they'd stirred it up with the broom 'andle, but it tasted lovely. The nights was awful in 1940, because the Jerries was trying to knock out the poor old East End because of the docks being so important, see. My brother Patsy wasn't in the Army then; 'e was at 'ome, working down at the docks, and 'e got together a bunch of the boys round 'Ermitage Wall and started training them for fire spotting. They was all ages, from nineteen to thirteen—all boys except Maureen, and they let 'er in because she's always round with their gang, and as nippy as any of them. They called themselves the Dead End Kids, and pretty soon they wasn't only spotting fires, they was fighting them. When the Jerries really made it 'ot for us, there was more fires than the proper fire services could put out, so the Dead End Kids often saved the 'ole of Wapping from going up in cinders. They clubbed together and bought 'atchets and 'oses, and the A.R.P. people give them tin 'ats, and when an incendiary drops anywhere in our district, off they go to it with all their fireman's stuff piled up on a barrow—an ordinary coster's barrow, it was. Patsy drilled and drilled them, and they wasn't afraid of nothing, those kids wasn't. All of us in 'Ermitage Wall who used to go down into Watson's shelter every night, we felt as 'appy as kings and safe as 'ouses, though there was nothing but a couple of flimsy floors over us, if we'd only thought. But we 'ad confidence in my brother Patsy and the Dead End Kids. Oh, they was good boys, they was. My boy Leslie, the one that was killed, 'e was one of them. They kept the shelter wonderful—fixed it up with little green curtains for the cubicles, and we called them all different West End names. One was No. 10 Downing Street, and we 'ad the Ritz and the Dorchester and all the toff restaurant names. Oh, we was 'appy down in old Watson's! Even people who were snobby and wouldn't 'ave smiled at you and said 'Cheerio' if you met them in the street warmed up when they got down there."

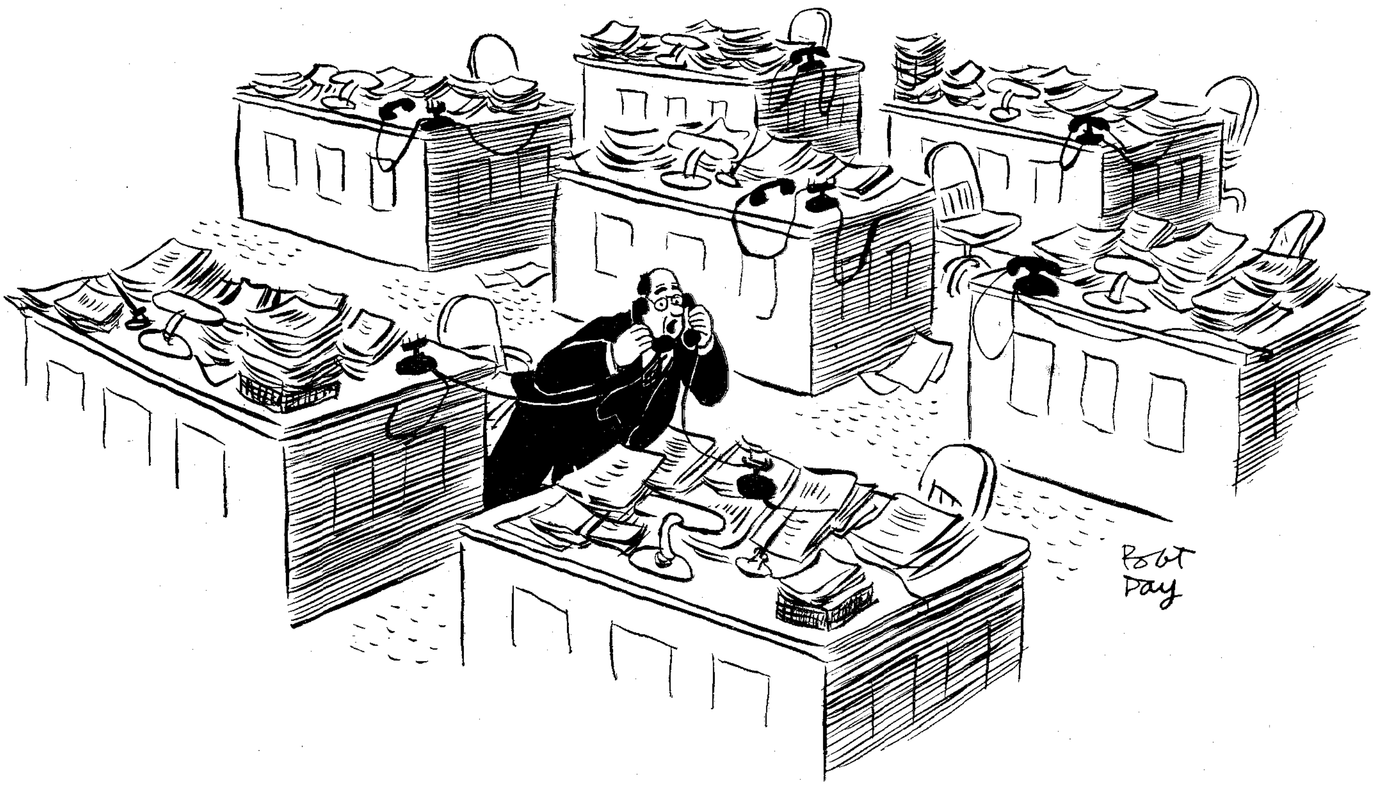
At Christmas time, in 1940, Patsy and his Dead End Kids decided that since they had to spend the holiday in the shelter, they'd give Watson's a Christmas to remember. They bought a big tree and everyone in the neighborhood gave something toward presents and refreshments. For two or three nights before the twenty-fifth, the boys worked down in the shelter fixing up electric fairy lights, and they blew the fuses of the shelter lights now and then, so everybody had to grope about with torches. They kept the tree carefully covered with sacking so that the children shouldn't see it beforehand, but on the twenty-fourth someone wobbling in late from a seasonable evening in the pubs kicked it over and ecstatic squeals came from the bunks where the kids were lying wide awake with excitement. On Christmas Day, Maggie Duggan, who is a fine cook, finished making the jellies and blancmanges for the party, and the spread, Eileen said, was fixed up a treat. "All the kids come up three times for presents," she said. "Everyone said it was the best Christmas they ever 'ad, Jerries or no Jerries. And the Jerries never come over that night—they left us in peace and quiet for once, the blighters."

As soon as the season of peace and good will was officially over, the Luftwaffe resumed operations in businesslike fashion. By the spring of 1941, the Duggan family was having plenty of noisy nights down in Watson's, and the Dead End Kids were having plenty of dangerous ones up on top. Two of the Kids, Ronnie Ayres and Bert Eden, were killed during the raids while tackling blazes with the gang. On May 10th, a date most Londoners remember uncomfortably well, Stepney had one of the worst nights of the blitz. The ack-ack was deafening, and the bombers, droning above the cones made by the searchlights, unloaded seemingly endless packets of high explosives and incendiaries. Patsy and his squad, black with grime, were hampered by a water shortage. Several times they had to stand by helplessly while a building burned down. In the middle of the night, one of the boys burst into Watson's yelling, "Get out! The shelter's on fire!" Everybody, down to the smallest kid, trooped out as quiet as you please, Eileen remembered. "We felt that my brother and the boys would look after us," she said. "When we got out, you never saw such a sight in your life. Fires! It was ever so pretty, really, just like fairyland, but the boys wouldn't let us stop to gape at it. They 'ustled us along to other shelters, leaving poor old Watson's burning. They come back after they'd settled us, and 'elped get the fire out, but by that time it was morning, and they was so tired that they went down into the shelter and just dropped into their bunks and slept so sound that it would take a raft of Jerries to wake them. They didn't care if the warehouse was still smoldering on top of them or not. There was a lot of 'orses screaming in a burning warehouse. Some of the bridges were on fire, and they 'ad to take people away up the river in barges. All us family got separated in the scrum—they'd found room for some of us in one shelter and some in another, see. Coo, what a night! When we all got together again in the morning, you never see such a mess. Most of the neighborhood 'ad copped it one way or another, and our 'ouse was one of the ones which 'ad."

A high-explosive bomb had landed not far from the Duggans' house, beside a burning building which six firemen were trying to save. The firemen simply disappeared. The Duggans' place, while not completely flat, was temporarily uninhabitable, with holes in its roof, windows out, doors off, and ceilings sagging. Most of their furniture was all right, but it was covered with dust and plaster. The blast had broken lots of stuff like the china and some curtains had been ruined. Some of the family's clothes had been messed up, too. The Duggans, after looking the wreckage over, went to the local rest center to have the cup of tea which inevitably accompanies British disasters and to get their wind while they decided what to do next. The morning after a district has had a bad raid, all the relief organizations start functioning. The rest center's main job is implied by its name: bombed-out persons are invited to take a hot bath, handed clean nightwear, and given a comfortable bunk in which they can sleep until their nervous systems have recovered from the shock sufficiently for them to see about finding a billet, salvaging their belongings, and so on. This usually takes a day. The next step is to go to the administrative center, in the town hall. The billeting officer and the salvage officer are there, aided by the hard-working ladies of the W.V.S. and the Citizens' Advice Bureau, who hand out clothes (lots of them are gifts from America), arrange for issues of bedding and pots and pans, provide transportation for families who are going to billets in the country, and supply emergency identity cards and ration books to replace those lost in the raid. The officers of the Assistance Board are also there, to dole out cash to anybody who has lost his home and clothing. This money is really an advance on the compensation, to be fixed by the district valuer, which will be paid to the bombed-out householder at the end of the war.



The Duggans didn't spend much time at the rest center. "Dad went round to the Assistance Board and they give 'im twelve pounds," Eileen said. "Six pounds for furniture and six for the clothes we'd lost. They fixed up for our stuff to be carted off and stored free—they always do that if you're bombed out. Of course they didn't do that for quite a bit—they 'ad their 'ands full in Stepney just then, I can tell you." I asked if the family had got any free clothes from the W.V.S. to replace what they had lost, and Eileen said they hadn't. I began to suspect what was later confirmed by an official who supplied me with some facts on the Stepney bombings. "The Wapping bunch are as independent as the devil," the official said with a blend of pride, affection, and despair. "It's often quite a job to get them to come and apply for the relief they're entitled to." Eileen said that they hadn't tried to get themselves fixed up with temporary billets, either. They liked being together and they had no intention of being split up if they could help it. For the next few weeks they spent their nights in another shelter and their days leading what sounded like a hideously



"This is he."

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uncomfortable camping-out existence in their damaged home. The raid had cut off the gas, electricity, and water, but the boys built a little brick oven in the back yard and Mrs. Duggan cooked for the family there.

"There was plenty of communal kitchens and such like going," said Eileen, "but my dad don't like that kind of thing, so Mum cooks in the open like we were 'opping. Every summer before the war, we all used to go off and make a bit of extra cash 'op-picking near Canterbury. Oh, it was lovely there! So we were used to roughing it, you might say, and would you believe it, the very first morning after the bomb got us, we found the leg of mutton we'd been going to 'ave for dinner. 'Alf a ceiling 'ad fallen on it, but it was good as new and only a little gritty like. 'Bit of luck,' Mum says, and she turns to and cooks it for our dinner just as she'd planned. A little while later, a couple of the boys found a cake Mum had baked, and they just dusted it off and eat it on the quiet. They always did love Mother Duggan's cakes."

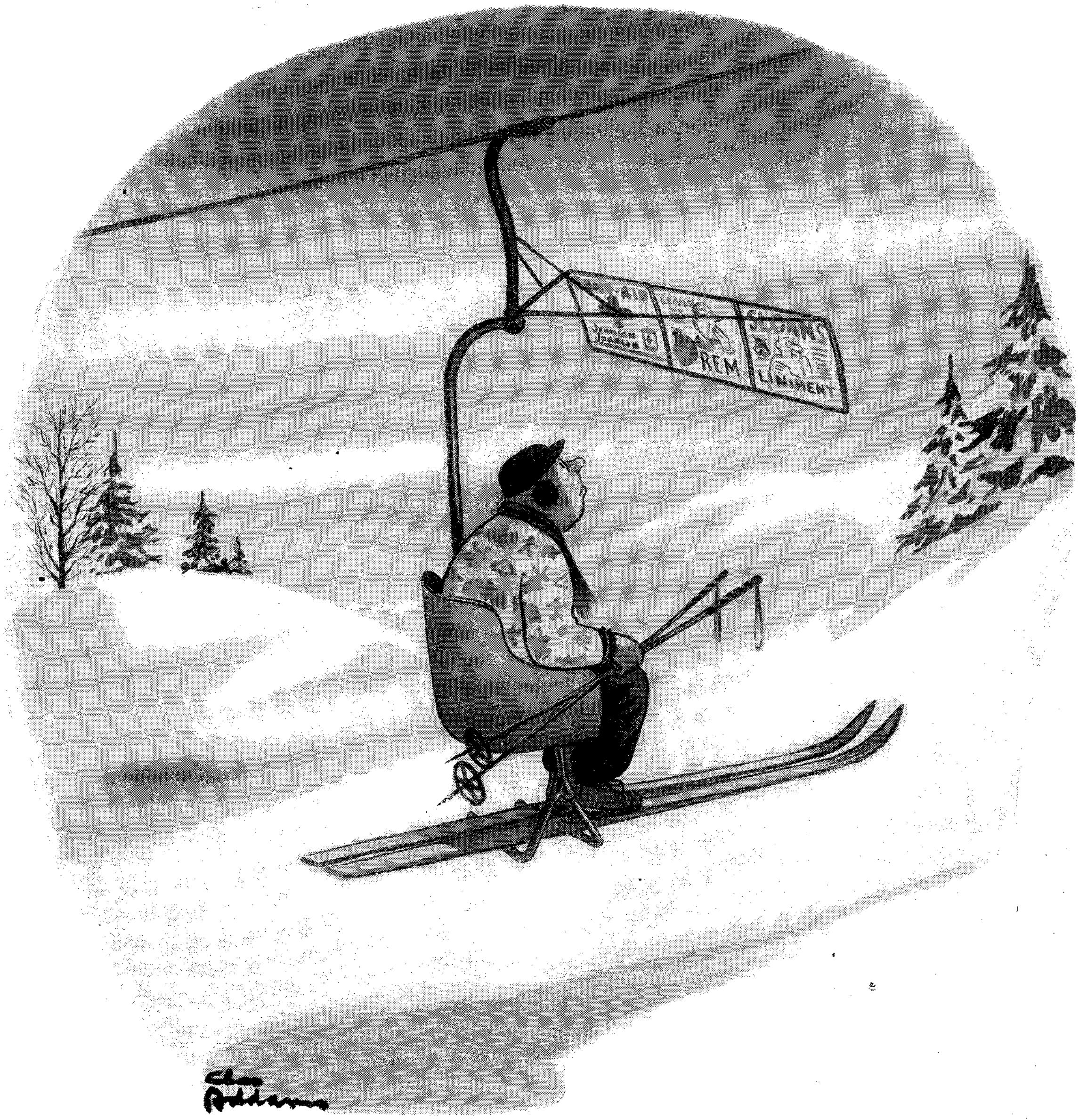
The girls laughed. Viewed from a distance, what happened after their first bombing-out apparently seemed as cheerful as a prolonged hopping party. The worst part, they agreed, was being without water in the house, for the air was never free of smoke from the fires and dust from the demolitions. However, the borough authorities sent around a water cart every day, and the Duggans, with the rest of Hermitage Wall, would run out with their buckets and jugs. Eileen said that they were black most of the time, though. Stepney suffered terrible damage in that raid, and it was obviously better to look about for a new house than to wait for the harassed authorities to get around to repairing the old one. In July, Mr. Duggan found a house, No. 7 Sampson Street, to which the family moved its furniture, new dishes, and new curtains. They had been there only a couple of months when the ceilings, weakened by the bombings, fell, and they moved again. Their belongings weren't damaged that time—only dusty. Their next house, which was No. 24, back in Hermitage Wall, wasn't entirely satisfactory, either. "Smells," said Peggy. She explained that something, probably because of the bombs, had gone wrong with the drainage system. None of the family was sorry when they moved to another and less fragrant address in Hermitage Wall early in 1942.

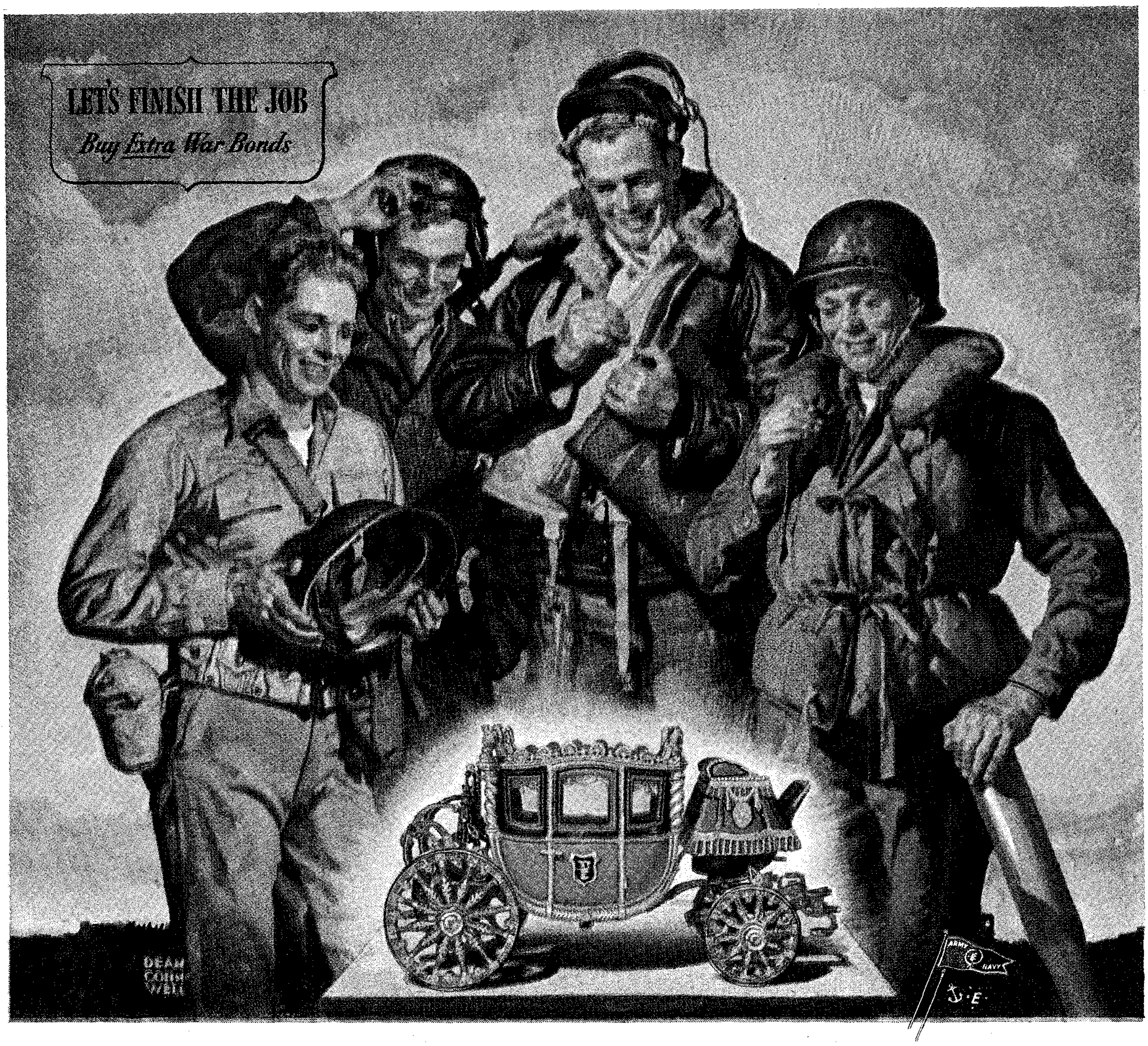
IN the next couple of years, the Duggan family began to split up. Several of the older children married and set up homes of their own. Patsy, along with other Dead End Kids, went into the Army. Eileen deserted Wapping for a brief spell in the Women's Land Army, and the little gold anchors jigged violently on her ears as she described the curious attitude of the farmer for whom she went to work. " 'You cockneys don't know nothing about the war,' 'e'd say to us," Eileen told me. " 'I'd like old 'Itler to come and learn you a thing or two,' 'e'd say, and 'im sleeping in 'is nice warm bed all those nights us cockneys 'ad been sleeping down in the shelters. So I wasn't really sorry, though I liked the work, when I chucked it and come back to Wapping and took the job in the teashop I was telling you about."

The raids slackened, started up again, and finally slackened to the point where the Duggans didn't bother to go and sleep in the shelter. They got to believe that the Jerries wouldn't be able to put on any more blitzes. In the summer of 1944, when they were as confident about that as most other Londoners, they had come to rest in No. 37, their last address in Hermitage Wall. It was over a pub, the Old Sugar Loaf, which was something of a landmark in Wapping. "Dad used to say, 'Why don't you take the doors off their 'inges and 'ave done with it?' " said Eileen. "For some one of us was always tramp, tramping upstairs and slamming those old doors until you'd think the place would come down on your ears—us Duggans, or else Peggy's boy, or Sheila's boy, or one of the tough kids our Maureen larks around with. We'd settled in real cozy over the Old Sugar Loaf when the Jerries started sending over those doodlebugs, and back we 'ad to go to the shelter nights. Only not old Watson's, of course. We all started going under the Colonial Warehouse, where my Dad is shelter marshal now."

Peggy took up the story from there. She told it very quietly, and she laughed several times, but nevertheless she seemed edgy. On the evening of July 8th, she said, they were blasted out by a robot which fell on an A.R.P. post in the street next to Hermitage Wall, killing seven A.R.P. workers and a man who happened to be passing. "It was ten in the evening when the doodle come down, and there was nobody but me and my brother Joey and Mum in the 'ouse," she said. "Dad 'ad gone off on duty fire watching, and Eileen was visiting 'er boy's mother. The rest 'ad gone off to the shelter. I'd been saying for a long time to Mum that I'd give the rooms a lick of paint when I 'ad the time from the factory, because what with all the shakings the place 'ad taken in the last few years, it looked terrible. So I bought a tin of green paint, and I thought I'd start on one of the bedrooms, freshening up the doors and the skirting and that. It was a lovely bright green, a sort of emerald. Someone was in visiting us when I brought it back, and they says, 'Green's unlucky.' 'Not for us—we're Irish,' says Mum. My brother Joey came round that evening, and 'e says 'e'll 'elp me, so we set at it and kept on painting long after the others 'ad gone to the shelter. It was ten by the time we finished, and the siren 'ad gone, but we didn't take no notice. They was always going with those doodlebugs coming over all the blessed day and night, and then you might not even 'ear the doodlebug—it might crash miles and miles away. Mum was still in the 'ouse with us. She was in the kitchen, shelling peas for tomorrow's dinner—she always likes to be a day ahead with the work, Mum does. Well, we finished the painting and it looked smashing. I could 'ear a doodlebug somewhere, but I didn't bother. My mind was on the painting, see. 'Come and look, Mum,' I calls to 'er, joking. 'It may be your last chance.' After that, I don't remember what 'appens, except that the ceiling comes down on me and Joey and all that lovely new paint. I was sitting on the floor with all the plaster and stuff over my legs, and I suppose they felt a bit numb, because I got it into my 'ead that they'd been blown off, and I began yelling, 'My legs is gone! Bring 'em back! Bring 'em back!' Joey'd been standing by a jug full of water, which of course breaks and soaks 'is legs and backside, so 'e imagines that 'is backside's gone and the water trickling down is the blood. 'E was white as a sheet, 'olding 'imself and not daring to look. I suppose we were both a bit dazed. Mum was all right, thank God, but the place looked as though it 'ad been 'it by a tank—all the tiles gone off the roof, and glass and plaster everywhere. When I saw all that smashing green paint covered with muck, I burst out crying. We'd cleaned all the windows the day before. They'd been looking a treat, and now they wasn't there. Dad didn't know our place 'ad caught it until 'e come 'ome next morning, though 'e'd been worrying that a doodle 'ad come down near 'Ermitage Wall."

The A.R.P. post the robot had landed on was next door to the Old Sugar Loaf's rival pub. Patsy Duggan, who was back on leave, was playing the piano there while a few soldiers and sailors and dockers danced with their girls. Maggie, his wife, was there with him. Patsy was playing a tune called "It Can't Be Wrong, It Must Be Right" when the doodlebug came down, and the air was immediately full





The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with five stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

WHERE HAVE WE MET BEFORE?

IT was at Tarawa — on the beach at Anzio — in Normandy — in bombers over Berlin — in tank battles, dog fights, and on the high seas — on every fighting front.

These are the recent places where the craftsmanship symbolized by this emblem has been meeting up with the men who are winning the war. And every day sees a new meeting on other fronts as the output of Fisher Body factories moves into the battle lines.

Major assemblies for the B-29 and other bombers, delicate aircraft instruments, big guns of various calibers, tanks—the flood of Fisher Body armament knows no end until final victory.

Into every single piece go the skills and techniques that have always made the Fisher Body coach a symbol of fine craftsmanship throughout the length and breadth of our land.

• • •

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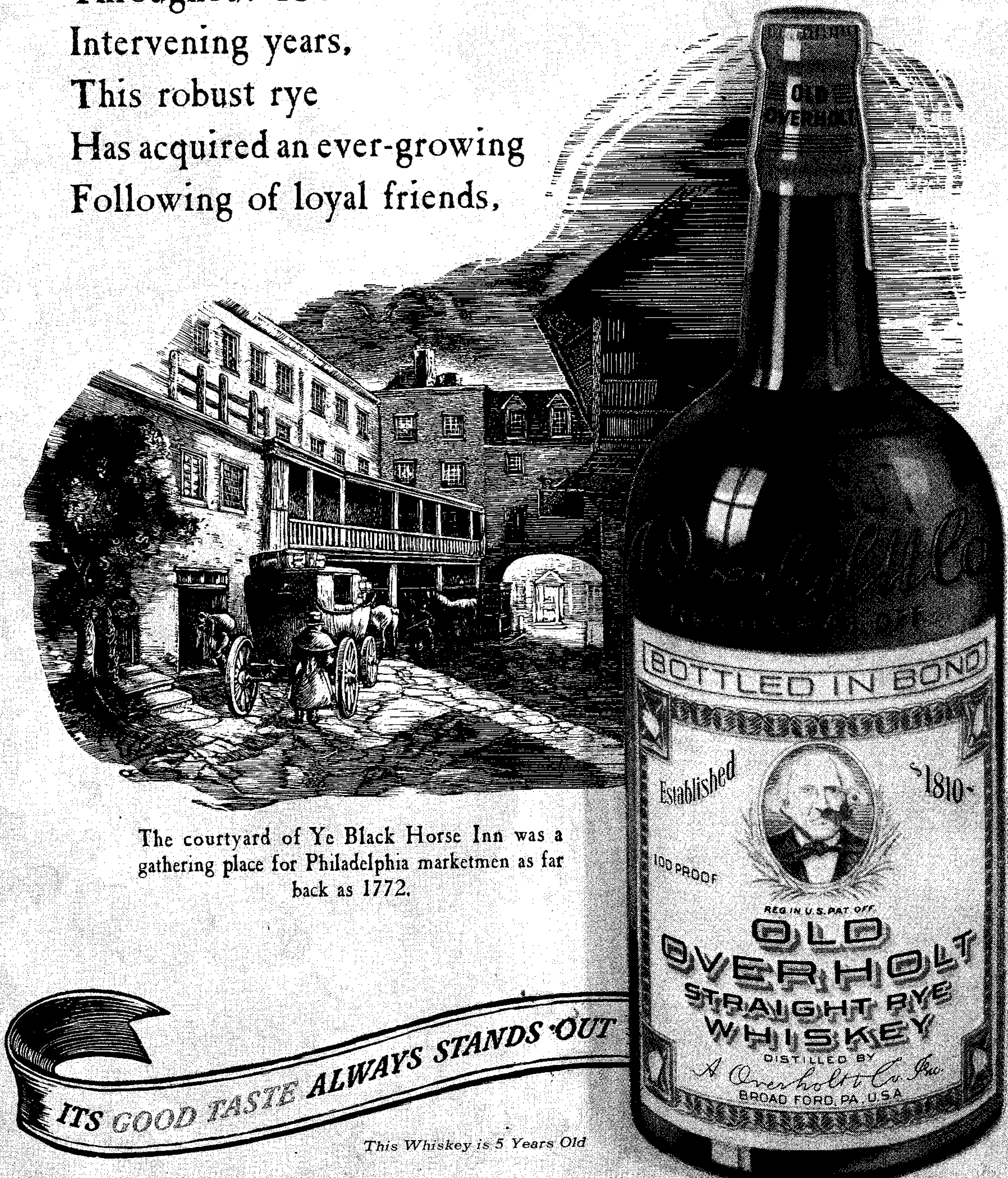
NBC Network

armament
BO~~D~~Y BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

When America
Was in knee-pants,
Old Overholt was first served
To discriminating folk
In friendly old inns
Such as shown below.
Throughout 134
Intervening years,
This robust rye
Has acquired an ever-growing
Following of loyal friends,
And has done so
With this one
Simple virtue—
Its Good Taste
Always stands out.


OLD OVERHOLT
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.
ITS GOOD TASTE ALWAYS STANDS OUT

The courtyard of Ye Black Horse Inn was a gathering place for Philadelphia marketmen as far back as 1772.

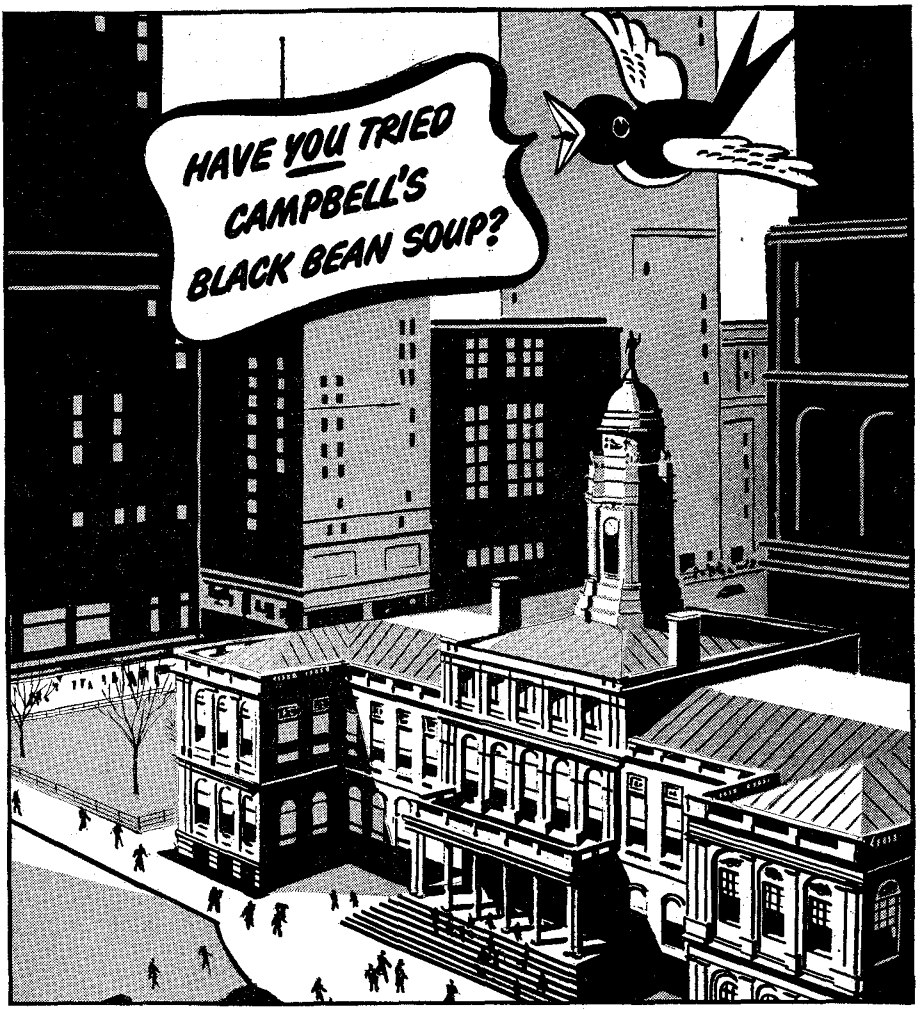
This Whiskey is 5 Years Old

National Distillers Products Corporation. New York of suffocating fumes, thick gray dust, and murderous slivers of glass.

"Patsy was all right," Maggie said, taking up the story. "'E jumped out of the wreckage through one of the window frames and began 'elping to get the people out. There was an awful lot of casualties. At first I thought everybody in the place was dead but me—I see these gray shapes lying about—but then they began to get up, looking like ghosts. They was covered in dust so that you couldn't 'ave recognized your own mother. Women came rushing out of the 'ouses which 'adn't been badly 'it, tearing up sheets and their own clothes and anything which comes 'andy for bandages. Our Eileen 'ere, she sees a man with his nose covered with blood and she sticks a great bit of plaster across it. But 'e takes it off a couple of days later and finds that there's nothing on 'is nose but a patch of dried blood, what 'ad splashed up on 'im from one of the real casualties, and there's our Eileen sticking the poor fellow up with a plaster as big as a mustard poultice."

"The warehouse where Maureen works, packing spices and pepper, got it too," Eileen said. "Pepper was blowing round like one of them sandstorms in the movies. The neighborhood smelt like a blooming Christmas pudding. Sheila 'd been in the pub too, 'aving a drink with 'er boy, who's a sailor. 'E was just back on leave, and 'e was saying to Sheila that 'e 'adn't 'eard one of these flying bombs yet. You know 'ow natty sailors always are, so clean-looking and all, and Sheila's boy is a blond, too. After the doodle comes down, 'e looks like an African sweep. When 'e comes round to see what 'e could do to 'elp at our place, Mum says, 'Oo are you?' Come to that, we all looked awful, with faces as black as your 'at, and anyway we'd been black round the eyes already through not 'aving slept much the last few nights. Honest, we 'ad to laugh, though there wasn't much to laugh about, with our place messed up again and nowhere to lay our 'eads that wasn't glass and muck except the shelter."

Sheila had to go to the hospital to be


HAVE YOU TRIED CAMPBELL'S BLACK BEAN SOUP?

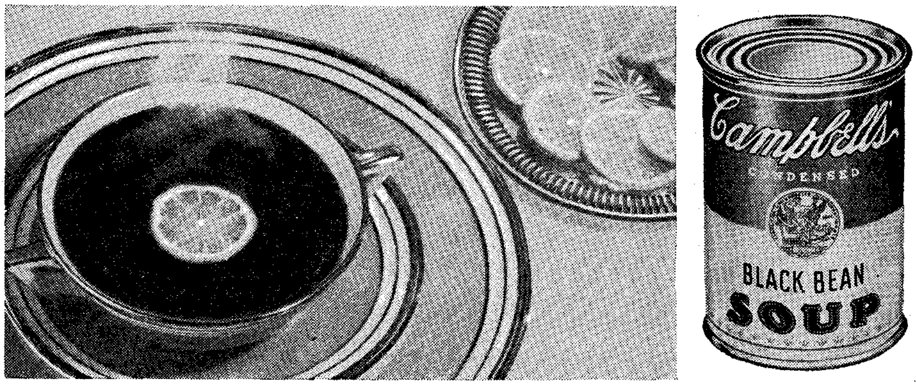
Here Hangs "The Hat"

This Advice, Madam, is Most Official

Whether "they" are expected for a week end—heaven forfend!—or merely for a cozy dinner, you've a problem ... yes? So will Madam allow us to propose Campbell's Black Bean Soup? She'll find it a very real help in entertaining, so she will, and a very smart one too. And just by way of reminder ... it's also smoothly delicious sipped and savored in the bosom of one's family. Try it and see!

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP

P. S. Some like to float a slice of lemon on it.



treated for shock, and Peggy and the others were cut, bruised, and badly shaken. "But we're lucky compared with some," said Peggy. "We're all alive, not like others in our street. The bomb that got the Old Sugar Loaf 'ouse after we moved back into it was the nearest, but even that didn't kill us, though it got Mum so bad. I don't know why it 'ad to 'appen to 'er instead of one of us young ones."

Down in the street, the motor of a lorry outside one of the warehouses started up with a roar, and Peggy stiffened convulsively in her chair. "It's only a lorry, Peg," said her sister-in-law. Peggy relaxed, laughing a bit self-consciously. "Ever since our last bomb, bangs make me jump," she said. "It makes you feel stupid."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

(This is the first of two articles on the bombing experiences of the Duggan family.)

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*A mimeographed document received by a lady in Croton, N.Y., after protracted negotiations involving the settlement of a claim for a windbreaker which had been lost in the wash*]

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME,
or may concern:

Greeting: Know Ye, That I, Mrs. W—— B——, residing at Teton Road, in the city of Croton, N. Y., for and in consideration of the sum of Thirteen and 83/100 dollars ($13.83) lawful money of the United States of America to me in hand paid by Highland Laundry Service Company, Inc., of Peekskill, N. Y., Westchester County, New York, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have remised, released, and forever discharged, and by these presents do for my heirs, executors and administrators, remise, release and forever discharge the said Highland Laundry Service Company, Inc., of Peekskill, N.Y., its successors and assigns of and from all, and all manner of action and actions, cause and causes of action, suits, debts, dues, sums of money, accounts, reckoning, bonds, bills, specialties, covenants, contracts, controversies, agreements, promises, variances, trespasses, damages, judgments, extents, executions, claims and demands, whatsoever, in law or in equity, which against the said Highland Laundry Service Company, Inc., of Peekskill, New York, I ever had, now have or which my heirs, executors or administrators hereafter can, shall or may have for, upon or by reason of any matter, cause or thing whatsoever from the beginning of the world to the day of the date of these presents.

And more particularly do I release the said Highland Laundry Service Company, Inc., from any and all claims to date, including claim for loss of

· 1 windbreaker

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this . . .

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
A New Musical
SING OUT, SWEET LAND!
by Walter Kerr
ALFRED DRAKE
BURL IVES • Bibi Osterwald • Alma Kaye
International Thea. Columbus Circle at 59th
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The Franz Werfel - S. N. Behrman Comedy Hit
Staged by Elia Kazan
LOUIS CALHERN • OSCAR KARLWEIS
Marianne Stewart • Harold Vermilyea
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S 2 Comedy Hits
"SNAFU"
By LOUIS SOLOMON & HAROLD BUCHMAN
BILTMORE Thea., W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
2ND YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Royal BEAL Betty CAULFIELD
BIJOU THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

"A BRAND NEW BROADWAY HIT. A honey of a show."—GUERNSEY, Herald Tribune
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARGARET WEBSTER'S Greatest Triumph
VERA ZORINA
CANADA LEE
in
THE TEMPEST
with ARNOLD MOSS
ALVIN Theatre W. 52 St. Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
UP IN CENTRAL PARK
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY, 7 Ave. & 59 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

BOBBY CLARK IN
Mexican Hayride
By HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
COLE PORTER SONGS
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 44th St. W. of Broadway
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI
Conducting the
N. Y. CITY SYMPHONY
MON. MAR. 12 at 8:30 P. M.
TUES. MAR. 13 at 6:00 P. M.
PRICES: 60c, $1.20, 1.80, tax incl.
N.Y. CITY CENTER · 131 W. 55th ST.

"An Evening of Sheer Delight!"—Garland, Jr.-Amer.
JED HARRIS PRODUCTION
"One-Man Show"
by RUTH GOODMAN and AUGUSTUS GOETZ
Constance CUMMINGS • Frank CONROY • James RENNIE
BARRYMORE, 47 St. W. of B'way., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON presents
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

"A SMASH HIT... a distinguished play."—MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
ROSE FRANKEN'S COMEDY HIT
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH
in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Remarkably entertaining, profoundly touching." —WALDORF, N. Y. Post
The HASTY HEART
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
HUDSON, 44th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-5641
Evs. 8:40, $1.20-$3.60 Tax Incl. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

WORLD'S BUSIEST HIGHWAY

Over such highways—230,000 miles of them—more freight and passengers are moving today than ever moved before anywhere on earth by any means of transport. • In 1944, the railroads hauled nearly three times as much inter-city freight, and nine times as much war freight, as all other carriers combined. • That is one of the great lessons to come out of the war—what modern American railroads can do. • And one of the things to remember after the war is won is that in peacetime, too, America needs and must have the kind of transportation which only its railroads can deliver.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

All United for Victory

PINK MAGIC

La Cross' newest fingertint—a rich singing fuchsia with a wonderful undertone of blue. Precision checked for staying power—for lasting brilliance—for evening sparkle. Wear it—as so many chic women do—when you want to look your most exquisite.

La Cross

America's Finest Manicure Implements
America's Finest Hand Beauty Aids

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OF ALL THINGS

BY declaring war on Germany, Turkey and Egypt become eligible for tickets to the World Series at San Francisco. It begins to look as if Argentina may be the only country that isn't going to have one of the coveted pasteboards.

•

Washington believes that the good news from Europe has hurt the chances of a compulsory-service law. The fighting men simply did not back up the home front.

•

The American fliers who bombed Berchtesgaden are an enviable lot. They are the only people who ever visited the place and had a good time.

•

A correspondent says that a touch of spring has brought some relief to the shivering people of Paris. General de Gaulle, however, still seems to be a little chilly.

•

General Eisenhower reports that a lot of Germans are being captured but that there have been no mass surrenders. Someone should tell those people about the advantages of the large economy size.

•

The job of enforcing the twelve-o'clock curfew has been entrusted to the War Manpower Commission. Someday little Willie may have to speak a piece about the midnight raid of Paul McNutt.

•

That noise heard in Washington last week was not made by Nazi V-bombs. It was only a couple of Democrats discussing the issues of the day.

•

Hitler knows how to adapt himself to changed circumstances. Since he did not do so well on his swing around the Continent, he will now try his luck with a front-porch campaign.

•

Thousands of men have applied for the $50,000 baseball job of the late Judge Landis. It would seem that there is no manpower shortage in the czar business.

•

LaGuardia, speaking of William J. Gaynor the other day, said that the only way to get rid of a good mayor is to shoot him. We may therefore assume that the fireman's helmet is in the ring.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

"BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL HIT."—LIFE
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"No. I on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
The new musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & works of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
OLIVER SMITH and PAUL FEIGAY present
ON THE TOWN
Prod. Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT • Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN • Book & Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN • Dances by JEROME ROBBINS
with SONO OSATO, NANCY WALKER
ADELPHI, 54th St., East of B'way. CI 6-5097
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"
—Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
HENRY MILLER'S THEA., 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation • Rockefeller Center
"A SONG TO REMEMBER"
PAUL MUNI • MERLE OBERON
Introducing CORNEL WILDE
A Columbia Picture in TECHNICOLOR
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

"I want the most difficult make-up problems for social life, photography and for the stage."
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THE THEATRE

THERE'S ALWAYS CYRANO

"And Be My Love" (see pages 31 and 936, Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations") looked from where I sat like an actor's field day for Walter Hampden, who in it is permitted to sing little snatches of song, put on a quite impressive beard, and even lie down on the floor, kicking his heels. He is deprived of the putty nose and cloak and sword which have served him so efficiently in the past, but otherwise the part has practically everything except perhaps some dim appeal for the audience.

To get the ugly facts out of the way, the piece at the National concerns a middle-aged actor (Mr. Hampden) who gets involved with a matrimonial bureau and subsequently with a handsome female scientist from Riverhead, Connecticut (Lotus Robb), with whom he conducts one of those trial marriages, always guaranteed to turn out antiseptic in the end. There is a subsidiary romance that rather forcibly drags in a sailor and his girl (Mr. Hampden's stepdaughter, as I got it), and something about a celebrated actress (Violet Heming) who seems to have had a sinister hand in Mr. Hampden's past, and a further something about the man from the marriage bureau (Jed Prouty), who just bustles on the stage whenever things threaten to fall down of their own weight. It is probably one of the most desperately contrived plays in existence.

On the whole, I guess there is nothing to say about this comedy by Edward Caulfield (author's name) except that it is a fine sample of what happens when, in the words of a very great man, somebody just goes out of his way to write a play. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

This vast establishment ascends a serried mountain overlooking the cold, black Urftstausee and the steep round-topped mountains across an arm of the lake. It was a rainy, cloudy day and fog rose in writhing plumes from those other mountain tops. This slowly twisting fog gave a mysterious and almost horrible tone to the scene's beauty—a scene worthy of a twilight of the gods and into which Valkyries might fittingly ride.—*The Times.*

Could you see your hand before your face?

LISTEN: MARCH 3, 1945

One morning at 10:30 o'clock the owner of a large fruitstand in a middle-sized city stared gloomily at more than 1200 quarts of fresh strawberries on his stand, started figuring out how long it would take him to eat them four at a time. The shipment had arrived 20 hours earlier than he expected, but much too late for him to notify his customers through the newspapers.

At 11 a.m. he went on the air over the local radio station with a 1-minute announcement.

At 4 p.m. he wrapped up the last box for a customer. The direct advertising cost was barely 1% of sales.

You can look at this as a thrifty business story with a happy ending. Or you can look at it as Prof. C. H. Sandage, author of *Radio Advertising for Retailers* (Harvard University Press) looks at it: namely, as another striking demonstration of radio's capacity to get swift and eager action. ★

"I have been presented with liberty."

These words began a CBS broadcast you never heard because weather conditions made reception impossible. They were spoken into a microphone at an army base outside Manila by Ford Wilkins at 8:15 a.m. EWT February 9, less than a week after he and 3700 other Americans were released by MacArthur's soldiers from the Santo Tomas prison camp, and only 24 hours after he tasted his first piece of "real American bread" in three years. Before his capture by the Japs, Wilkins was a Manila newspaper man doubling as a CBS correspondent.

In San Francisco CBS' affiliate KQW recorded the shortwave broadcast, then transcribed it for teletype and sent it to New York.

"I wonder if you can realize what this means" Wilkins went on. "It was not so much the physical hardships as it was the subjection—for us who loved liberty—to the petty persecutions with which the Japanese tried—and failed—to break our spirit."

Then Wilkins described the "peculiar and subtle" form of Japanese punishment; their capacity to "punish mentally by the use of suspense, by arousing hopes, and then dashing them into fragments of disappointment... by making us feel as inferior as possible in relation to themselves.

"Our immediate and deepest gratitude belongs to the American soldiers and sailors who fought their way over land and sea from Australia and rescued us. To the Army and Navy we owe our lives and the opportunity to repay the debt we owe to others. I think every internee in Santo Tomas feels the same way about this. And we are grateful to the American people whose labors and sacrifices at home have made possible this great war effort."

It makes everybody ask himself again what he's doing to earn this gratitude.

★

Now comes convincing word that CBS' shortwave news broadcasts to Poland during the German occupation found welcome and useful haven in the columns of the Polish underground press.

"The news of the world was supplied by a large and well organized chain of secret radio listeners" writes Jan Karski in *The Story of a Secret State,* a compelling account of the Polish patriot movement.

"The London BBC, Boston's WRUL, and Columbia's WCBX (New York) were the major sources of information. Every (underground) paper had several listening stations, for one could never be sure whether the American and British broadcasts would be heard, or whether one would be able to listen to it at the necessary time."

CBS prepares and puts out thirty minutes of world news in Polish daily over its shortwave transmitters. Poles now listen to it without worrying who's peeking through the keyhole.

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

LETTER FROM PARIS

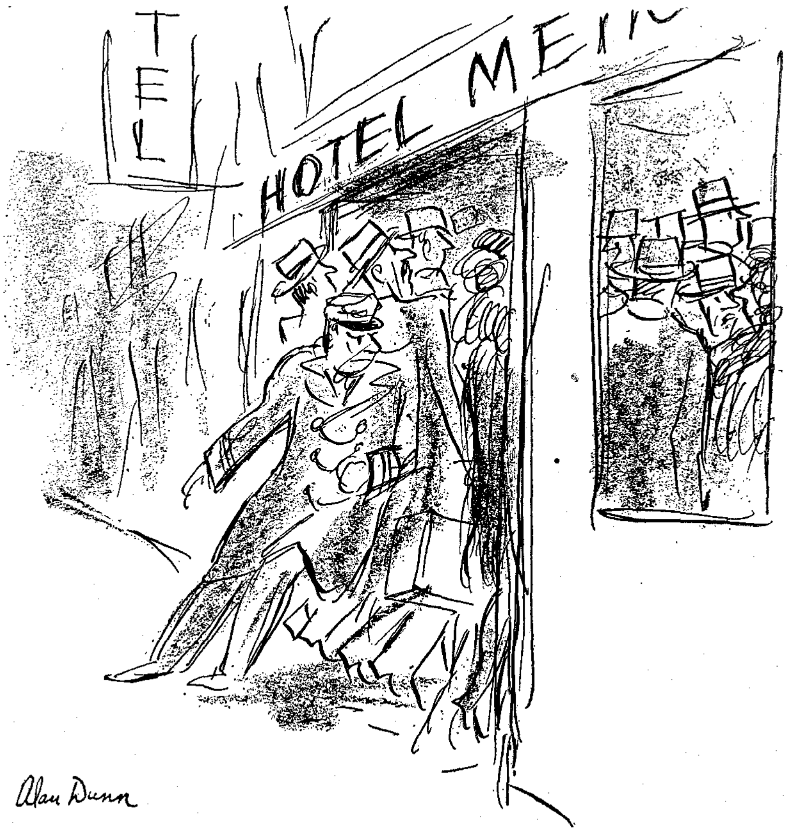
FEBRUARY 21 (BY WIRELESS)

THE destruction in Europe has made money worth everything and worth nothing. You can't eat it, but you can't eat without it. In France, so much of nature has been destroyed that when you eat anything you are also eating a handful of cash. Among my acquaintances here are an elderly, educated, bourgeois couple who, between the beginning of one world war and almost the end of another, have watched a fortune of six million francs fall away to practically nothing. When Germany declared war in 1914, their fortune of twenty-cent francs was the equivalent of $1,200,000. When the war started in 1939, their six million was worth not quite $150,000. Today, as the war draws to a close in a flurry of inflation, their six million, at black-market prices, which are what now govern both money and living in France, is—or was yesterday—equal to about $42,000. The franc is worth seven mills. This confused old couple are living in one room and largely on recollections. What valuables they hadn't already sold were pillaged during the exodus in 1940, were seized later by the Nazis, or were bombed. Elaborate laws are being drawn up under which whatever the Nazis smashed, requisitioned, or merely appropriated and sold, in obviously bad faith, to whoever would buy—whether gold spoons or apartment houses—must eventually be paid for by Germany, probably the same way she paid her last war debts. Paris is full of white-collar women—secretaries and clerks—who lived through four years of unemployment on the deflating savings which French thrift had taught them to put aside for their old age; they can't afford old age now. The month of February will have cost any lucky city couple twelve thousand francs if they have merely eaten decently for twenty-eight days.

WHEN, after last summer's liberation, the resistance movements were admitted to de Gaulle's Provisional Consultative Assembly, they brought with them a program which they called and still call revolutionary. This program was designed to punish the wicked, limit the greedy, and give the little fellow a chance. Specifically, it asked for the confiscation of illicit fortunes gained by either unpatriotic collaboration or chauvinistic crookedness; it also asked for a limit in size even of lawful fortunes and for the abolishment of trusts. In other words, in the middle of the twentieth century, young French patriots wanted to put to rout the carpetbaggers reminiscent of the scandals of President Grant, they wanted President Roosevelt's New Deal, and, in insisting upon expanded social security, they wanted Sir William Beveridge's plan. They are not likely to get anything they wanted. Even if the resistance could put enough heat on the Assembly—greatly cooled since its feverish days in Algiers—to pass the necessary laws, these laws could easily be revoked by the Chamber of Deputies, once it is elected. The youthful resistance, which had high hopes, was the resistance we heard most about, because it was brave, bucolic, and dramatic with death. But the elder resistance, which stayed indoors and grimly remained alive, is now beginning to lift its voice. Its program was to resist only the Germans. It regards as treacherous the young group's resistance to the France that was and its effort to make a new France by infusing political reforms into patriotism. Apparently, patriots are supposed to do only one thing at a time.

The wholesale destruction of war has made money, and the way both the young and the old look on money, the basis of the most important form of belief in Europe today. Fanaticism and energy tore down the old world, but only cash and credit are considered competent to build up the new one. Religion, which once promised a home in the skies, will not, the peasant now knows, roof his bombed barn. Philosophy, for which Encyclopedic France was famous (after its great Gothic churches began to be looked upon mostly as mere architectural monuments), has not been able to explain the overwhelming contemporary disaster which men have let happen to man. Money, because so much of it is needed, sometimes seems to be the only form of faith left; because there is so little of it, it has become a *mystique*. In a way, France's policy on money may eventually be determined by three experiences—her experience with herself as a capitalist Third Republic, her experience with Fascism under the occupation, and her experience with Soviet Russia, as of the recent two-power treaty. To judge by the extremely important new *ordonnance*, called "Les Comités d'Entreprise," just published by the *Journal Officiel*, the boss (Capitalism and No. 1) will share his business with labor (Communism and No. 2), and both will move over to make room for No. 3, which is Nationalization, or the presumably efficient, semi-Fascist state ownership. It may not be popular or polite to state these facts as baldly as that just now. In time, however, the deduction may be inescapable. France, the most important political amalgam on the Continent, may well find in this formula the only pattern which will again give to Paris, in what was once French Europe, the prestige that goes with being *avant-garde*.

Obviously, in this new triple understand-



PRIVATE ENTERPRISE—*(continued)*

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"*** Adequate private resources now exist for the financing of business enterprise. Never before have the savings and cash resources of our people and our business been so large. Every opportunity should be given private enterprise to operate within the framework of a private financial system before the Federal Government, either directly or through its many agencies, steps in to render financial aid to and provide financial direction and control over business enterprise."

Excerpts from the Annual Report of the
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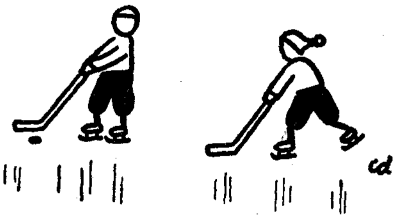
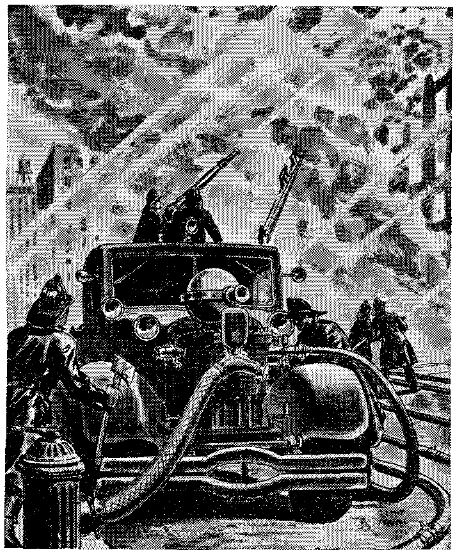
ing, the Right, which is both No. 1 and No. 3, will dominate, by exactly two to one. The French of all classes have patiently spent the months since the liberation with their ear to the ground, listening to what is courteously called "the mutism of General de Gaulle as to domestic affairs," which seem to interest him little. Whatever he may say now could just possibly be too late. France finally got its cue from, and has acted on, his obvious interest in foreign affairs, as demonstrated by his remarkable treaty with Russia. The French Communist Party has abandoned its natural position of opposition to de Gaulle because it now needs to stand for construction, not revolution. The General has abandoned his natural anti-revolutionary position because his beloved France needs to have a tie with some great victor, a tie which England and the United States have denied her. Ironically, as long as the Russian treaty *truly functions*, France, at least under de Gaulle, will lean Right. Perhaps it would have been better in the first place for me just to have said, in three words, "France goes Right." Perhaps, too, it is not so simple as that.

THE brightest news here is the infinite resilience of the French as human beings. Parisians are politer and more patient in their troubles than they were in their prosperity. Though they have no soap that lathers, both men and women smell civilized when you encounter them in the Métro, which everybody rides in, there being no buses or taxis. Everything here is a substitute for something else. The women who are not neat, thin, and frayed look neat, thin, and chic clattering along in their platform shoes of wood—substitute for shoe leather—which look like horses' hoofs. Their broad-shouldered, slightly shabby coats of sheepskin—substitute for wool cloth, which the Nazis preferred for themselves—were bought on the black market three winters ago. The Paris midinettes, for whom, because of their changeless gaiety, there is really no substitute on earth, and who are what our seventy-two-hour-leave soldiers are out to catch or be caught by, still wear their home-made, fantastically high, upholstered Charles X turbans. Men's trousers are shabby, since they are not something which can be run up at home. The young intellectuals of both sexes go about in ski clothes. This is what the resistance wore when it was fighting and freezing outdoors in the *maquis*, and it has set the Sorbonne undergraduate style. Nothing is left of the proletariat male and female Zazous (opposite numbers to our zoot-suiters), who had their own special resistance sartorial getup—nothing, that is, except the long, crook-handled umbrella which all French women now carry, rain or shine. That was only a part of the strange chic of the female Zazous, along with no hat, an artful, absolutely terrific pompadour, a strict, tailored suit with a full skirt for bicycling, and, hanging from the neck, the inevitable cross. It was not a de Gaulle Lorraine cross; it was a Christian cross. Second-hand shops are now full of them and nobody can explain what they meant. Male Zazous were like the long-coated zoot-suiters except for their pantaloons, which were skin-tight; no one can explain that either.

The more serious normalities of traditional Paris life go on, in readjusted form. Candy shops display invitations to come in and register for your sugar almonds, the conventional sweet for French baptisms, but you must have a doctor's certificate swearing that you and your wife are really expecting. Giddy young wedding parties that can afford the price pack off to the wedding luncheon two by two in *vélo-taxis*, bicycle-barouches which are hired for hundreds of francs an hour. The other evening I saw a more modest bridal couple starting off on their life journey together in the Métro. They stood apart from everyone else on the Odéon platform, the groom in his rented *smoking* and with a boutonnière, the bride all in white—that is, a white raincoat, white rubber boots, white sweater and skirt, white turban, and a large, old-fashioned white nosegay. They were holding hands. American soldiers across the tracks hollered good wishes to them.

For the fathers of these soldiers the war in Paris was a brandy war. This is a Calvados war, when the boys get it. By midnight the bootleg bars are drunk dry and the last Métro has made its run. By two the Texan shouts and uncertain harmonizings have died down on the boulevards. In this war, as in the last, Paris is the American Army's official furlough city, but it is not the Paris of the G.I.s' fathers, and the G.I.s sweat it out. Brussels, which is the furlough city for the British soldiers, is gayer than Paris for the first time in its





POWER PUSHER

The next time you watch a fire engine smoothly shooting streams of water on a blaze, think of the Egyptians, of 200 B.C. For history credits some unknown genius in the Ptolemy dynasty with the invention of the first manually operated water pump—thereby simplifying water-toting for thousands of Egyptian slaves. This primitive pump deserves a niche in the hall of fame as the revered ancestor of the amazingly efficient pumping equipment of modern fire engines.

For powerful pumps are built into today's apparatus, propelled by the same motive power that drives the engine itself. Democratically taking water from any river, bay or fire hydrant, some of these pumps step up the pressure as high as 600 lbs. per square inch... and at this pressure hurl it, at the rate of a ton a minute, to chastise the most obstreperous fires.

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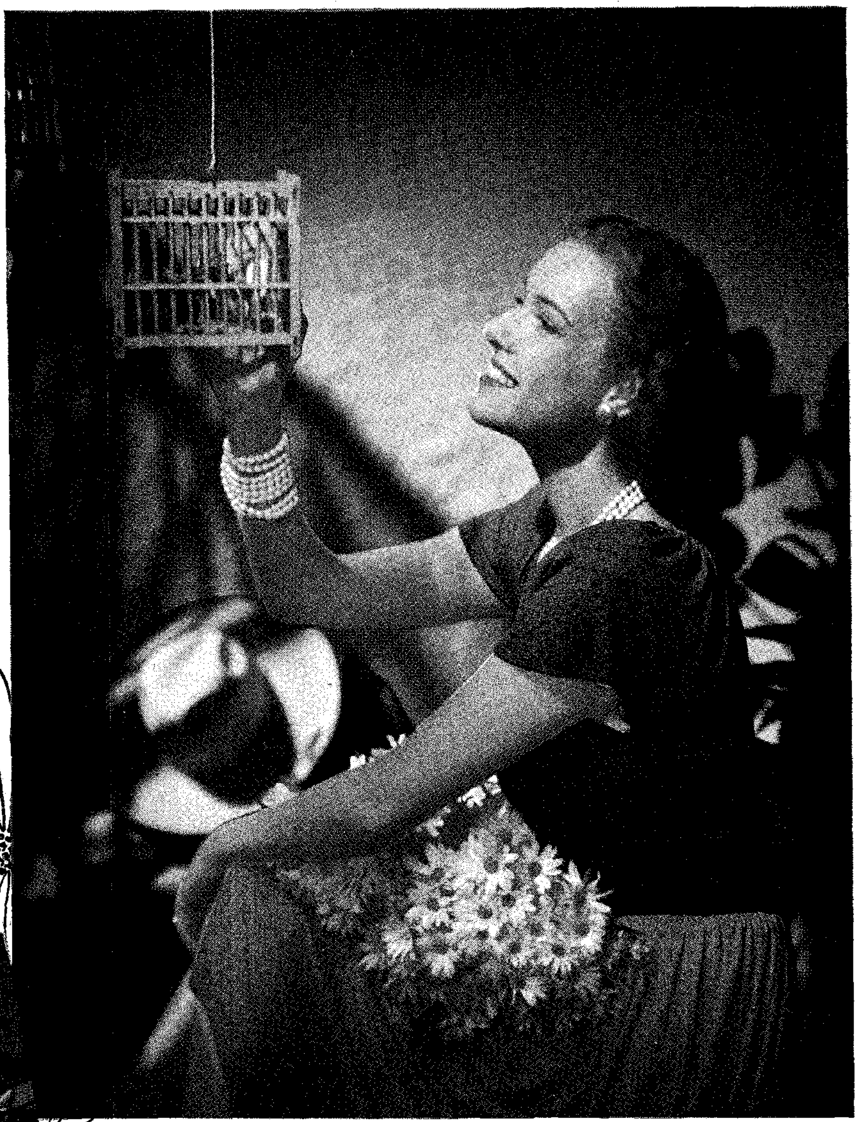
When He Comes Back, It's a

Honeymoon in Mexico



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Crisp gingham bolero dress.
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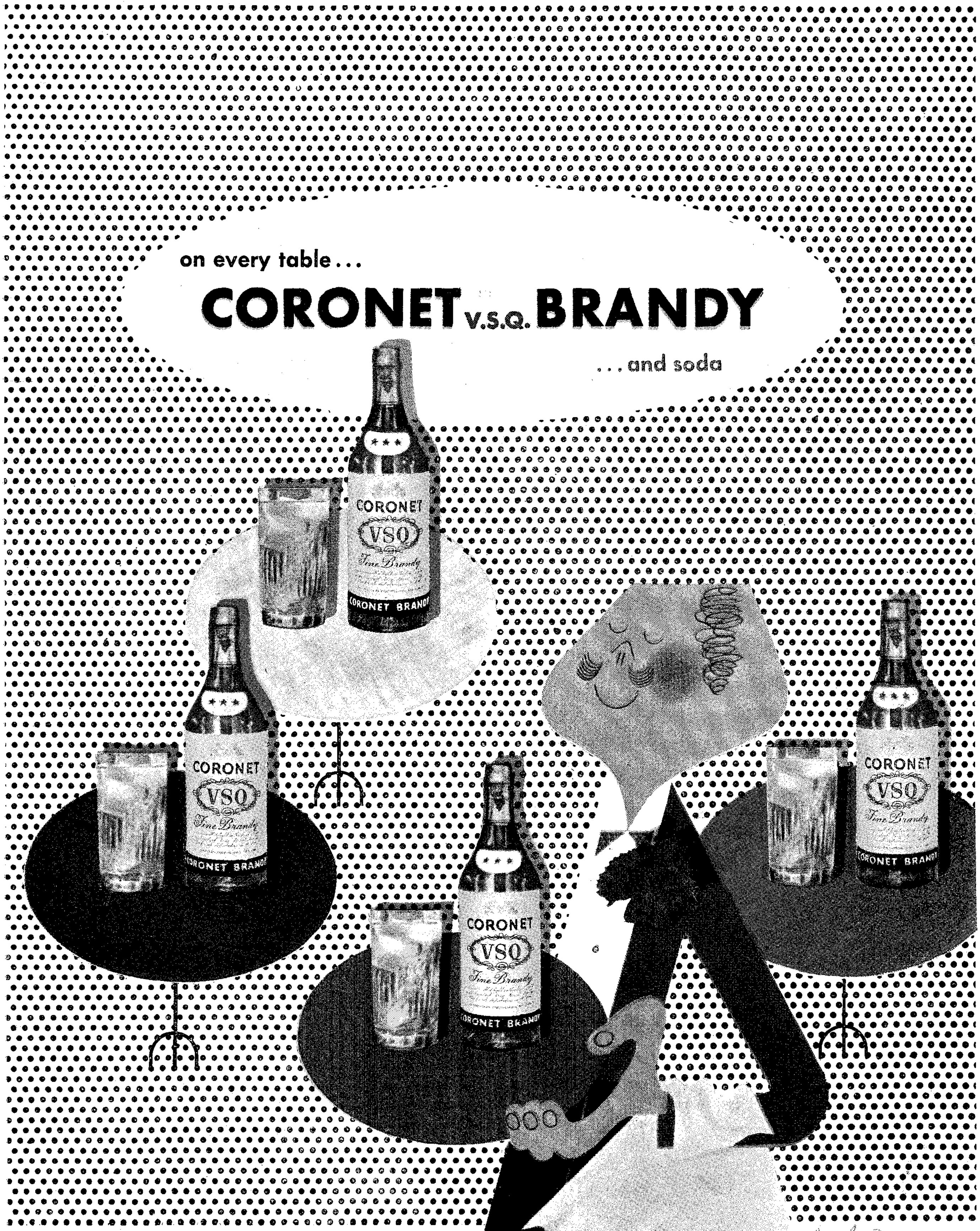
DU BARRY *THE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS OF THE SUCCESS SCHOOL*

BY Richard Hudnut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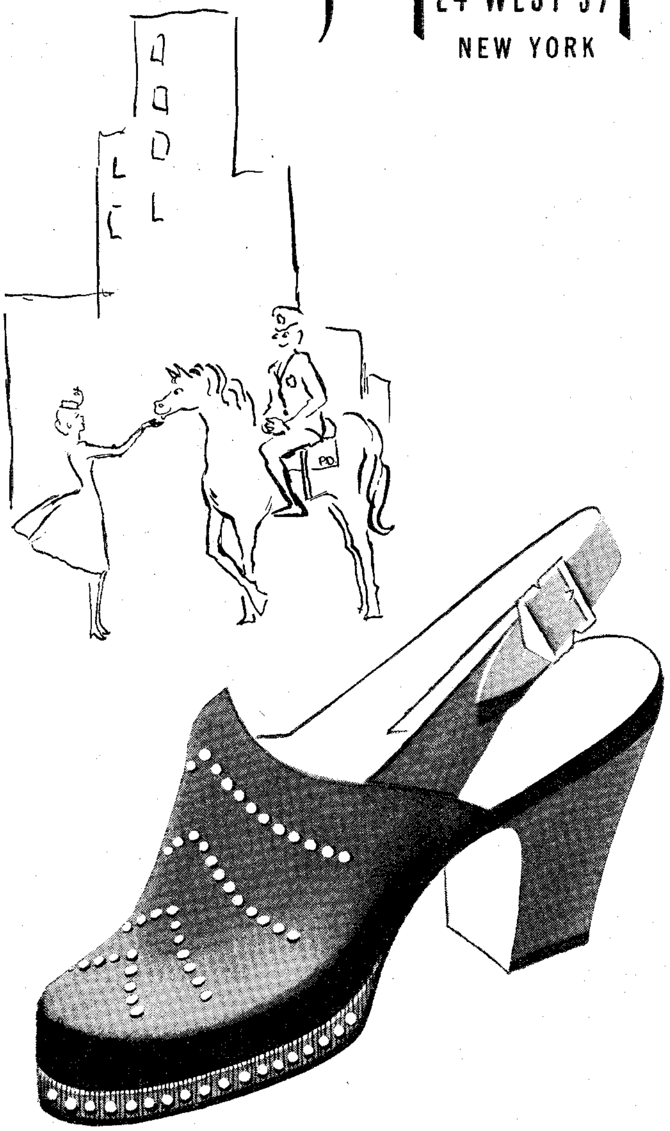
history. Brussels is probably sweating *that* out.

THE year's first French literary prize has just been awarded and been tossed back into the donors' ladylike faces. It is the Prix Fémina-Vie Heureuse, or the Fémina Happy Life Prize, unquestionably, despite its faded title, second in importance only to the Prix Goncourt, and it was given to the writers of twenty-one clandestine booklets published by the Editions de Minuit during the occupation. Good writing was one thing the intellectual resistance did succeed at. However, the midnight-edition writers, or such of them as are available, have not only scorned the happy-life prize but have insulted the jurors to boot. In a round-robin letter they accuse the prize-givers of never having "busied themselves to combat the invader or his accomplices. It is derisory for them to give an award of this sort to writers who were and are still fixed on the sublime goal of the Rights of Man and of whom some—let us not forget them—were killed or deported by the Germans." The letter was signed by, among others, Elsa Triolet, François Mauriac, Claude Aveline, Jean Guehenno, Louis Aragon, Jean Cassou, Claude Morgan, Paul Eluard, and Vercors. One major character who did not sign was M. Alaud, the little Place d'Italie printer who risked his life to print their works. His regular commercial specialty was printing black-edged funeral notices, and he was never suspected of also printing for the lyric heroes of death. The midnight-edition group is genealogically the descendant of Dada and then Surrealism, and its theory was "total adhesion to life," or "practice what you preach."

In the resistance's best writing, patriotism and talent together attained heights which are an important part of the new literary horizon of France. All the members wrote fiercely, with a finesse sharpened by danger and despair, all celebrated what they called "*l'époque des prisons*," and all signed false names. The two who burned brightest in those dark years were Aragon, who signed himself François la Colère, and Paul Eluard, who wrote under many names or none at all. By the exciting extensions of his imagination, in "Le Musée Grévin," a poetical chamber of horrors in which the waxen figure of the Vichy Marshal ("*cette vieille terreur aux traits de macaron*") appears, and in "Les Yeux d'Elsa," a group of poems addressed to his wife, Elsa Triolet, Ara-

jay thorpe
24 WEST 57
NEW YORK



CITY SLICKER

by La Valle

Who walks more than city folks these days? We predict you'll roll up more mileage in City Slicker than in any other shoe you own. Because of its roomy walled toe, its pavement-easing platform, its affinity for suits. Navy, brown, or black suede with nailhead glitter, 18.95.

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gon broke new ground for his rhymed anger and tenderness. Eluard's most celebrated creation is his poem "Liberté," written in 1942, which was secretly circulated through imprisoned Europe as a clandestine classic. As a dolorous feat, the "Trente-trois Sonnets Composés au Secret," by Jean Cassou, who called himself Jean Noir, remains unique. He composed them while in prison, where, since writing materials were forbidden, he was forced to incise them in his memory. Cassou was an unremarkable literary figure before the war; prison unlocked his talent. Under the nom de plume of Forez, Academician François Mauriac contributed some stirring lines on the state of the French nation's soul. Elsa Triolet's popular novel "Le Cheval Blanc," one of the few works not on the Germans' Otto list, or proscription index—nobody knows who Otto was—established her as the leading new talented writer among French women.

Malraux avoided Otto by publishing his last volume, "La Lutte avec l'Ange," in Switzerland. The most popular freak piece of fiction and the most contentious, since its hero is a Siegfriedian German of the type the French saw few of, still remains "Le Silence de la Mer," a hymn signed by Vercors, the resistance name of Jean Bruller, publisher of the midnight editions. Before the war he published *cahiers* of his own unimportant drawings and he is now preparing another one. He wishes to be known as an artist rather than a writer, although he is an excellent writer. He was such an excellent resistance publisher that his twenty-one booklets, clandestine though they had to be, were elegantly printed on vellum, in numbered, limited, subscribed editions. Each booklet, which originally sold for twenty-one hundred francs, is now worth up to fifty thousand to collectors. A faithful reprint edition of all twenty-one booklets, on the same paper and at the original price, is now being published. Each volume bears, as a headpiece, the phrase "Printed by Alaud, clandestine printer." Each ends with a tailpiece which says, like a memo to history, "This volume achieved publication under the Nazi oppressor." —GENÊT

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PHILIPPINES (CNS)—Every man who fought in the Philippines at Bataan, Corregidor and now at Leyte—is going to be honored for his fight, according to Brig. Gen. Out strolled a skunk.

—*Camp Pickett News.*

Full-blooded Indian, we presume?

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

If you feel like looking in on our custom milliners, you'll find that things have taken a turn for the better. For me, one of the outstanding causes for gratitude is that several of those fashions that merrily ignore both the shape of your head and your face are now receiving some of the neglect they have long deserved. One is the kind of thing that perches at a precarious angle and gives the wearer the look of a woman who is uneasily balancing a book on her head. Another is the angry, out-of-my-way-here-I-come type that sits well forward and shoots out in a pouf, leaving most of the head exposed. You can still see quantities of these, but you can also see a dozen newer and nicer hats.

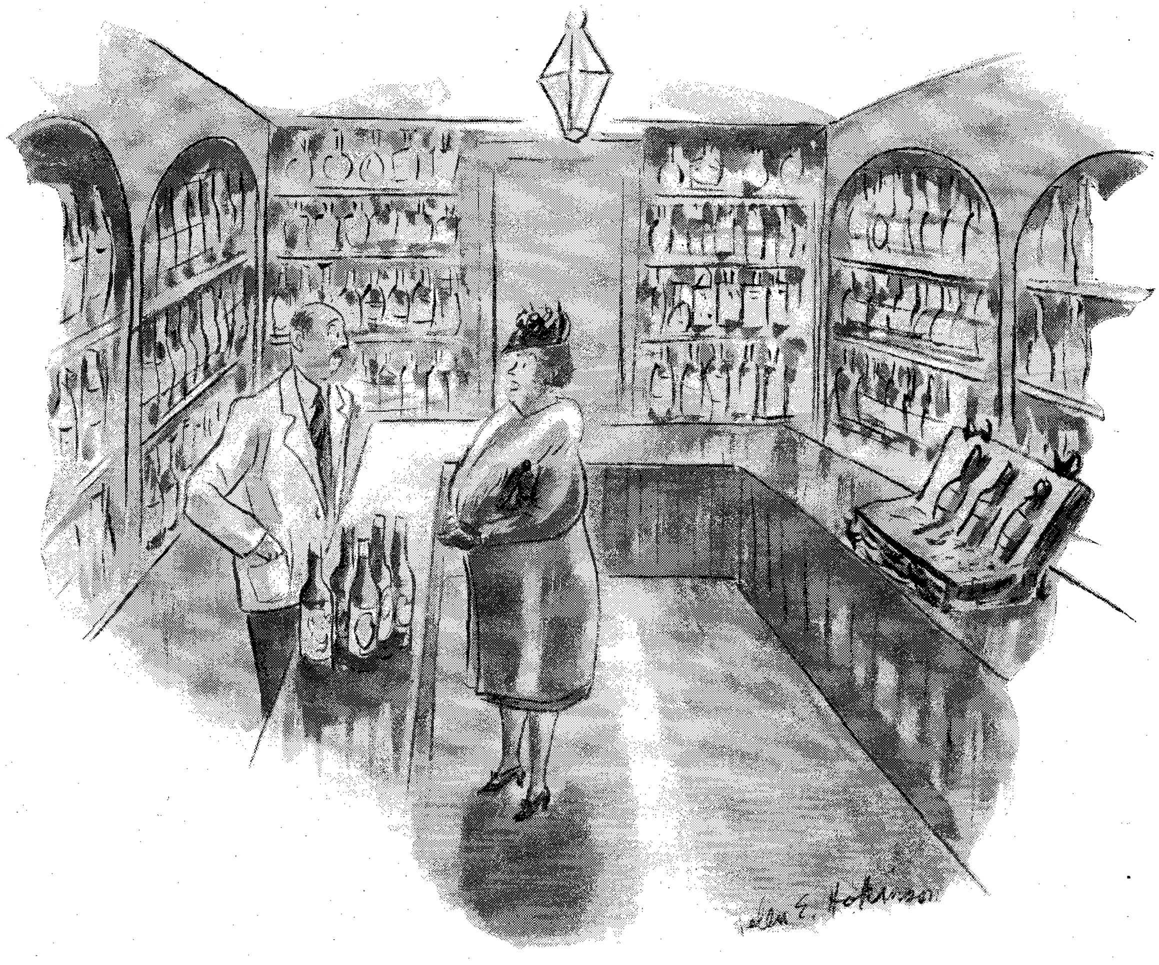
John-Frederics, to begin unalphabetically, have come up with something they call the Popover crown, and it is soft and fluffy and divine. One of the best examples, to my mind, is a sort of mob cap in rust felt with a rippling, two-inch brim all around it and a puffy, crushed crown. Other Popovers have an off-the-face tiara front with a fattish crown in back, or a loose beret top above the sort of cuff a chef's cap has, and there are even some tailored sombrero affairs in gray felt. I liked every one of them.

John-Frederics' hats, in fact, have never been finer; the well-known madness has been restrained without stifling the imagination in any noticeable way. A surprisingly attractive stunt is using gold lace and pearls to decorate a natural straw woven to look like the horizontal panels of a window shutter. Other hats in this straw are piled with pleasant field flowers, and field flowers are also used in a natural straw number, a lampshade silhouette that frames your face very becomingly. The straw sailors range all the way from a little thing of the shutter straw, decked with a spanking red band, to larger tweed straws whose brims dip somewhat in front and rise slightly at the sides.

Lilly Daché usually has an idea a minute and, for the record, most of her inventions are good. She is making cloches, brimless or otherwise, that show the hairline and flare out in a winged Dutch-cap effect. They are youthful and, what is more, simply beautiful, particularly one of starched white lace with a black bow just beneath the tiny brim in front and a black veil falling across the face. Another nice one is of crisp plaid taffeta, high and wide at the top, flat against the cheeks at the sides, and with a trim little bow above the brim. She likes the shepherdess silhouette, and heaps flowers on the crowns of such hats to balance the wide brims that turn up in back and down at the side front. A red Milan straw, for example, has white roses on the crown and across the rising brim in back. Sometimes, too, she puts flowers or twists of satin ribbon under the brim on one side and above it on the other.

Her picture hats this year have plain tops but lots of decoration on the facing. Some are faced with rows and rows of black lace ruching, some have daisies delicately spattered under the brim, some have layers and layers of organza and veiling, and some have a combination of draped soft satin and flowers in fine new between-pink-and-orange tones. Then there are several misty items made entirely of organza and net, layer upon layer, in delicate grays combined with mauves and pale blues and other muted colors. Not all of these fancy things are entirely successful, and the more exaggerated shapes manage to look like sofa cushions, despite the delicacy of their composition. Sometimes, I fear, the lady goes too far.

The ballet hairdo (a knot at the very top of the head) and the coronet of braids are notions that baffle a



"I'd like to order a case of stingers."

lot of milliners. Sally Victor, however, has worked out, to solve these problems, some of the most enchanting circlets you ever saw—wreaths from which flare lots of tan-and-beige wings, and little crowns made of cherries, or currants and plaid ribbon, or flowers and Tuscan straw. Also, she has produced some hoops, to go around the head back of the hairline, that are decorated with combinations of pink roses and dark-green satin ribbon loops or of ripples of lacy Tuscan straw with field flowers tucked in here and there. The traditional sailors are as charming as ever at Victor, and they have tiny brims and fat, high crowns made bunchier by floral decorations. One has geraniums on pale-blue straw; another, a diminutive light-blue organza sailor, has roses towering in front. Victor combines her favorite dark-green satin ribbon with pink roses on a pale-pink straw offering. Some of her new sailors have wide, flat, lozenge-shaped crowns. My choices among these were a strawberry-ice pink felt with apple blossoms around the crown and a rough straw affair with red satin streamers and red, black, and white cherry adornments. Some of the more radical sailors have crowns that are a good four inches high and flare slightly at the top, and the material may be straw, fabric, or almost anything. One example, the Dandy, has a tiny, curled brim and is made of a purple-and-pink plaid gingham. You can have a bustle in matching plaid if you want to spruce up a plain dress. She shows bustles with many of her hats. Maybe she's just joking, but I must admit that the combination looks well on very young girls.

Bergdorf Goodman's hats, as always, are very feminine, with no monkey business about them. This shop likes wide, flat pillboxes that are worn straight over the forehead. A black satin number is edged with large pink roses and has a satin bow with its ends trailing at the back. A beige Milan straw has small pink roses and pale-blue grapes across the front and sides. Their sailors are off-the-face and have fairly wide crowns and narrow, turned-up brims. One, in natural straw, has black velvet ribbon around the crown and a pert Little Lulu daisy at the side front; another sports polka-dotted ribbon around the crown. The bonnets here have crowns that are decidedly rounded. One fits at the hairline and is made of black straw, with poppies across the front and a picot-edged black taffeta bow in back; another, of natural straw, has a black taffeta roll around the crown that ends in a butterfly bow at the side front. Bergdorf's pet miniature cloche is of shirred brown taffeta and has a tiny, ruffled brim and moss roses at the front.

Nicole de Paris, always a magician with hats that are dashing and at the same time adult, has no eccentricities in her crowns. They are all graceful and normal. Among her new tricornes is a rough black ciré straw with a bow of strawberry taffeta ribbon at one side. Another hat, with a shallow crown, is trimmed with green grosgrain bows, so applied under the turned-up sides that the effect of a tricorne is achieved. Nicole has, as you should know by now, a Parisian love and talent for berets. Her pet is a cellophane straw that looks like multicolored confetti and has a navy taffeta bow rising high in back. Myself, I also liked a tiny turquoise straw postillion with cerise ribbon ends standing up spikily toward the side rear. Nicole is no green hand at devising flaring bows of ribbon, either. There are beautiful picture hats in the shop—of shellacked black lace straw with rippling-edged brims and ciré satin crowns, or of black leghorn, flat-crowned and with puffed edges of veiling on the dipped brims. A smaller, turned-up-at-one-side example has almost no crown at all; it's tilted in profile style and the sides of the brim are trimmed with daisies.

Everyone suddenly seems to be paying a great deal of attention to the back of the head and the back of the hat. Walter Florell, whom I haven't said a word about yet, is as enthusiastic as anybody about accentuating the vertebrae instead of the positive, and some of his effects could easily be called eccentric. All that can be seen from the front in most of these confections is a red bow, across the head back of the hairline, or a pink rose, but from the back or side they look lavish, trailing field flowers and ribbons, red poppies, or roses interspersed with loops of black and white and green ribbon. One of

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his new achievements, if that is the word, is called the Double-Talk Sailor. It's two sailors of the size the circuses favor for their performing dogs. One is worn smack on the top of your head and the other is worn at the back of it. What he calls his Psyche silhouette (oh, come, there must be another word for silhouette) is a hat that makes the wearer look as if she had a Psyche knot at the back of the neck. Florell also has a handsome Etruscan helmet, of black cellophane straw, which juts out sharply in back and is trimmed with plump, pale pink roses and pale green ribbon. *And* there's his business of finishing up a job by looping a festoon of mauve asters on it in back. Daché, too, is thinking about the back, for she decks some of her hats with scarves that hang down to the hollow of the shoulders and are tipped with fluffy flowers; for instance, a navy-and-white checked taffeta with a deep crown and a tiny, curled brim has a checked scarf bearing red poppies. And her skullcap, of white belting, has red poppies trailing down the back in a rippling oval. As for Nicole, she has devised a delicate pyramid, made of pink roses and trailing a veil in back, and has also thought up a tiara of roses with a horsehair ruffle to ripple down your spine.

You *still* don't want to wear a hat?

—L. L.

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LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(PALE HANDS DIVISION)

[*From a Warner Brothers communiqué*]

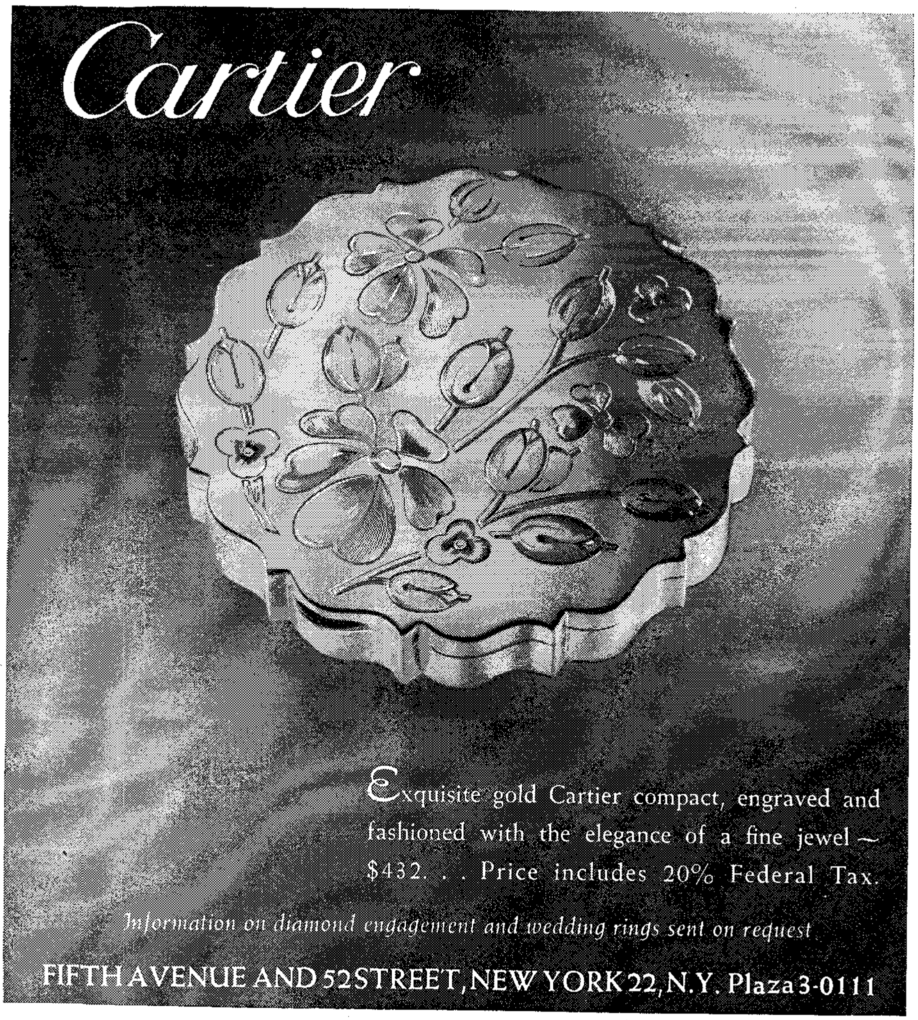
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—There are many tricks and routines employed by the stars to maintain beautifully soft, well-shaped and flexible hands.

Ida Lupino, who is busily engaged at Warner Bros. making "From Pillar to Post," does hand and finger exercises at the piano. She practices stretching for tenths, plays scales up and down the full keyboard, starting slowly and gradually increasing her speed. She concentrates on the fourth and little finger, as they are usually weaker and less controllable than the others.

Jane Wyman, who appears in Warner Bros. film, "The Doughgirls," cleanses her hands thoroughly with a semi-stiff brush and soap and water. Then she massages a warm, penetrating oil into the cuticles of her fingers for ten minutes every day.

Ann Sheridan, who appears next in Warner Bros. film, "The Doughgirls," relies upon the frequent massaging she gets by applying hand lotion many times during the day. At night, she uses pure glycerine on her hands, wears cotton gloves when she sleeps.

Geraldine Fitzgerald, who has returned to her home studio, Warner Bros., to make the picture, "Nobody Lives Forever," reads a great deal. While reading she exercises her hands by opening and closing them, stretching the fingers and thumb out as wide as they will go.



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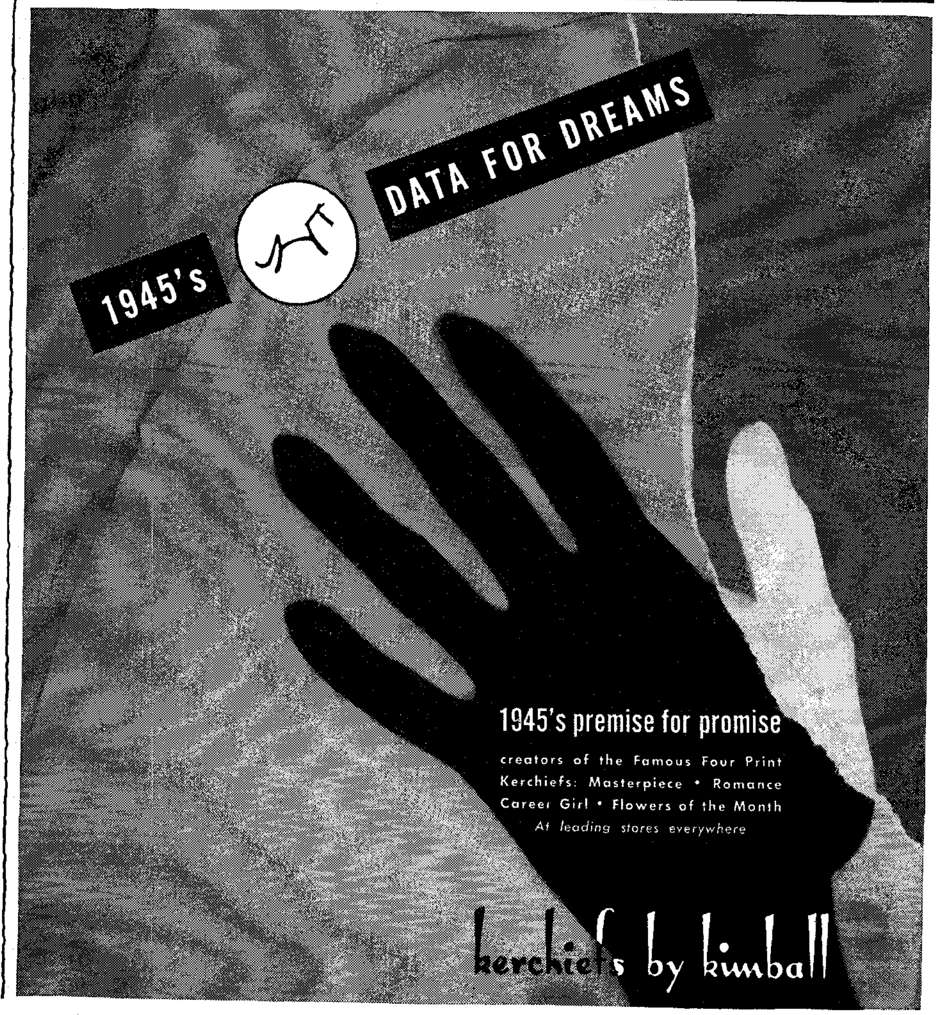

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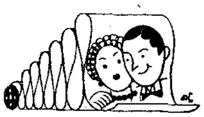

ALTHOUGH it runs rather more than two hours, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" covers only about the first half of Betty Smith's best-selling novel, ending with Francie's triumphant graduation from grammar school. Since I read this vastly overrated book fitfully, lying on a beach in the sun, my memories of it are far from exact, but as I recall it, the heroine had a considerable emotional life and the beginnings of a literary one after she got her diploma. It may be that Twentieth Century-Fox is saving this material for a sequel. I hope not.

The film, in this truncated form, is probably an accurate pictorial representation of Williamsburg a generation ago, but the behavior of the principal characters strikes me as unlikely in any time or place and also as more than a little tedious. Francie, for the benefit of those who somehow contrived to duck Miss Smith's book, is the thirteen-year-old daughter of a drunken singing waiter, whom she loves passionately, and his hard-working, practical wife, who is fiercely determined that her children shall have all the advantages she never knew. In addition to this rather standard literary pair, Francie has two much more fascinating relatives in a younger brother who is opposed to the family's nightly readings from Shakespeare and the Old Testament on the ground that they don't seem to make any sense, and Aunt Sissy, a wonderful blonde who calls all her husbands Bill no matter what their real names happen to be.

Francie herself is a rather trying child, given to those long, doughy abstractions and elaborate fantasies that mark, I suppose, the budding writer. She is especially difficult with her father, who also has an untidy mind, though in his case, of course, the alcohol may be a factor. Anyway, in spite of the private fog in which she moves, they manage to get Francie through school, and the picture ends with everybody straightened out, including the mother, now widowed, who gets herself engaged to a policeman, described by everyone as "a good man." This phrase, by the way, was applied to practically every male on the screen at least once, lending a certain monotonous, or tom-tom, beat to the dialogue.

The acting in "A Tree Grows in

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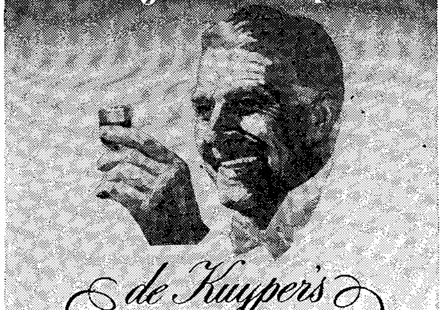

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Brooklyn" is, I should say, a good deal better than the text. Peggy Ann Garner, an appealingly plain little girl, has the tough job of portraying the authoress's memories of herself as a noble and sensitive child and does it with an admirable gift for making synthetic pathos seem almost real; Dorothy McGuire, as the mother, has what the program notes describe as "one of the choiciest dramatic rôles" in years but handles it with dignity and restraint, even in a childbirth scene that might seem too graphic to Elmer Rice; James Dunn, as the mildest case of acute alcoholism I ever saw, is suitably Irish, with that special quality of gay futility which may explain why all Brooklyn loves a bum; and Joan Blondell, as Aunt Sissy, is almost perfect in this raucous part, though I found it a little hard to believe that such a dressy type could neither read nor write. Elsewhere in the cast, I observed Lloyd Nolan, Ted Donaldson, James Gleason, and John Alexander, all good men.

As a footnote to the above, I would like to say that I am getting very tired of literary authorities, on both the stage and the screen, who advise young writers to deal only with those subjects that happen to be familiar to them personally. It is quite true that this theory probably produced "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," but the chances are it would have ruled out "Hamlet."

IN "Here Come the Co-Eds," Lou Costello and his more serious accomplice, Bud Abbott, have quite a time in one of those comedies about lifting the mortgage on a girls' college. At one point, Mr. Costello swallows a pair of oversized dice and his friends shoot crap with him, observing the results through a fluoroscope; at another, he almost loses a hand when an irascible oyster snaps up at him from a stew; and in the end he finds himself playing basketball, in a very unusual blond wig, against a team of young amazons, all at least seven feet tall, who keep stepping on him. The humor, as you can see, is more or less physical, but it enchanted my son (nine and a half) and is recommended to similar customers with no hesitation at all. —W. G.

•

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AUNT LETTIE AND THE ABSOLUTE

SINCE breakfast, now two hours gone, my friend Joel Weeks and I had lain in our deck chairs speechless with comfort, drugged by tobacco and Florida's sun. Joel, who has a gift for silence as well as talk (talents that go often together), kept his eyes closed and, except for the puff of his pipe and the occasional twitch of his long Boston legs, gave no sign of life. I saw, through the morning haze, Captain Perfecto Gonzales, still mending the minnow net that hung alongside the dock. Presently he would loop it over his shoulder and stow it away in his open fishing boat, now ours by hire, or charter, as Floridians prefer to say even of the smallest craft. It would then be exactly eleven o'clock and time for us to go. Meanwhile I continued to taste the pleasure of having to do nothing and having nothing to do. Three days of this behind me, and much of the winter ahead—it seemed too good to be true.

Joel opened an eye. I said, "Been asleep?"

"No. Offering up a prayer. Thanking God for arthritis," he explained, and then, opening the other eye, "and Aunt Lettie, of course."

"Why Aunt Lettie?" I asked.

"Because she's paying for it, all of it."

"And me too?" I asked.

"And you too. Does it make you uncomfortable?"

"Not in the least," I said. "When I got your wire telling me to join you here, I did wonder a bit—the last one I got from you was sent collect—but I supposed you had somehow struck it rich at last."

"I have," he said. "This arthritis is a gold mine. And I stumbled on it, literally. I wasn't even prospecting. I went around to pay a call on Aunt Lettie—I always go the day she comes back from Prides Crossing—and right inside the drawing-room door I stumbled over one of those silly footstools. Ever been in a Back Bay drawing room? Well, nobody ever takes anything out, and stuff has been piling in there for nigh on a hundred years, so that it's even dangerous to a well man, and I could hardly walk. So when I fell I got tangled up in two or three other relics and couldn't get up without the help of the butler. Aunt Lettie said, 'Joel Weeks, what's the matter with you?'

" 'Arthritis,' I said.

" 'Arthritis?' Aunt Lettie said. 'Who ever heard of a Weeks having arthritis? You've got no business with arthritis.'

" 'It wasn't my idea,' I said, 'and my doctor tells me it has nothing to do with the way one lives, clean or otherwise.'

" 'Humph,' she said. I knew what that meant. My paternal grandmother was shanty Irish and, needless to say, died unforgiven. Her father, my unmentioned great-grandfather, came from a long line of drunks. My Weeks grandfather, the one who strayed across the tracks, was sober enough, and so were all his children and most of his grandchildren, but the taint is in our blood. So, when I fell over the footstool, Aunt Lettie thought it was the Irish in me. She never spoke to her brother after his marriage—she's my great-aunt, you see—and vowed that she would never marry. To her mind marrying meant marrying Irish. That's the way it works—her mind, I mean. She could have married one of her own kind, the Weeks kind, of course. They marry each other the same way they go to Harvard, without thought or relish. Anyway, she got all the money. My mismarried grandfather was cut off without a penny. That's why I belong to the poor branch of the family. Every old Boston family has its poor branch, living by a sort of blackmail. They never are allowed to land in the poorhouse. That's the way I got to Harvard. Aunt Lettie has sent at least a dozen of us to Harvard, and washed her hands of us afterward. Except me. She likes me, and when I fell over the footstool her old face almost looked tender, for a moment. As soon as she recovered she said, 'You've got to go to the west coast of Florida and get well.' I was also to have a companion. That's where you came in."

"Why west coast?" I asked.

"That's Aunt Lettie's mindwork again. Cousin Sue Forbes had told her that the west coast was good for arthritis, and that meant to Aunt Lettie that the east coast was bad for arthritis. That's why we're in Naples."

"I don't get it," I said.

"Of course not, but then your mind

has been corrupted by logic. You can't think about one thing at a time to the exclusion of everything else. Take now, for instance. It's time to go down to the boat. Cap has just picked up the minnow net. Now what are you thinking?"

"We'll go by the post office," I said.

"There you are. Perfect example. You can think about letters and fishing at the same time. If you were Aunt Lettie, you would go to the post office and have your next thought there, and you might find yourself on the Tampa bus, or you would go to the boat and miss the post office. See?"

"No," I said, "not clearly, but maybe I will in time."

"It's really quite simple," Joel said, "once you've got the hang of it. You know, I never could make any sense of all that talk about the absolute until I hooked it up with Aunt Lettie."

WE went by the post office and Joel went in. He came out a few moments later, laughing and swearing at a letter in his hand. "What did I tell you?" he said. "Listen to this, and notice the flinty, Plymouth Rock quality of this first sentence:

> "Dear Joel,
>
> "I have been away on a visit to Beverly Farms, else you would have heard from me sooner. I am shocked. I had no idea, when I told you that I would bear the expense of curing your arthritis, that you would so violate my confidence as to leave the country and go to Italy. We are at war with Italy and I should think you would be ashamed to be in an enemy country. Besides I remember Naples as a smelly dirty place. Of course, I attached no strings to my offer and I attach none now, but you know what I think.
>
> "I am glad your arthritis is better.
>
> "Write me as soon as you have moved.
>
> "Your devoted
>
> "AUNT LETTIE"

It took a moment for the point of the letter to sink in. I said, "Devoted, my foot. She's crazy."

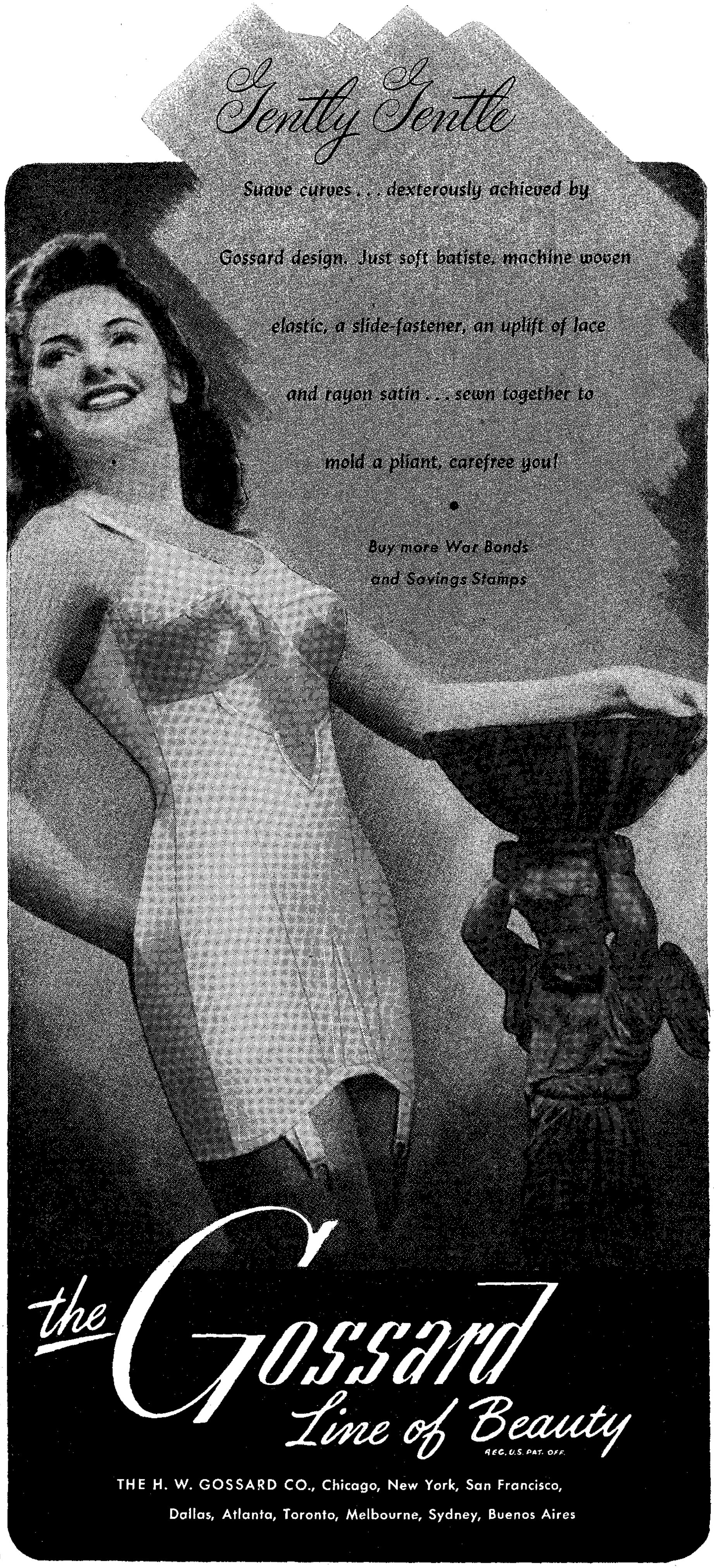
"One doesn't use that word of a rich old aunt," Joel said. "And you're wrong. I'm the crazy one. I should have known better. I picked out Naples on the map because it was farthest south on the west coast. I should have known what might happen."

"But she told you to come to the west coast of Florida," I said, "and your letter was sent from Florida, and her letter was addressed to you here."

"True," he said, "all true, but also irrelevant. The envelope was addressed by her secretary."

"Why didn't the secretary set her right?" I asked with asperity.

"You still haven't got the process,"



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DE PINNA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

he said. "My aunt's secretary has. She doesn't argue. There is a legend in the family that my aunt once had a secretary who, in your words, set her right—once. No, it was my fault."

"I still think she's crazy," I said.

"You can afford that luxury," he said, "but all you're saying, really, is that your mind doesn't work the way hers does. And isn't that what we mean by crazy? Try the Aunt Lettie way for once. Wipe your mind clear of everything, and then think of the word 'Naples.' What turns up next?"

"Florida," I said.

"Yes, of course—now. But a year ago you'd never heard of a Naples in Florida. A year ago you'd have thought 'Italy,' and 'war,' and all the rest. The trouble is, your mind is like a piece of string—no offense—while Aunt Lettie's is modelled on a favored poem of hers. Remember 'The Chambered Nautilus'? How he builds himself one chamber, and seals that off, and another, and seals that off, and so on? Well, that's Aunt Lettie's mind to a T. Every idea is sealed off from every other idea, and once sealed off, it's sealed off for good. The absolute, in a seashell."

"Yes," I said, "I remember the poem all right, but I also remember it says, 'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul.' "

"Well, maybe she will," Joel said. "Who knows what she'll think of next? Meanwhile, let's go pack. I'll go pay off Captain Gonzales and you get a timetable of buses and a map from somewhere. We'll pick out our next stop."

When we got back to the cottage I spread a timetable and a map on the table and started up the coast while Joel packed.

"Fort Myers is the nearest place of any size," I said.

"Won't do," Joel said. "She might think I had joined the Army, against her express wish. Not that my age and condition wouldn't take care of that."

"But Fort Myers isn't a fort," I said.

"Does the name tell you that? No. Better not take the chance. What's the next stop?"

"Here are some islands."

"Let's not go to any island," Joel said. "Islands are too intimate. You meet people."

"Punta Gorda."

"Sounds like Cuba or Spain. That's out. Next?"

"Venice is also in Italy," I said.

"You're learning," Joel said. "The next sizable town is Sarasota. Any objection to Sarasota?"

"None that I can think of offhand—a little foreign, but I never heard of another place by that name, or one like it. Put Sarasota down as a possibility. What's next?"

"Bradenton."

"No. My grandmother's maiden name was Braden, the Irish grandmother."

"I don't like the idea of Tampa," I said. "I've been there and it's no good for fishing."

"Is there any other place?" Joel asked.

"Yes," I said, "St. Petersburg."

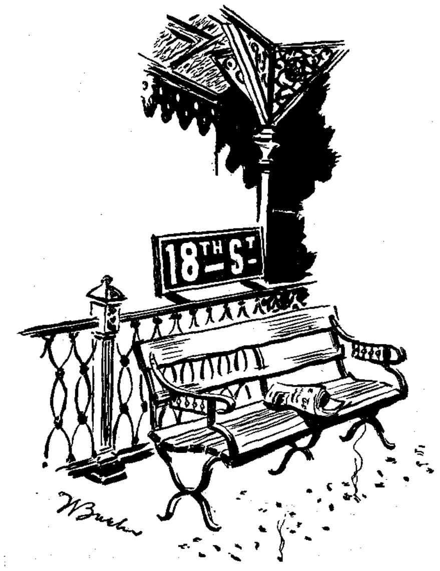
"Heavens, no!"

"Why?" I asked. "It's very nice and the fishing is good."

"St. Petersburg is impossible," Joel said. "It's in Russia. Oh, yes, I know," he added, before I could speak, "not in your Russia, in Aunt Lettie's. She's never recognized the Bolsheviks, and you could hardly expect her to allow them to change any name. St. Petersburg is still in Russia, in her geography."

"Well, that's as far north as we'd want to go, so it looks like Sarasota," I said.

WE found a cottage just south of Sarasota, on Siesta Key. The bathing was good and the fishing fair, but there was no Captain Gonzales. Joel wrote his aunt agreeing to her strictures and apologizing for his lack of patriotism, and again we settled down for the winter. As the time drew near when we might expect a letter from her, I grew restless. Joel was always calm, and went out to the mailbox every day—we were on an R.F.D. route—as if nothing could happen. About the tenth day it did. He let out a shout and came running with a let-



ter in his hand. "Figure this out," he said, and began to read:

"Dear Joel,

"I am pleased that you have so promptly complied with my spoken wishes. I regret that you have not also regarded my unspoken wishes. You know how I loathe dissipation—"

"Wait a minute," I said. "Read that again. Dissipation—in Sarasota?"

"Hold on," Joel said, "you haven't heard the worst:

"—in particular horse racing and gambling—"

"Horse racing and gambling in Sarasota?" I said. "Good Lord! I haven't seen a horse since I got here and not so much as a pin-ball machine. Of all the crazy—"

"Better let me read the rest," Joel said.

"I stopped there once overnight and was disgusted with the extravagance of the new rich. I had not known there could be so many vulgar people as sat on a porch that must have been a block long—"

"Oh," I said, "I see. Saratoga. Well, where do we go from here?"

Joel was silent for a minute, and then said, "We followed the wrong method when we picked out Sarasota; we used our minds. It was like mortals trying to match the mind of God, and Aunt Lettie is God, for all practical purposes. This time let's leave it to chance. Get the map." I got it out and spread it on the table. "Now take a pencil in your hand and close your eyes," Joel said. I did as I was told. "Now bring the pencil point down on the map and we'll pack up and move to the place nearest where it hits."

So we moved again, and Joel has unpacked and is serenely settled once more. But not I. I am waiting to see what Aunt Lettie's mind will do with Long Beach.

—John Andrew Rice

•

A fine distinction in terminology cropped up yesterday in Circuit Court when Judge Julius H. Miner granted a decree of separate maintenance to a wife who said her husband left her sitting alone in taverns while he danced with chairs and spaghetti.—*Chicago Sun.*

Meat sauce?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Ottawa Evening Citizen*]

Halifax. (CP)—Maj. F. D. Van Luven, chief public relations officer at Atlantic command for the last two and a half years, will return to life with the disbandment of the command, it was announced today.

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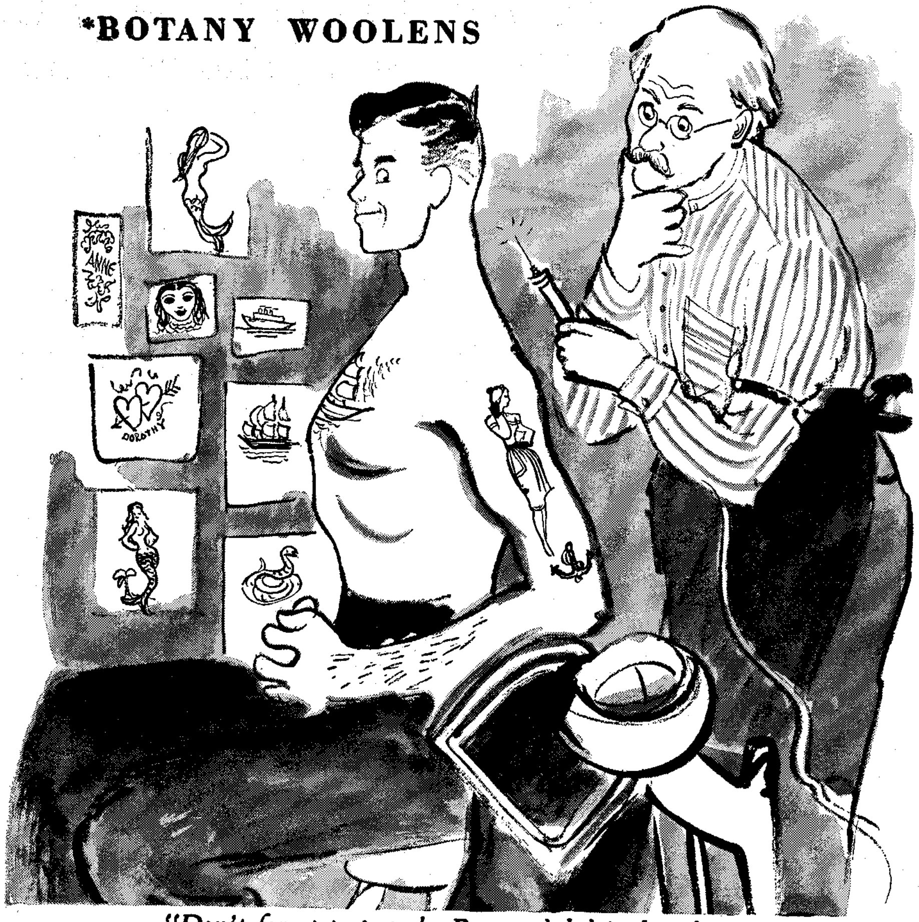

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

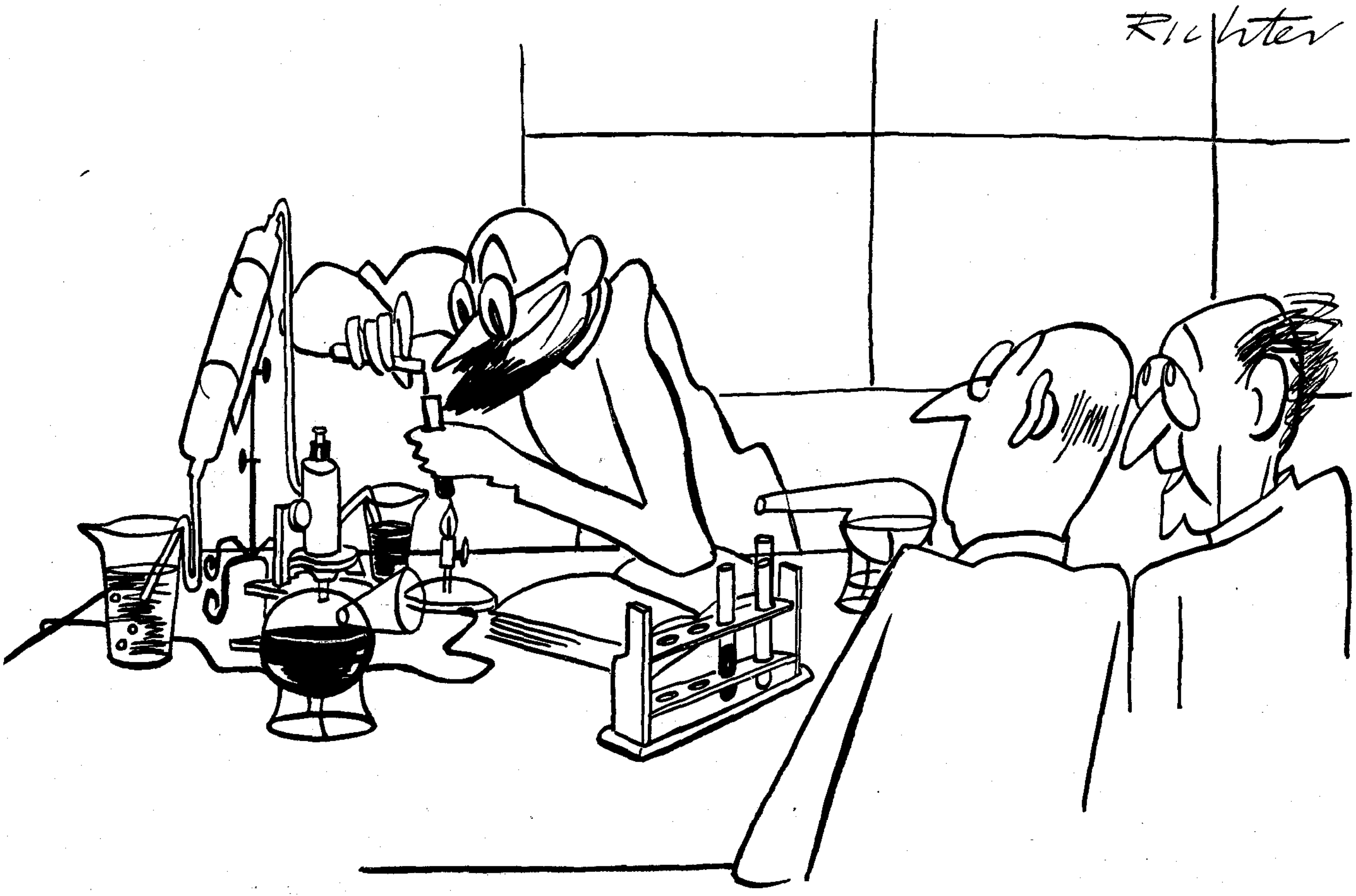
THE FREEING OF BILIBID

THE American troops who entered Manila encountered less opposition than they had expected. The Japanese quickly retired south across the Pasig River, which divides the capital. The section of the city north of the Pasig was secured by our troops in a matter of hours, although there was still scattered firing in that part of town by Japanese snipers. Then our men began their assault on the other side of the river, and that was a different story. The battle there has been protracted and difficult, as street fighting and house-to-house fighting always are against a dogged enemy. To us war correspondents who accompanied the soldiers into Manila, the two most striking events in the battle for the city have been the speedy liberation of the five thousand prisoners of war and civilian internees, and the touching off by the Japanese of the first of the many great fires in the downtown business area, an attempt to carry out their plan to destroy Manila and wantonly kill its population.

I walked the last few miles into Manila on the afternoon of Sunday, February 4th. Two willing Filipino youths, carrying my pack and typewriter, trudged barefoot beside me down the highway. Stretches of it were said to be mined, but none of us gave much thought to that. As we entered the town, crowds of Filipinos shouted "Hello, Joe!" at me from the sidewalks and some ran out with cups of black coffee on trays, or with bottles of whiskey which they had kept hidden from the Japs for three years. It was almost dusk when, proceeding along the Avenida Rizal, we approached the business section of Manila, and I began to wonder where I would spend my first night in the city. I figured that it would be safer to stay with the troops than to sleep by myself in a house without any protection from snipers or spies, of both of which Manila was known to have plenty.

Beside a low stone wall bordering the San Lázaro Hospital, I caught up with rear elements of the second battalion of the 148th Regiment, Thirty-seventh Division. What is called a small-fire fight—a brief set-to with machine guns and rifles—was in progress a hundred yards down the avenue, and these troops, weary after having marched almost steadily for three days and nights, were resting along the wall as they waited for the Japs ahead of them to be cleaned out. By the time the small-fire fight was over, night had fallen. We then had to wait another half hour for the order to go forward. Each man walking three feet behind the man ahead of him, we moved cautiously toward the site chosen for the bivouac. We ran across streets one at a time in order to reduce the danger of being seen, and as we went we whispered back and forth the password for that night. When we reached our destination, I learned the reason for the extra half-hour delay outside the hospital. A sergeant named Rayford Anderson and a squad of ten men had been ordered to go on ahead to reconnoitre the old Spanish penitentiary of Bilibid, which had been selected as the command post for that night. In carrying out their orders, Sergeant Anderson and his men had made a discovery that took them and the command by surprise. It was a discovery that was worth thirty minutes of anybody's time.

Anderson told me that after his de-



"Dr. Webster has set quite a problem for himself—an edible substance containing no nourishment whatsoever."

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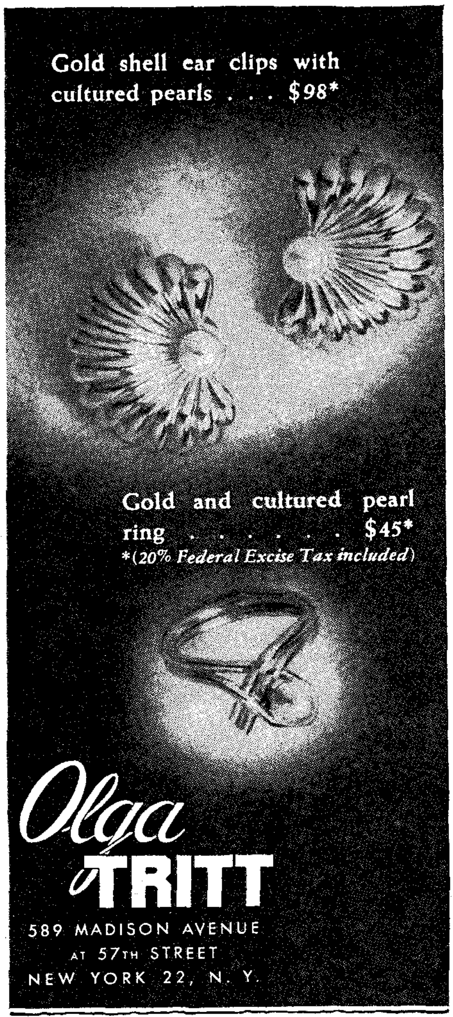
LUCIEN LELONG



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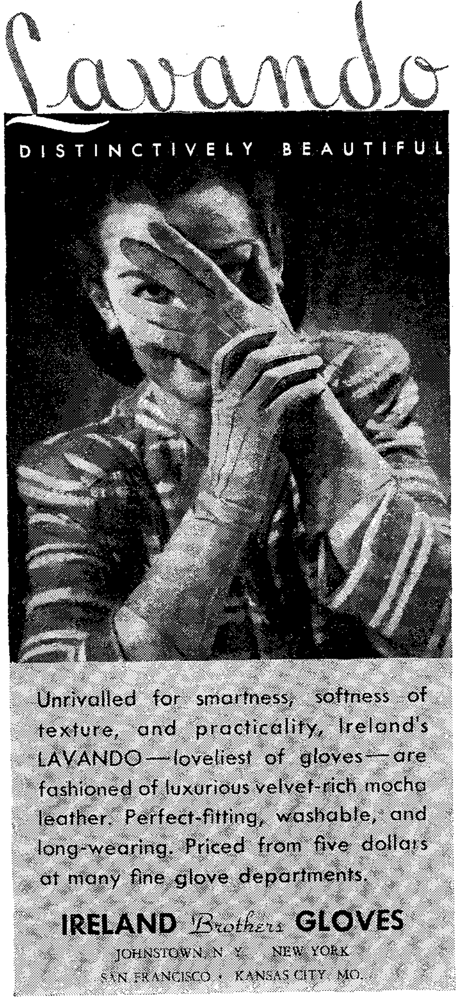

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tail had reached the prison, he made sure that there were no snipers in the nearby houses and alleys, then climbed to the second story of one of the houses and looked over the penitentiary wall. To his astonishment, he saw several hundred men, women, and children standing about in an enclosure. It was still twilight, and he had no trouble attracting their attention by waving to them. They waved back. Anderson was considerably puzzled. He was sure that the people were American, or at any rate white, prisoners, but he felt that it was impossible that they could be there without the command's having known about them, and, what mattered a good deal more to him and his men, without Jap guards. However, Anderson had been ordered to reconnoitre the place, and he went about his assignment.

"The boys were a little reluctant to break in," Anderson said to me. "They suspected some kind of lousy Jap trick, but I told them, 'All right, boys, we'll advance till we draw fire.' We crossed the street and broke through one of the doorways in the west wall of the place. The windows of the room we got into were all boarded up and it was mighty scary, sneaking into a room and poking around it in the dark. We found nothing but some dusty desks and chairs, and a lot of books and papers that looked like records on top of the desks. We pushed on into another room and found the same setup there. The windows were boarded up here, too, but I noticed a crack of daylight in one at the far end of the room. I stuck my eye up against it. At first I just saw a yard. Then I saw a bunch of men in blue denim trousers standing around right beside the window. It seemed hard to believe, but there they were. I rammed my gun against one of the wooden planks covering the window and broke it. 'Hey!' I whispered to the men in the blue denim trousers. 'We're Yanks. Come over here.' They wouldn't budge. I guess they thought it was some Nip gag. After a while one man edged over to me and I shoved my hand through the broken board and shook his hand. 'I'm Sergeant Anderson,' I told him. 'I'm here with some American soldiers. We're all around you. You got nothing to worry about.'

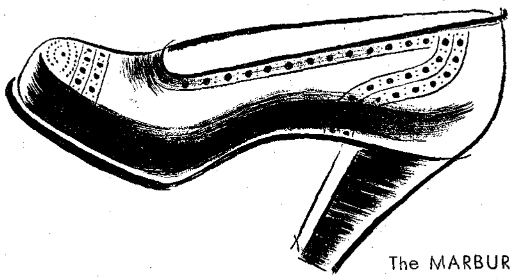
"It didn't take long for the word to spread. All the men in the yard came running up and wanted to shake hands and find out what states we were from and what outfits we were from. Then the officer who was in charge of them, a Major Warren Wilson, showed up and got them to disperse. First, though, they brought an old man to the window on a stretcher. I waved to him and he waved back. I remember he said, 'I just wanted to see a Yank.' Major Wilson told me that the Japs had left a couple of days ago and that, as far as he knew, there were no guards around. He told me to report that there were eight hundred and ten prisoners of war in the place, and four hundred and sixty-five men, women, and children around the corner, in the enclosure I'd seen from outside the walls. I told him so long and went on back to the battalion with my men."

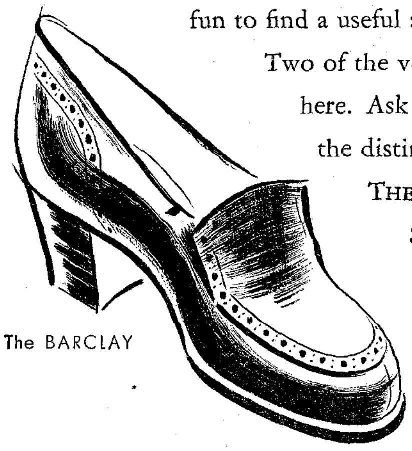
IT was when Sergeant Anderson reported back to the command that we started moving along the Avenida Rizal again toward Bilibid, but the rank and file didn't know then that he had discovered the prisoners. I didn't hear about it myself until we were inside the penitentiary. Then the battalion commander whispered the news to me. "We don't want to start any excitement," he said, "so keep it quiet until morning." Within an hour, however, everyone seemed to know about the prisoners, and soon one of the inner doors of the prison was battered down and some of the soldiers went out into the courtyard to talk to the prisoners of war. Like Anderson, I wondered why no one in the command had known that there were prisoners in Bilibid. Our intelligence, I found, was aware that Bilibid had been used to confine prisoners of war, but it believed that they had been transferred to another camp on Luzon, or to China or Japan. Our intelligence knew nothing about the fact that the four hundred and sixty-five civilians had been brought to Bilibid a month before. They had come in trucks from Baguio, the summer capital, where they had been interned for three years. This group was made up mostly of miners and missionaries and their families—people who had lived in the Philippines for some years before the war. Our intelligence had assumed that they were still in Baguio and that the only internees in Manila were the thirty-seven hundred men, women, and children in the University of Santo Tomás, three blocks from Bilibid.

That night I went out into the prisoners' courtyard. The first man I spoke to was Franz Weissblatt, a former United Press correspondent in the Philippines, who had been captured on Bataan. When I went into the yard the next morning (I had spent the night trying to sleep on one of the paper-littered desks Sergeant Anderson and his men had discovered, and I was still tired), I talked with Lieutenant Commander William Silliphant, of San Gabriel, California, who had been captured on Corregidor. He said that the Japs had turned Bilibid into a hospital for American prisoners of war. The Japs had not taken the six hundred and eighty-three prisoner patients and one hundred and twenty-seven staff men and technicians with them when they evacuated the northern part of Manila because most of the patients were either bedridden or too crippled to be easily moved. The hospital was several long concrete ward buildings arranged fanwise around the courtyard. Long before the war, Bilibid had been condemned by American authorities as unsafe and unsanitary. The American Army and Navy medical men whom the Japs had assigned to the hospital had managed to clean it up and had brought in mattresses and beds for most of the internees. Their equipment was only the remnants of American hospital supplies from Bataan and Corregidor, which the Japs had allowed them to move to Bilibid, but there were enough surgical tables and instruments to set up a small operating room, where minor surgery could be performed, and there were medicines, too.

Commander Silliphant showed me the operating room and a few of the wards. The condition of the patients sickened me. Some patients were covered with ulcers and sores; others were armless or legless. Silliphant said that nearly everyone in Bilibid was suffering from malnutrition and that many of the patients had beri-beri. The men in the dysentery ward lay on their beds and tried hard to smile as we went by. Possibly to encourage them, Silliphant asked several of them to get up; only one or two were able to stand even for a moment, and then their thin legs folded under them and they fell back onto their beds. Silliphant took me out into a courtyard and pointed to a pig pen in one corner. "The Japs kept a few pigs there," he said. "Once or twice, when a pig died of old age or disease, they gave us the carcass. We cut it up, cooked it, and ate it. That was a treat."

The prisoners at Bilibid who were well enough to work had built showers and latrines, and living conditions were fairly decent, but the food there was worse than at the camp near Cabanatuan, in central Luzon, from which, a week before, a detachment of Rangers had released five hundred and ten prisoners of war. The inmates of





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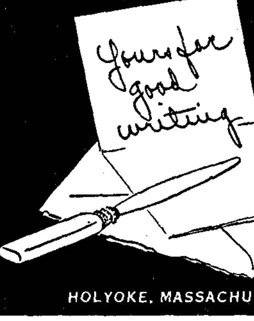

HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS

that camp had been permitted by the Japs to go out into the fields every day and forage for vegetables; they had to give a certain amount to the Japs, but they could keep the rest for themselves. At Bilibid there was no such opportunity. In the staff ward of Bilibid, Commander Silliphant showed me three glass jars. In one of them were a hundred grams of corn meal, making a little conical pile about two inches high. In the second were fifty grams of rice, and in the third were fifty grams of dried beans, each of them making a pile about an inch high. "Take a good look," Silliphant said. "That was one man's daily ration, seven days a week, for three years, with a few *camote* tops thrown in once in a while." A *camote* is a yam. Every meal was just a dish called *lugao,* a mixture of rice and water, with beans and corn meal on the side.

Before going to see the civilians who had been brought down from Baguio, I ate a Bilibid meal. I made it considerably more tasty and nourishing, however, by dropping into it some cut-up K-ration beef and pork. Commander Silliphant tried some of this concoction. He chewed each mouthful of meat very slowly, explaining that it would make anyone sick to eat an unaccustomed food too hurriedly, a fact I saw demonstrated by other prisoners. After finishing lunch and giving some copies of *Newsweek* I had with me to the prisoners, who were eager for news, I was taken by Commander Silliphant to a gate between the prisoner-of-war enclosure and the one the civilians were in. For the first time in three years, the gate was open.

THE first civilian I met was Betty Smeddle, an attractive twenty-year-old girl who was wearing a white blouse, striped red-and-white shorts, a red ribbon in her hair, and powder and lipstick. She looked healthy. She told me that I was the first man wearing an American Army uniform to come into the enclosure and that she had been hanging around the gate all day waiting for one to appear. I was immediately surrounded by a hundred women and children, all of them asking questions at the same time. With the exception of a few elderly ladies, they all seemed as healthy as Miss Smeddle. Later, I learned that this group had been well fed and well housed at Baguio and that it was only after coming to Bilibid, in December, that they had been reduced to the meagre diet of the prisoners of war.

Miss Smeddle and Miss Irene Miller, a civilian nurse, led me around the civilian section of Bilibid. They showed me the hospital which they had set up to handle minor ailments and which had been made ready for the delivery of two babies who were expected any moment. There had already been one birth at Bilibid. It had taken place in a cold room. A tea-strainer had served as an ether mask and a desk drawer had been used as a crib. The hospital was in a cell on one side of the main building. This whole structure had been the hospital at Bilibid before the prison was condemned and it now provided living quarters for the four hundred and sixty-five internees. The tiny room had been so thoroughly cleaned that, except for the bars on its windows and doors and some ribald drawings on its walls, it looked like any hospital ward. I was told that the drawings had been made by Filipino convicts confined there in the days when Bilibid was a government prison. Even in a cell used as the prison chapel, the drawings had not been wholly obliterated, but white sheets had been carefully hung over them.

Miss Smeddle said that the guards in their enclosure had left the day before the Americans arrived. A Jap lieutenant named Ura had been in charge of the civilians. He had never acceded to any requests of the internees and he had always insisted that they bow whenever they passed him. Some guards were inclined to be lenient, but Ura kept them in line. The day the Japs left, they posted the following message in both the civilian and prisoner-of-war sections of Bilibid:

1.) The Japanese Army is now going to release all prisoners of war and internees here on its own accord.

2.) We are assigned to another duty and shall be here no longer.

3.) You are at liberty to act and live as free persons, but you must be aware of probable danger if you get out.

4.) We shall leave here foodstuffs, medicines, and other necessities, of which you may avail yourself for the time being.

5.) We have arranged to put up a signboard at the front gate bearing the following context: Lawfully released prisoners of war and internees are quartered here. Please do not molest them unless they make positive resistance.

However, there was no signboard at the gate of Bilibid. The Japs were probably in too much of a hurry to get away.

Miss Smeddle took me upstairs in the main building to meet her parents. John Smeddle, her father, had been the manager of a gold mine near Baguio for eight years and before that he and his family had lived in Arizona. Mr.

Smeddle's weight had dropped from two hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty-two pounds during his internment. He and his wife and daughter occupied a room off the upstairs hall about seven by fourteen feet. Other internees had rooms varying with the size of their families. Nearly everyone had a cot and a mattress, ample clothing hung neatly on hooks, and trunks and suitcases had been set up as furniture. All in all, the Baguio internees appeared to have fared very well, far better, as I learned afterward, than the civilian internees in Santo Tomás.

I spent the rest of the afternoon talking to the Smeddles and neighboring families along the hall. They were naturally eager to hear the latest news. The English people asked me, "How is Winnie?" The Americans asked me what a person could still buy back in the States. When I told them how much, or perhaps I should say how little, rationing there was at home, they laughed uproariously—a more charitable reaction than I had expected. One American, Miss Nellie McKim, an Episcopal missionary, was born in Osaka and speaks fluent Japanese. She had acted as interpreter for the internees and it was through her that, in Baguio, they had enjoyed concessions that they would otherwise have not had. "It was the old story," Miss McKim said. "If you could speak to the guards in their own language, you got extra food and less regimentation." One of the obvious questions that came up during our discussion of life at Baguio was about segregation of the sexes. Miss McKim said that the Japanese had issued an order that no male and female prisoners were to be left alone together at any time, not even married couples. "Here again," Miss McKim said, with a smile, "it was a great help to be able to reason with the guards in their own language."

In Baguio, several girls, Miss Smeddle among them, completed their high-school education. A few textbooks were smuggled into camp and classes were taught by internees who had been teachers in the Baguio schools. A graduation ceremony was held at the end of each semester, and diplomas, small wooden balls and chains made in the camp carpenter's shop, were given out. The internees made Christmas and birthday cards, and, until the Japs decided to forbid them, held weekly bridge parties and put on plays they had written. Every woman in the camp helped to stitch together an American flag, which was brought out on special occasions and sur-

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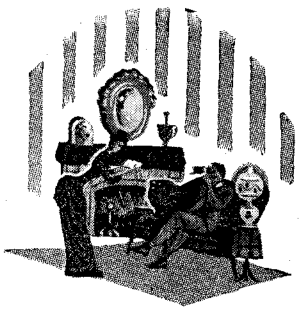

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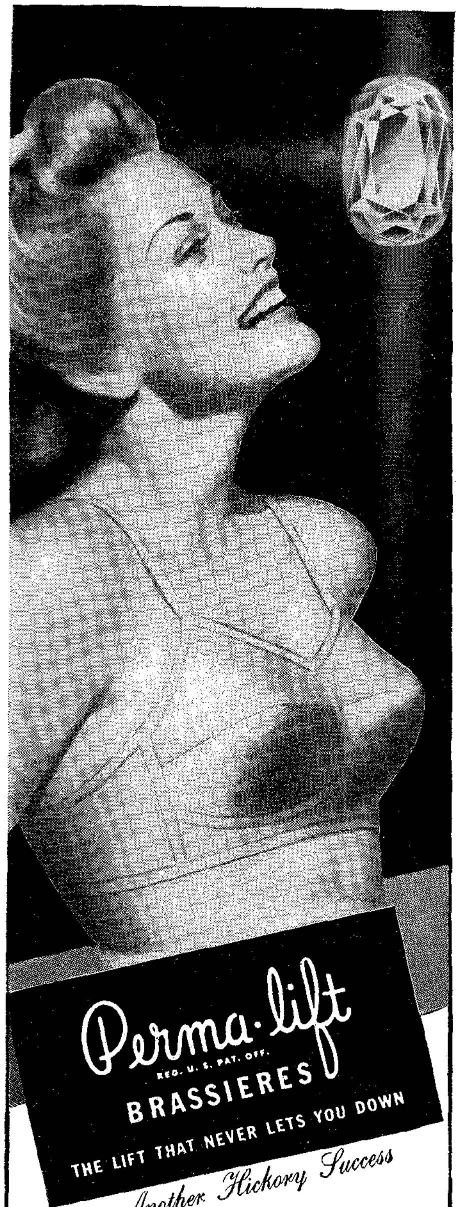

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reptitiously hung up. One old man had even made himself a dental plate out of a scrap of aluminum.

Douglas Strachen, a mining engineer from San Francisco, let me read some notes he had set down during the three years of his internment. There was a list of the things which, according to rumors that reached the camp from time to time, each internee was to receive upon his release—a Ford, a year's supply of beer, three Hart, Shaffner & Marx suits, thirty-six cartons of cigarettes, a Frigidaire, a prefabricated house, a pass good on any railroad, a typewriter, and a bicycle. Jimmie Halsema, who had been a reporter on the Manila *Bulletin* before the war and who understood Japanese, showed me what looked like a fairy-story book, called "James Neook of Enables." On the blank pages under its cover he had kept a precise chronology of events elsewhere in the world during his internment. The book was filled with figures and maps. Halsema's information was sufficiently up-to-date to include news of the liberation of Leyte, the progress of American troops on Luzon, and recent Allied successes in Europe. Halsema had also written a weekly news sheet for the camp. I was wondering how he had managed to set up this news service when he told me that he got some of his best scoops by eavesdropping on a radio which the Jap guards in the room next to his kept going day and night.

I SLEPT that night on the floor in the prisoner-of-war section of Bilibid. By then, Jap demolition squads, working their way along the north bank of the Pasig several hundred yards to the south of us, had started a number of big fires. By the next afternoon, Bilibid itself was threatened, and shortly after dusk word was passed around that the internees must be evacuated at once. As the sky darkened to the north, it grew brighter in the south. One after another, every hotel, office building, restaurant, and residence in downtown Manila took fire. Over the sound of the flames we heard rifle shots and the rattle of machine guns as our troops picked off the Jap firebugs.

By nine-thirty the fire was less than a hundred yards away. First the internees who couldn't walk were carried out on stretchers and taken away in ambulances and then the women and children were removed in trucks. The prisoners of war gathered whatever belongings they could carry on their backs or in suitcases and carried them several hundred yards beyond the prison

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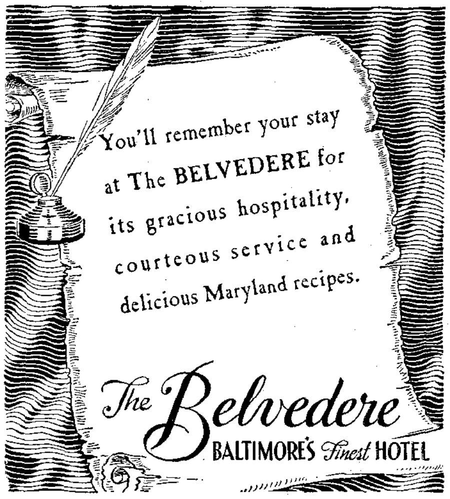

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gates. Then the trucks that had gone off with the women and children returned and took the men to a shoe factory farther north in the city. I went with the prisoners. Along the way, Filipinos leaned from the windows of their houses and, in the glare of the flames, shouted greetings and farewells to the men and women who had been their neighbors but whom they had never seen. "Good luck, Joe!" was the most common cry and, weak as many of the patients were, they waved and smiled in reply.

We reached the shoe factory around eleven. Behind us the fire colored the sky far out over the China Sea. The trucks, accompanied by troops of the Thirty-seventh Division, returned to Bilibid and hauled away enough mattresses so that no one would have to sleep on the concrete floor. Some cold food was distributed that night, and by morning kitchens had been set up. Later that morning, the fire, which had not reached Bilibid after all, was brought under control, so the Army decided to take the prisoners of war and internees back to their old quarters. Bilibid was a good deal more comfortable than the shoe factory, but the prisoners disliked returning to it.

This second stay, as it turned out, lasted only a few days. Then some American transport planes landed on an emergency field and the prisoners and internees of Bilibid were taken from the prison for the last time. I watched them board the planes. Before they climbed in, they hesitated for a moment beside the silvery aluminum hulls and took a last look at smoldering Manila.

—Robert Shaplen

•

You may have noticed that these first dandelions, which dared so greatly, are not without prudence. Do they not cling close to the turf, short of stem, wary? It is no time of the year for them to be out, and they know it—but dandelions are not unlike folks—give them a few days of sunshine and they are singing again. Singing? A dandelion singing? Why, of course the dandelions sing; it's our fault that we cannot hear them. And as for them being out at an unpropitious time, unseasonably, the dandelions have been told what we may have forgotten, some of us; they have been told that it is wisest to make every hour of sunshine count, and having obeyed, they have this at the least.

Go back, dandelions; go back! They will give you no heed. Do they not fear the east wind, with his furious sleet, or some crisp, still night when the pond shall freeze over? Dandelions, go back! How inattentive they are—and how golden.—*Editorial in the Portland Oregonian.*

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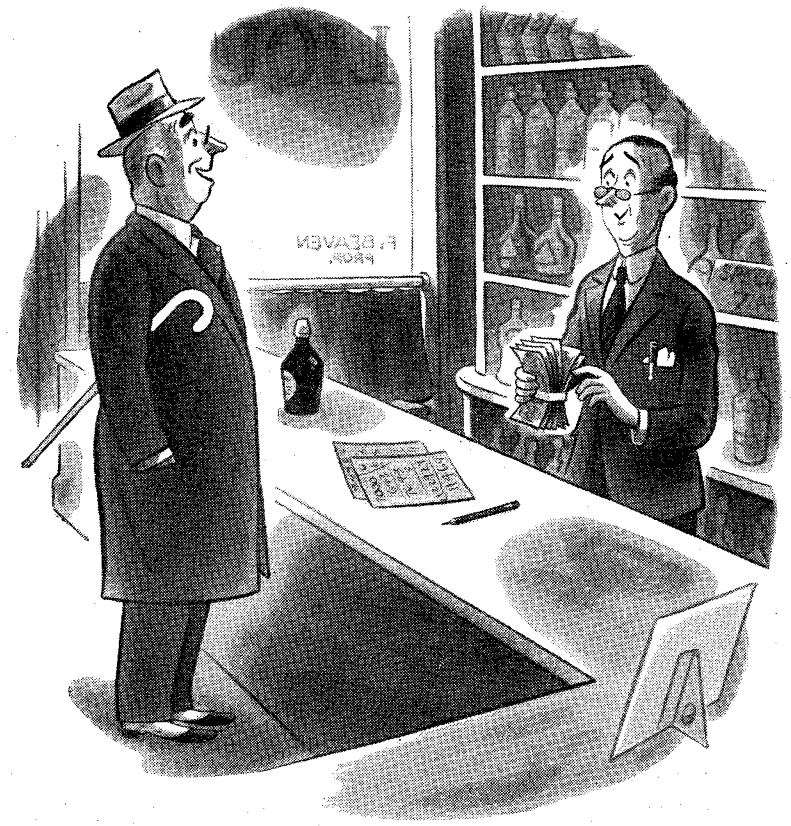

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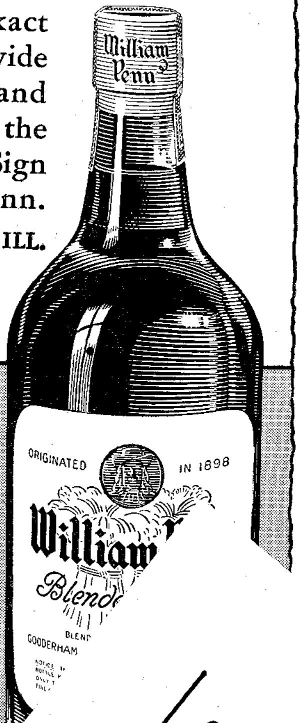

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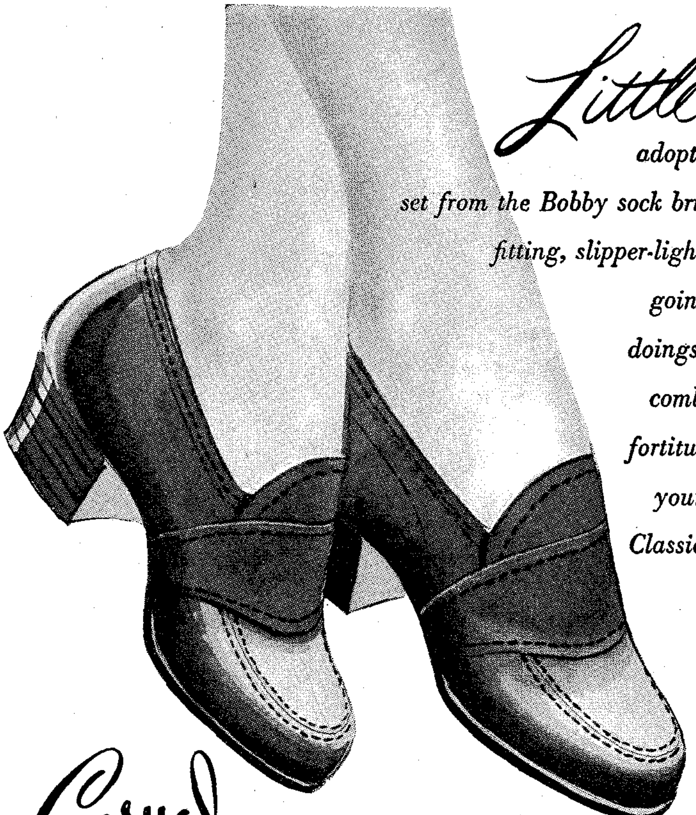

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ballet Is Back

THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo opened the second semester of its season last week at the City Center. Among the first-night offerings was "Ballet Imperial," a recent addition to the company's repertory, and it was an immediate hit. "Ballet Imperial," which was originally presented by the American Ballet Caravan, was choreographed by George Balanchine to the music of Tchaikovsky's G-major piano concerto. It is straight dancing, with bright and surprising evolutions, and the performers took it on with joyous efficiency. Special honors belonged, I thought, to Mary Ellen Moylan. Among Mr. Balanchine's achievements in this ballet was the exemplary synchronization of steps and action to the movement of music not composed for ballet. The result was that the concerto sounded as if it had been written with "Ballet Imperial" in mind.

As music, the concerto is not as strong a work as the more familiar Tchaikovsky piano concerto in B-flat minor, the one that several popular songs have been made out of. The first movement is only pretty good and the second is sweetly undistinguished. The third movement, however, is a bouncing bonanza that may have a career on its own when the song-hit writers get hold of it. Rachel Chapman, the piano soloist for the concerto, did her work expertly, and the orchestra was led firmly and musically by Emanuel Balaban. There were floral tributes for the ballerinas, according to the ballet tradition, but these donations were more modest than on some occasions. The applause, though, was well up to ballet standards, which means that it was the loudest and longest you are likely to hear anywhere about town.

"DER ROSENKAVALIER" reëntered the Metropolitan's list of attractions last week, and the event was especially notable because of the presence in the cast of Lotte Lehmann as the Princess of Werdenberg. Mme. Lehmann's portrayal of the Princess is one of the great performances in opera. It would be a memorable one if "Der Rosenkavalier" were presented without music and simply as a drama. The production was one of the Metropolitan's

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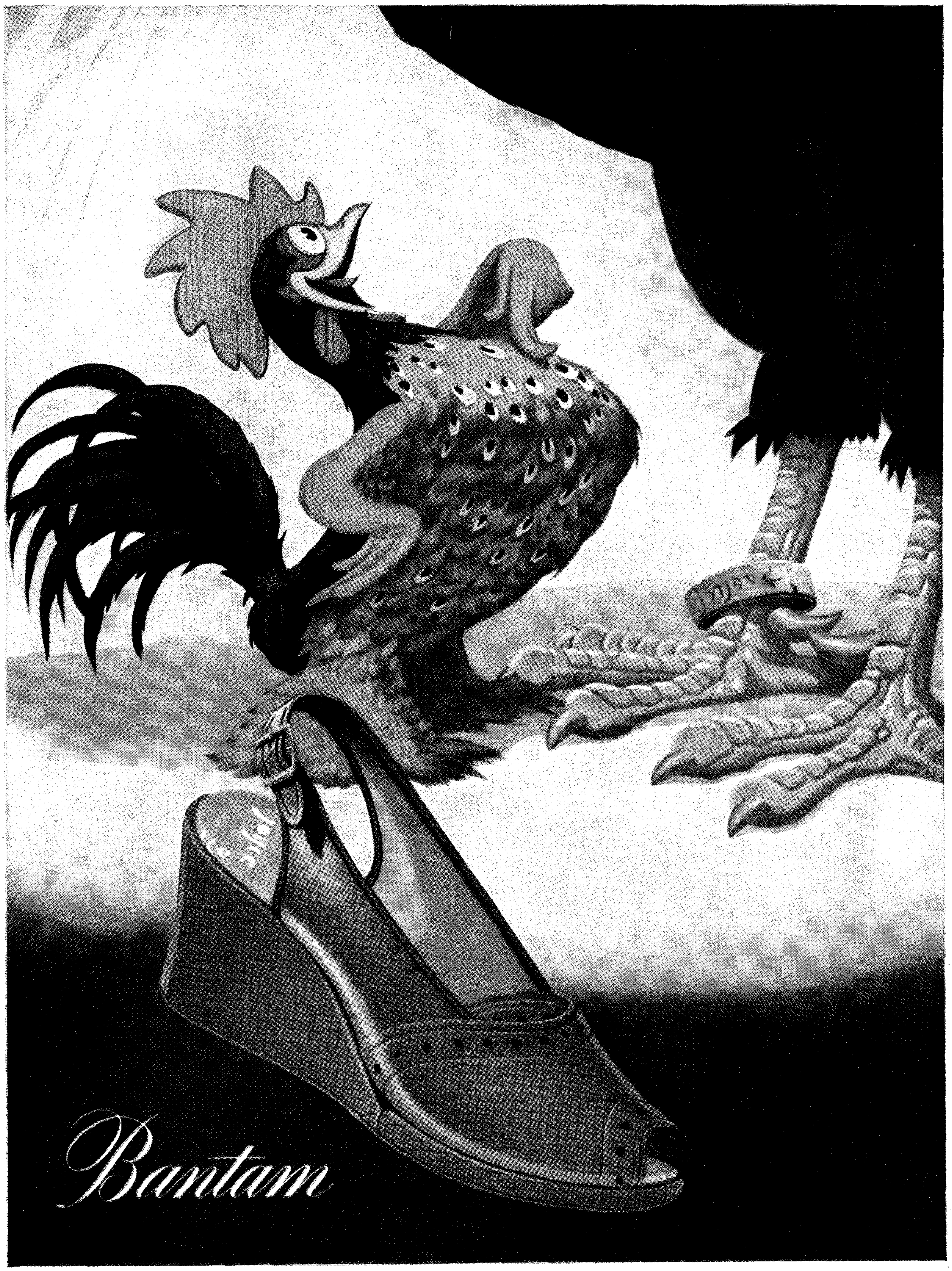

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best dramatic efforts. This commendation, however, doesn't extend to some of the old-line horsing around of Baron Ochs' stooges or to the occasional roughhouse touches of the sort that seem to get laughs only in operas. The singing, on the whole, was capable and intelligent. You don't often get great singing in "Der Rosenkavalier," because Richard Strauss's vocal writing in this opera often is unnecessarily tough going. George Szell, the conductor, was masterful and sensitive, as usual.

AMONG the recent offerings of new symphonic music was "The Feast During the Plague," composed by Arthur Vincent Lourié and introduced here by the Boston Symphony under the knowing guidance of Serge Koussevitzky. Mr. Lourié's score, derived from one of his ballets, is well written and the movements start promisingly, but the net result isn't particularly striking. In addition, the Philharmonic-Symphony and Artur Rodzinski lately delivered the première of Paul Creston's second symphony. It is pleasant music, though not as interesting as Mr. Creston's first symphony, which won the New York Music Critics' Circle award two years ago. Mr. Creston handled his material adroitly, but I'm afraid that the basic thematic substance is not rich enough. Another Philharmonic-Symphony first-timer was Virgil Thomson's "Symphony on a Hymn Tune," for which Mr. Thomson appeared as conductor. This symphony was composed in the twenties and somewhat revised last year. It is musicianly and ingenious but rather jumpy, and not so appealing and effective as many of Mr. Thomson's other works. The soloist at this concert was Wanda Landowska, who, to no one's surprise, contributed superlative performances in a Mozart piano concerto and Haydn concerto for harpsichord. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

The respective resulting amounts in each class shall be known as the "net pooled Class I skim milk," "net pooled Class I butterfat," "net pooled Class II skim milk," "net pooled Class II butterfat," "net pooled Class III skim milk," and "net pooled Class III butterfat;" the sum of the "net pooled Class I skim milk," "net pooled Class II skim milk," and "net pooled Class III skim milk" shall be known as the "net pooled skim milk" and the sum of the "net pooled Class I butterfat," "net pooled Class II butterfat," and "net pooled Class III butterfat" shall be known as the "net pooled butterfat."

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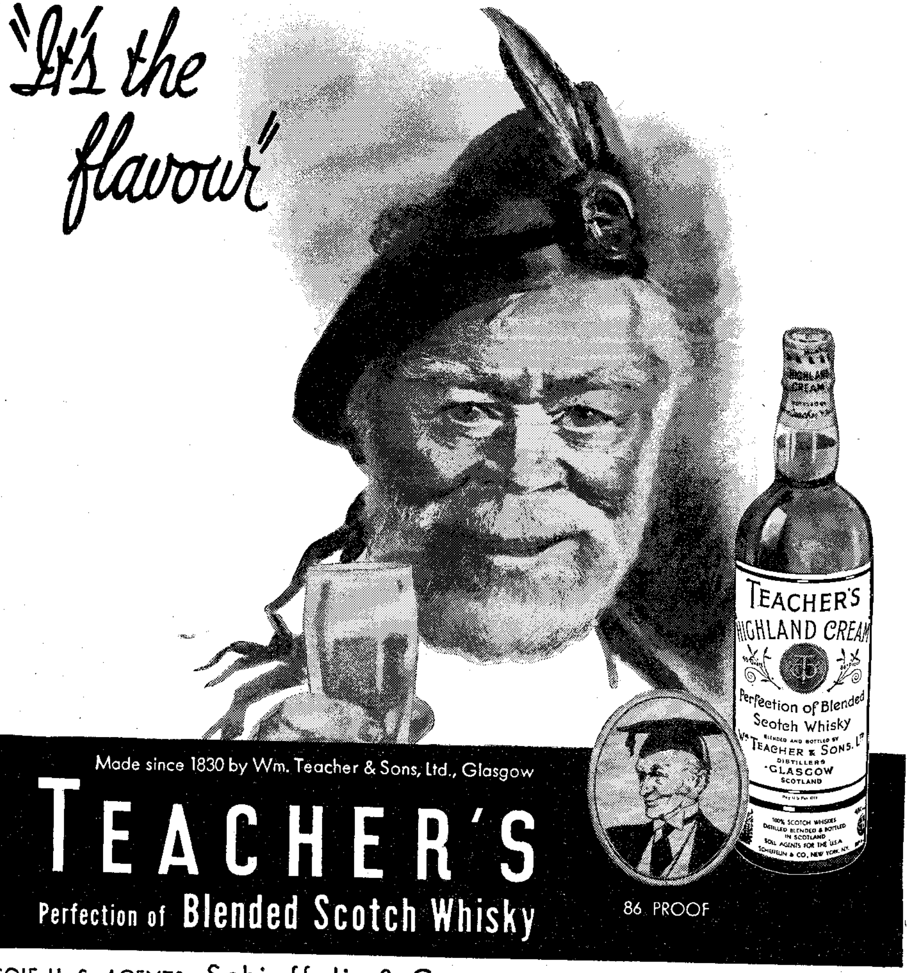
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BOOKS

Greeks and Germans by Glenway Wescott

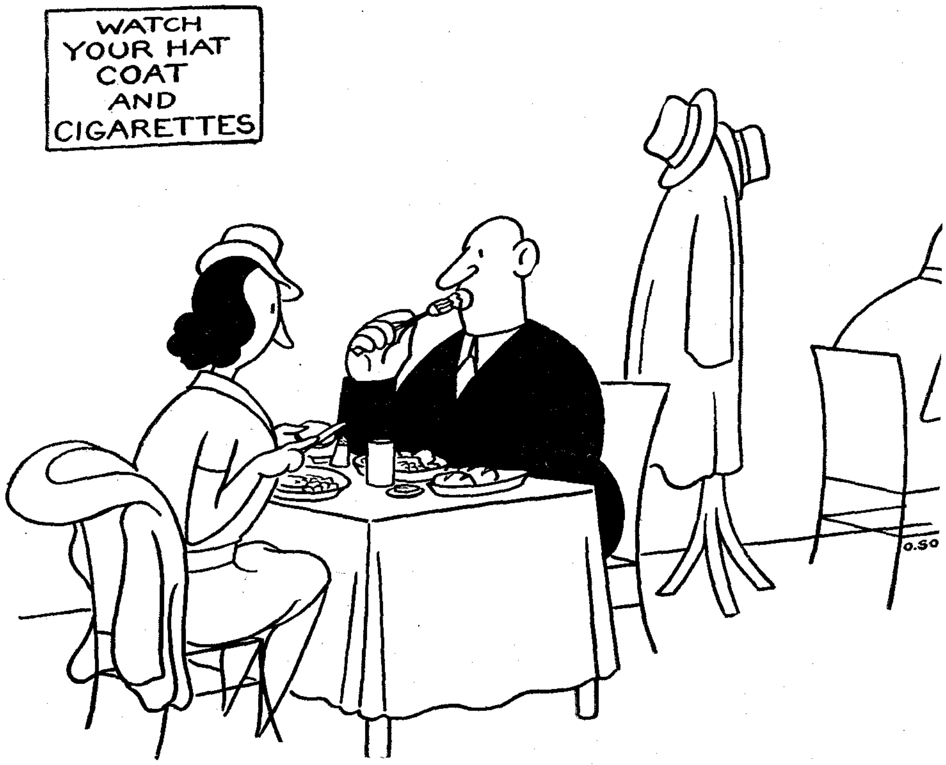
THE handwriting of Glenway Wescott is unusual and rather arresting. It looks somewhat like the elegant and rigorous script that one finds cut on the copper of sundials of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: the same clarity, the same heavy shadings, the same inflexibly maintained slant. It always seems to have been engraved in metal rather than merely written on paper. There is in it a certain element of boyishness—big round capitals and rounded "m"s and "n"s—but it is always a copybook boyishness, inseparable from a self-imposed discipline.

And Wescott's style makes a similar impression. One is struck by the firm vigor and the craftman's precision with which the short phrases are cut. Here is a personal and handmade product, the achievement of an individual skill. It, too, may have begun with a copybook, with exercises on classical models, but it is hard to put one's finger on these models. Terse and sharp though the language is as English, the form may be based on French. In any case, this style is as far from the colloquialism of Hemingway as from the literary clichés of Louis Bromfield. When one starts reading anything by Wescott, one always feels a satisfaction which comes as something unexpected.

His new novel, "Apartment in Athens" (Harper), has these qualities of style at their best, and, as a work of imagination, it is a longer and better sustained performance than the book just before it, "The Pilgrim Hawk." It is the story of a Greek middle-class family upon whom a German officer is quartered, and it suggests an obvious comparison with that widely known and overrated story "The Silence of the Sea," by Vercors, which deals with a similar situation in France. But it constitutes a curious proof of the superior powers of the artist over the advantages of being on the spot that Wescott, who has never been in Greece and has seen nothing of occupied Europe, should give us an effect of reality so much more convincing than that produced by a patriotic Frenchman who knows the German occupation at first hand. Two-thirds, at least, of Wescott's novel compels us to share in a way that is at once fascinating and painful the constrained and suffocated life of a little city apartment in the first months after the Greek defeat. The cramped physical and moral conditions, the readjustments in the relationships of the family, the whole distortion of the social organism by the unassimilable presence of the foreigner—all this is most successfully created. I did have the impression—though without knowing much about either Germans or Greeks—that the Greeks have been allowed to become perhaps a little too servile toward the German and that the German, in view of what has gone before, has been made to behave, at the end, a little too basely toward the Greeks. Yet the author—up, at least, to this final turn—makes us accept what he tells us as true, and I have not read any other book—either of fiction or of direct documentation—which has given me the feeling of starving and stifling, of falling back on interior positions, constructing interior defenses, reorganizing and redirecting, behind a mask of submission, the whole structure and aim of one's life, as "Apartment in Athens" does.

It is only at the end of the book that we find the illusion failing. This is a common fault in Wescott's fiction. The incisive beginnings are sometimes betrayed by a tendency to blur at the close; the sure hand, with its deliberate strokes, seems to falter when it comes to the point of drawing the action to a head and driving the meaning home. In the case of "Apartment in Athens," the line for the story to follow seems to be clear enough, yet the incidents cease to be vivid, and the psychological atmosphere is violated by the admission of a passage of propaganda which throws the whole story out. The Greek father, sent to jail by the Nazi, smuggles out to his wife a long letter, in which he not only preaches resistance to Germany but also urges that his brother-in-law in the underground shall immediately betake himself to the United States and devote himself to a rather vague project of soliciting support for the Greeks—and this in spite of the fact that the prisoner knows little about America and little about what his brother-in-law is doing at home. He states his message to the Americans as follows: "It is important for them to be told what we have learned from the German rule and misrule. I want Petros to tell them. For if we all continue to take our cue in world politics from the Germans as we have done—in reckless appreciation of them when they are on their good behavior, only fighting when they choose to fight, and pitying them whenever they ask for pity—sooner or later they will get what they want: a world at their mercy."

Glenway Wescott has called this book his "war work," but I don't think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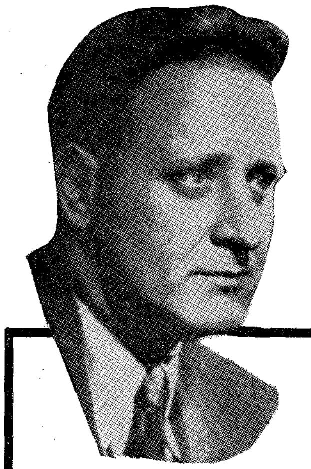
that ought to let him out from a strict accountability to ideals which he himself has certainly tried to serve. After all, "Apartment in Athens" is the most ambitious piece of fiction that he has published in many years, and we expect of it some revelation of deeper insight and longer range than the mere admonition that the Germans should be restrained from making any more wars. Opposition to domination by the Nazis is now part of the daily business of life, like keeping the house warm and wearing a coat in order to escape pneumonia; we do not need Glenway Wescott to remind us. But we do need the Glenway Wescotts to tell us what we and the Nazis are all about. Through the greater part of this book, Mr. Wescott *is* trying to tell us, and though the story itself carries us on with a skillfully created suspense, it is the exploration of human relations that holds our serious interest. But the author does seem rather to drop, or at least to relax, the effort when he consigns his Greek citizen to jail, where we no longer share his intimate life, and sets him to editorializing.

In general, it has been disappointing to find so many writers of serious talent turning away from the study of behavior to reassure themselves and their readers with some immediate political program or some resuscitated religious system. Glenway Wescott, like Kay Boyle in "Avalanche"—though the two books have nothing else in common—has passed on, as it were, to characters who disappear in the European underground problems which he ought to be tackling right out in the open in books that are written in the United States. The result of this tendency is simply to land the writer in melodrama: Wescott not so abjectly as Miss Boyle, but still with some slight loss of caste. So that comic genius, Evelyn Waugh, in his new novel, which has been running in *Town & Country*, has taken all his perplexities to the Catholic Church in a sudden and wholesale way that makes the religions of Aldous Huxley and Auden seem mere personal metaphysics. I said something in two of my recent articles about the interest of the recent researches into the psychology and habits of anthropoids and the importance of considering man as more or less of an anthropoid himself, and this has stimulated several readers to write and ask whether I am being ironic. I am not being in the least ironic. We need seriously to study our own species as we do those of the birds, the insects, the reptiles, and the other mammals—



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which produce also artists, statesmen, warriors, strategists, and engineers. It is, it seems to me, for a writer, to dodge all the central difficulties of the present situation of man to try to meet them with the symbols of a mythology—whether those of some ancient religion or those of some contemporary patriotism. For a writer to pretend today that it is enough for the reader to know that the Germans must be defeated is as much to put one's trust in a faith—in a sense, in the very myth which the Nazis themselves have created—as to pretend, as other writers are doing, that it is enough for a writer to believe in the civilizing rôle of the United States or in the triumph or the curbing—in the literary field it doesn't matter much which—of the power of Soviet Russia.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Inocência, by Alfredo d'Escragnolle Taunay, translated by Henriqueta Chamberlain (Macmillan). In spite of the fact that this classic Brazilian romance was written nearly seventy-five years ago, it seems, even at this late date, very fresh and readable. The tragic love of an itinerant quack doctor for a beautiful young girl would probably have been hard for cool-blooded North Americans to take seriously at any time, but the picture of life in the remote backwoods of Brazil is extremely interesting and there are a couple of scenes that are almost as funny as parts of "Dead Souls." Also like Gogol, the author is satirizing a way of life—in this case the tyranny over women, which Brazilians of his day disguised as chivalry.

Faces in a Dusty Picture, by Gerald Kersh (Whittlesey House). A vivid and moving story of the war, about an engagement in which a British regiment participates after a heroic march across the African desert. Mr. Kersh shows that he is a novelist of feeling and insight as well as a first-rate reporter; it is a pity that he should occasionally weaken his effect by indulging in some rather irritating bits of fine writing.

Hundred Towers, edited, with an introduction, by F. C. Weiskopf (Fischer). A collection of stories, short essays, and poems by twenty-four Czechoslovakian writers. Some of the specimens are moving, some are humorous, and some merely earnest, but even the more successful

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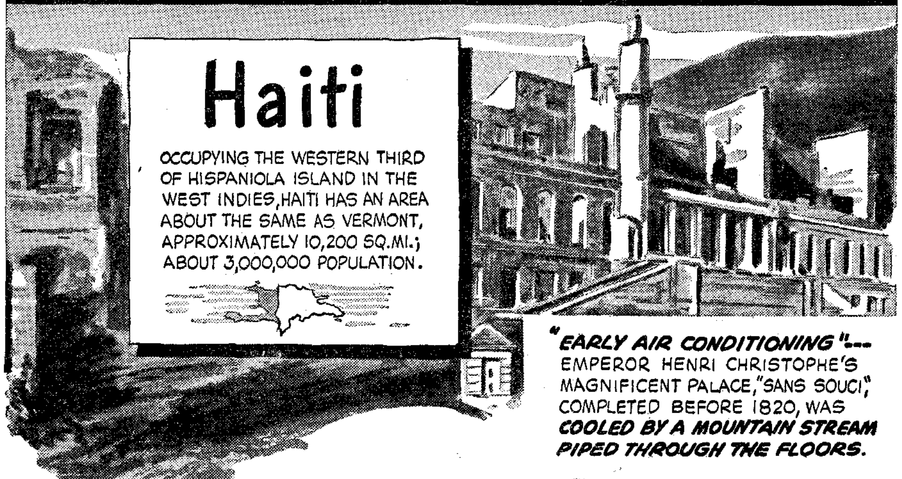
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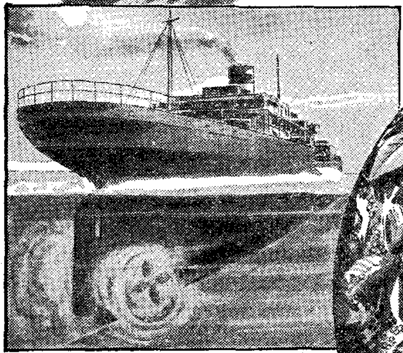
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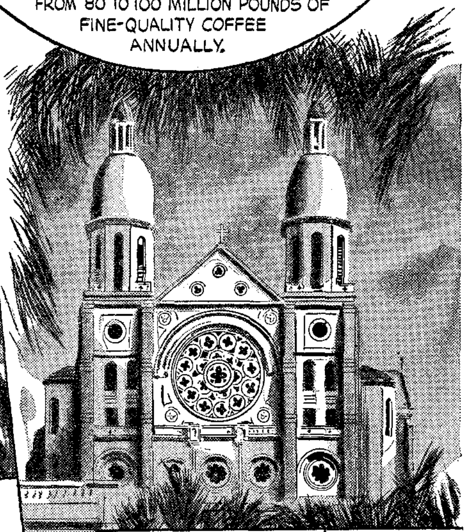
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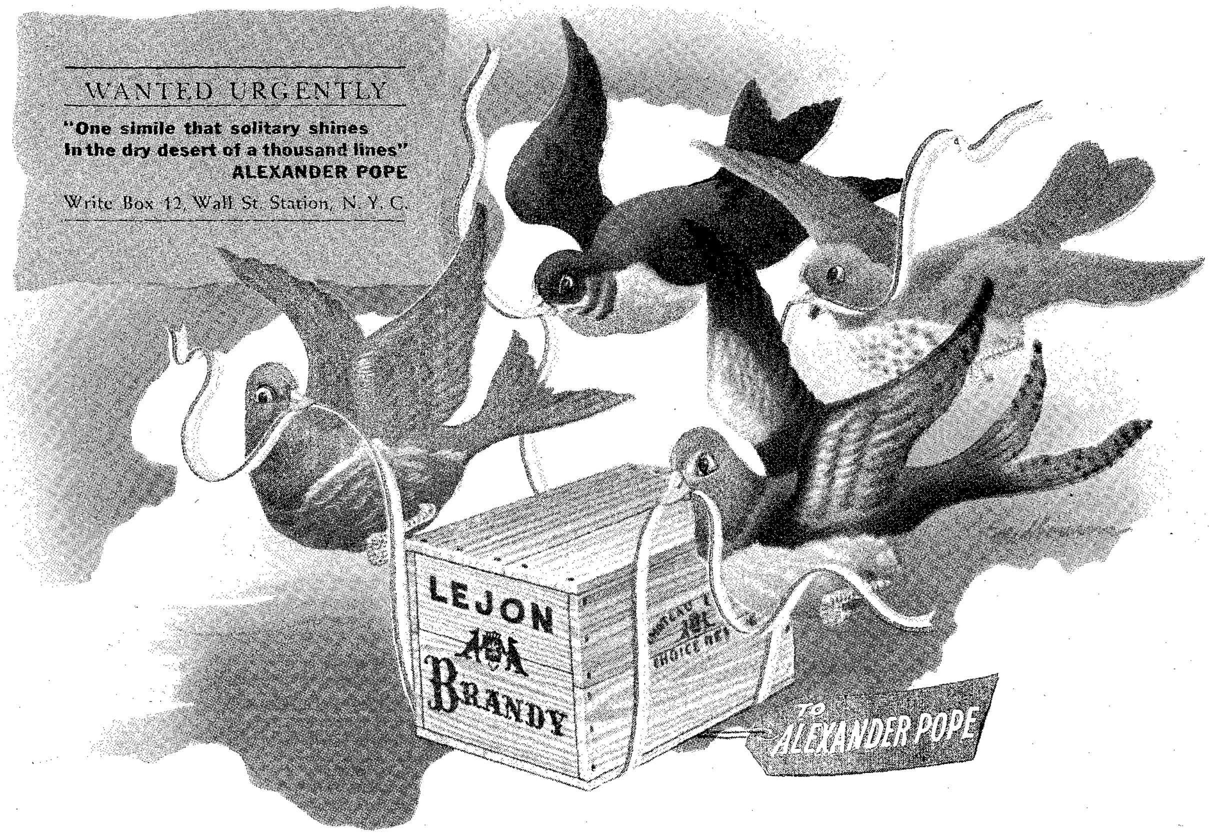

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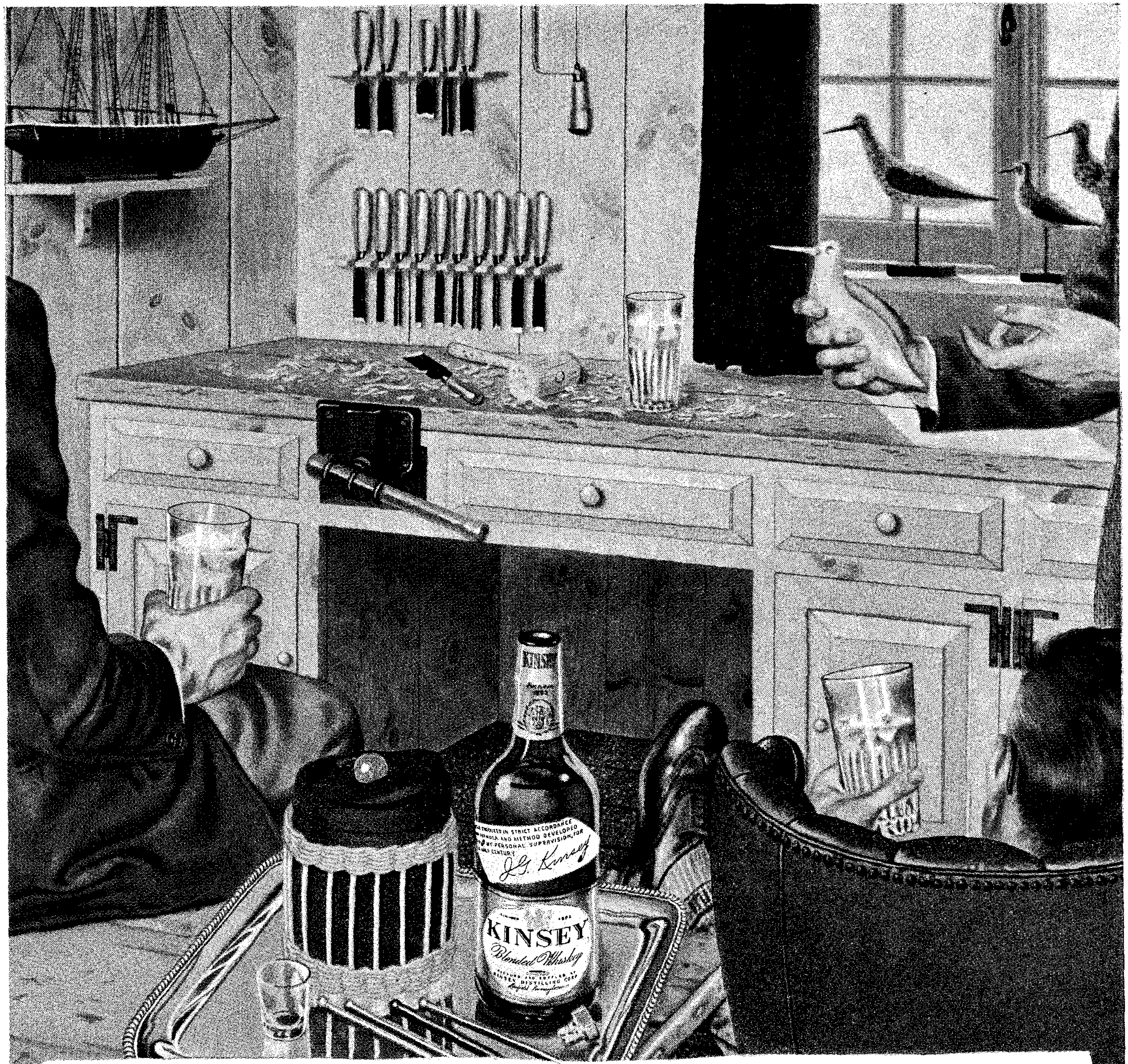

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pieces are rather too deliberately literary. The fact that many of the authors have died before Nazi firing squads or in concentration camps gives, however, poignancy to the anthology.

Tell Sparta, by A. C. Sedgwick (Houghton Mifflin). An inept novel, with an inept title, about five newspaper correspondents (three men and two girls) who dash about Europe covering one big story after another during the war. When they all turn up in Athens, the book is not without interest, owing to the author's considerable first-hand knowledge of the Greeks and Greek affairs; for the most part, the naïveté of his assumption that the trade of foreign correspondent is continually romantic and exciting may make you squirm with embarrassment for him.

Image of Josephine, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Doran). A small-town heiress, who happens to be as unpleasant a paranoiac as an author ever made up, does a lot of mischief that is rather too preposterous, and certainly too dull, for recapitulation. If, in spite of this warning, you stick with the lady to the end, you may or may not be pleased to learn that a good stiff talking to by her fiancé, who up to this point hasn't had much to say for himself, makes a new and admirable woman of her. Mr. Tark-

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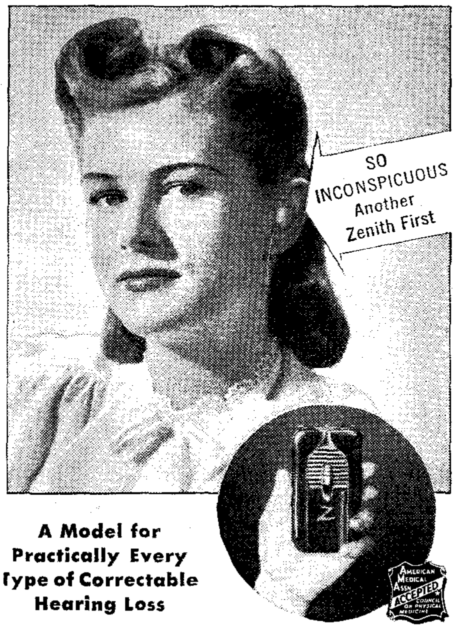
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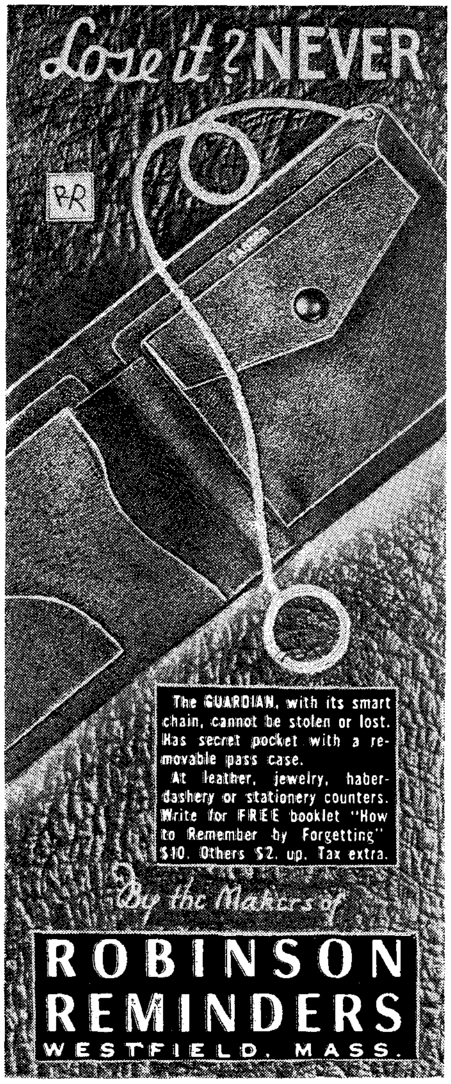
ington, in his honorable old age, has earned the right to amuse himself as he chooses, but let's hope he doesn't choose to do anything else like "Josephine" for a long time.

GENERAL

A RISING WIND, by Walter White (Doubleday, Doran). A report on the status of the Negro soldier in the second World War, based on the author's observations during a visit to the European theatre of war. Mr. White, on the whole, found race relations better abroad than at home. They are best, he reports, in the front lines, and it is his opinion that, despite the indignities the Negro soldier has been made to suffer, there is reason to hope that the lessons of respect and tolerance learned during these years of war may have a beneficial influence during the coming years of peace. He also says, more sombrely, that unless the United States, Great Britain, France, and the other Allied nations revise their racial concepts and grant full equality to all their subjects, we must be prepared for another era of unrest and upheaval and for a third World War. Mr. White writes conscientiously rather than well and uses a vocabulary that seems drawn largely from the field of economics and sociology, but his earnestness and comprehension of his subject make his book an excellent survey of the present state of race relations in the United States.

WHAT TO DO WITH JAPAN, by Wilfrid Fleisher (Doubleday, Doran). According to Mr. Fleisher, a foreign correspondent who lived for many years in Japan and has considerable knowledge of that country, the problem of dealing with our Asiatic enemy is even more difficult than the problem of dealing with Germany. Frankly admitting that the problem is beyond the scope of an individual, Mr. Fleisher, in his effort to solve it, sums up the views of the statesmen, diplomats, and experts who have given their attention to the matter. There is, he says, a substantial measure of agreement among those who will have a hand in the making of the peace with Japan, and it apparently involves a drastic revision of the Japanese constitution, a nullification of all Japan's conquests, and a long period of occupation by the Allied armies. A knowledgeable, intelligent, and well-written book.

IN THE MARGINS OF CHAOS, by Francesca M. Wilson (Macmillan). For



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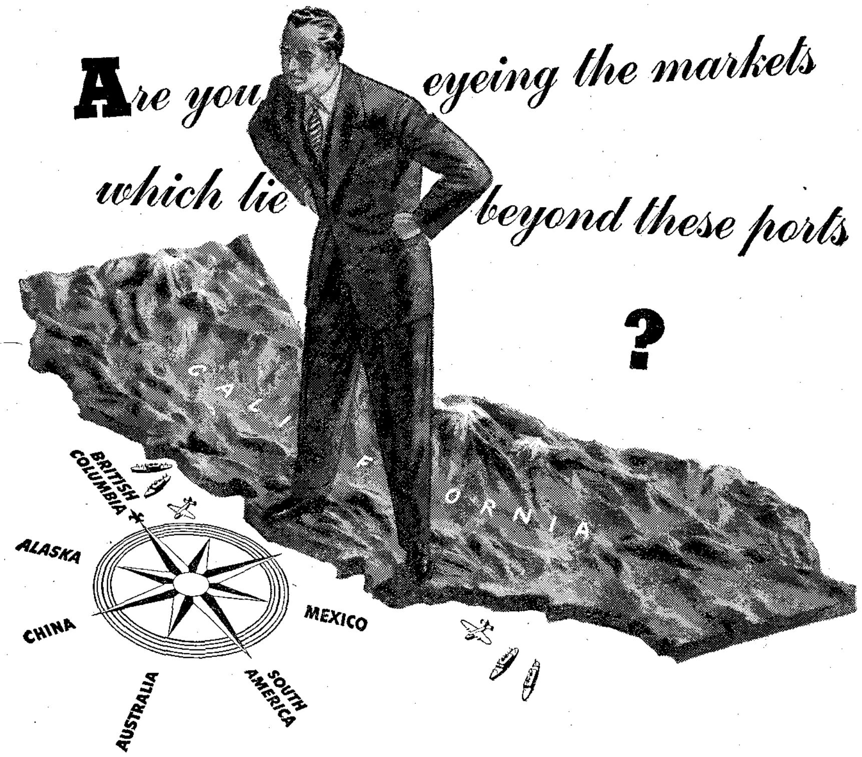
twenty-five years, World War and all, Miss Wilson has been doing relief work everywhere in Europe, in Russia, and in parts of Africa. This is the story of her adventures, but, beyond that, since the author has an awareness of history and a good eye for the details of everyday life, it is a rather different travel book that describes, even though indirectly, the slow crumbling of an era that has now finally gone down to ruin.

I Am Gazing into My 8-Ball, by Earl Wilson (Doubleday, Doran). Mr. Wilson, the roughhouse columnist who covers the night-club beat for the *Post* in an amiable and sometimes funny way, has been rubbing elbows with all sorts, kinds, and conditions of people for several years. This endless friction, it would appear, has now gone and generated a book, mostly about the people Mr. Wilson has met during the course of his nocturnal meanderings, from belly dancers to Quiz Kids, although Evalyn Walsh McLean and her Hope Diamond also get a whirl. The book is supposed to be funny, and is, in a few spots, but it depends too much on false bosoms, G-strings, and the sort of references to the human anatomy that used to enliven the pages of *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang.*

The Romance of English Literature, edited by W. J. Turner (Hastings). Seven essays covering the whole field of English literature. Sir Herbert Grierson discusses the influence of the Bible upon English writing; Lord David Cecil writes about the English poets; Graham Greene surveys the English drama; E. L. Woodward considers the English historians; Elizabeth Bowen examines the English novel; Kenneth Matthews studies the English philosophers; and Kate O'Brien contributes a discussion of English diaries and journals. All the essays are good, Miss Bowen's and Mr. Greene's in particular, but it is the two hundred splendid illustrations (portraits, etchings, reproductions of pages of manuscript, and so on) that make this book a valuable addition to anyone's library.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Blood on Nassau's Moon, by Walbridge McCully (Doubleday, Doran). Susan Gregory, a young trained nurse in need of a rest, takes a lady with a neurosis, and the lady's son, to Nassau and in no time at all gets accused by the police of shoot-



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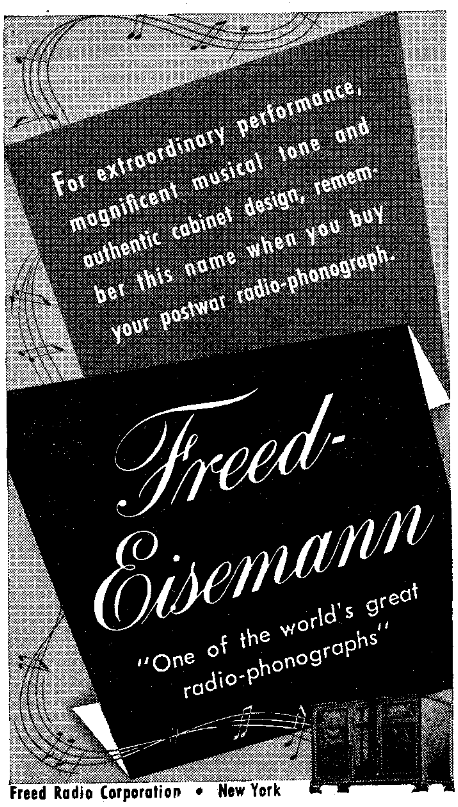
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ing the son. Fortunately for Susan, a Lieutenant Swansdown of the New York Homicide Squad is down there, too, sitting in the sun, and with the aid of Susan's fiancé, he gets to the bottom of a reasonably perplexing problem. The Bahamas make a nice background, particularly at this time of year.

PHOTOCRIME, by the editors of *Look* (Garden City Publishing Company). Thirty short crime stories, mostly by Austin Ripley, presented in photographs and a small amount of text, of the variety which you can read practically without moving your lips. Inspector Hannibal Cobb, omniscient as can be, solves the things for you in the back of the book, in case you fall down on the job yourself. All right if taken in small doses.

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NEITHER SNOW, NOR RAIN, NOR HEAT, NOR GLOOM OF THE O.P.A. STAYS THIS CRANBERRY BOG FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF A PROFITABLE YEAR

[*A report to the stockholders of the Federal Cranberry Company of South Carver, Mass.*]

The Cape Cod Cranberry Industry has had the worst season in its history—the Federal Cranberry Company included.

For the past year there has been an acute shortage of water. This condition made it difficult to flow the bogs for their winter coverage. This is done to prevent winter kill. In this respect we were quite fortunate as we came through the winter with a small loss from winter kill.

In the spring we had a bad freeze. We protected our bogs as much as possible, but because of the scarcity of water we were unable to cover them as should be done in a freeze. We suffered another small loss at that time.

As the season advanced our bogs looked good. Our prospects for a fair crop were evident. In the late summer we had a severe drought which lasted for weeks. The berries did not grow as they normally do. During the drought the fruit worm made its appearance. They destroyed about half of the crop. We did everything possible to combat this pest. Nothing seemed to help.

At harvesting time the O. P. A. put a ceiling price on cranberries. It was unfair to the growers. They were not able to realize as much profit as they should have with such a small crop. We contributed to the Army and Navy pools. All growers were asked to do this to assure enough cranberries to the Armed Forces.

While we regret that because of the conditions outlined above we are unable to pay our usual 10% dividend, we are enclosing a check for $6 a share upon your holdings and trust that you will be pleased to receive the same.

Very truly yours,
RICHARD M. SMALLEY
General Manager

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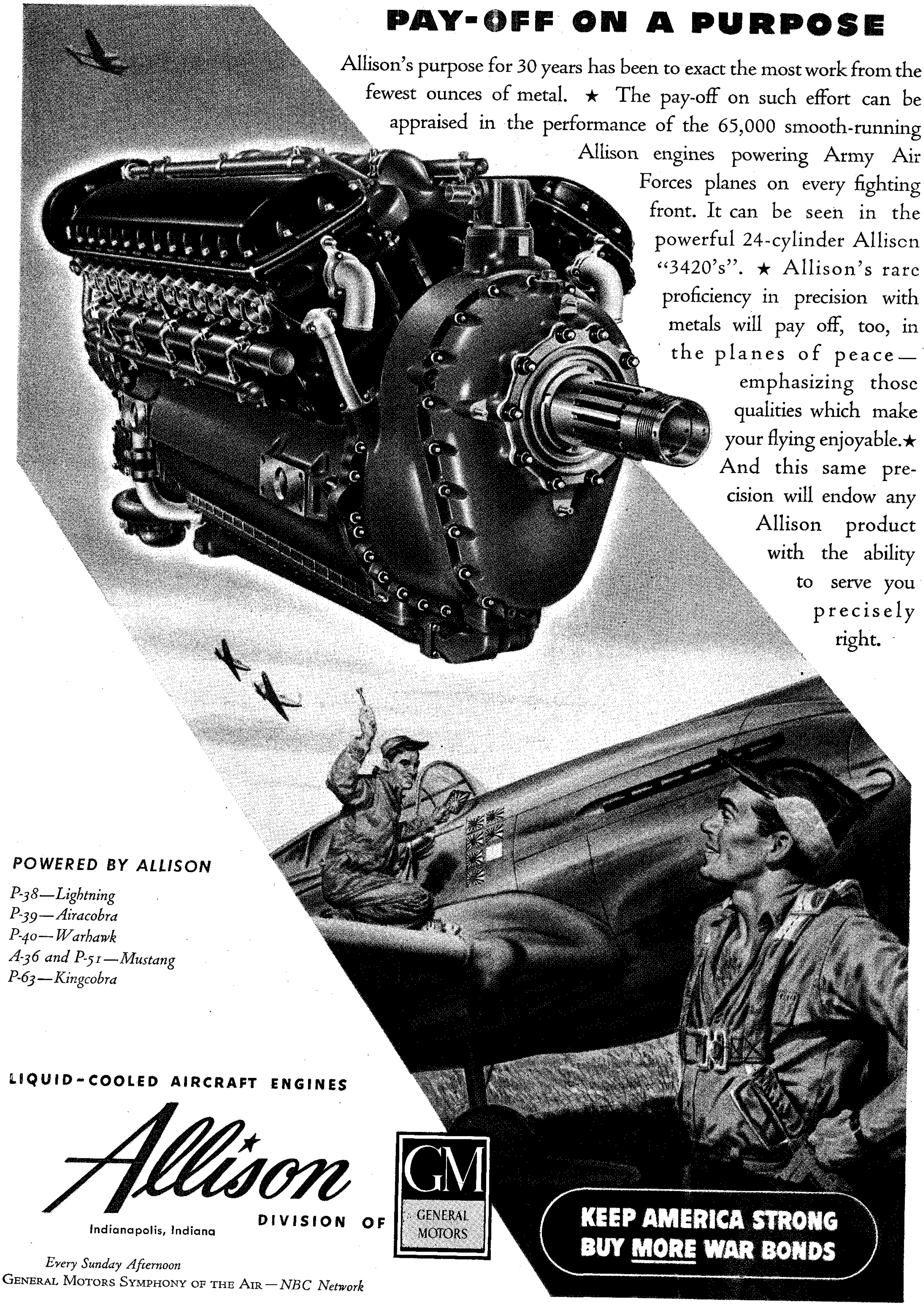

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